WEEK ENDING AUG. 18, 1928

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A Weekly for Everybody

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AUG. 18, 1928

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A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 33

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

RELIGION AND THE PRESIDENCY

In this campaign there is a great deal of talk about the religious question. Much of it is subterranean, but there also is more open discussion of the subject than ever before.

The old argument about Al Smith is that, inasmuch as he owes allegiance to a foreign potentate—the Pope—in things spiritual, he would not be a proper leader for the United States in things temporal.

We believe that a Catholic might be so devoted to the interests of his church as not to be the best choice of a conglomerate people for leadership in temporal affairs. Such a man might be a good cardinal and a poor governor.

There might also be Methodists or Baptists so devout as to be excellent bishops and pastors of their churches, but not ideal congressmen or senators.

Indeed, so far as the experience of this country goes, everyone has been better off when there has been as complete a severance as possible of church and state. As we look back through history we see few instances in which theocracies—states governed or largely influenced by religion: the Aztecs or the Sublime Porte or Spain or royal France—have been governed according to our ideas of what is good government.

In the case of Al Smith, however, as far as his public record goes—and that goes back almost to his boyhood—there is no evidence that his private religion has ever influenced his public acts adversely to the public welfare.

We feel convinced that in measuring the qualifications of Al Smith it is proper to exclude his religion as a reason for voting either for or against him.

And it is fortunate indeed that in this election the country is confronted by two such able public servants as Smith and Hoover. We think that under either we can expect the utmost degree of religious liberty for those of all faiths, in so far as the President does influence questions of religious liberty, which is not very much. It is in school matters that the most burning religious discussions arise, and these usually are disposed of in city, county, and State governments; seldom do they go to Washington.

At the present time the people of the United States do already enjoy a greater degree of religious freedom than any country ever has enjoyed, except possibly present-day England. It is true that the King of England cannot be a Catholic, by law. But it is also true that up to now the President of the United States could not be a Catholic, by an unwritten law which is now to be tested.

In virtually every other respect there is no discrimination against Catholics, at least in the larger communities; perhaps this is not so true in backwoods neighborhoods. In politics no Catholic has reached the highest office, but in all other departments of human activity they can and have risen to the top. Catholics have been governors of our greatest States, mayors of our greatest cities, justices of our Supreme Court. They are among the leaders of great industries. In social affairs they are judged for themselves, not for their religion.

This may not be entirely true of the Jews, but it is becoming more nearly true. As they change their names to those considered American, as they go to the same schools as gentiles and often intermarry, the old prejudices are rapidly evaporating. The security of religious freedom, in spite of occasional setbacks, is increasing from decade to decade in this country.

Few of us are intimately affected by the personal faiths of our Presidents. Jefferson was a deist or an agnostic—nobody seems quite sure which. Taft was a Unitarian. Jackson, we are told, went to no church but had a deathbed conversion to Presbyterianism.

We don't believe that the faiths of any of these men had much influence on the faiths of the people. We don't believe the faith of our next President will have much influence on the faiths of the people.

But there is another question, quasi-religious in character, which does affect every one of us very deeply. This is the question of Prohibition. We propose to discuss it in an early issue.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

NEXT WEEK: Stories and articles by Will Levington Comfort, John Erskine, Cosmo Hamilton, Elliott White Springs

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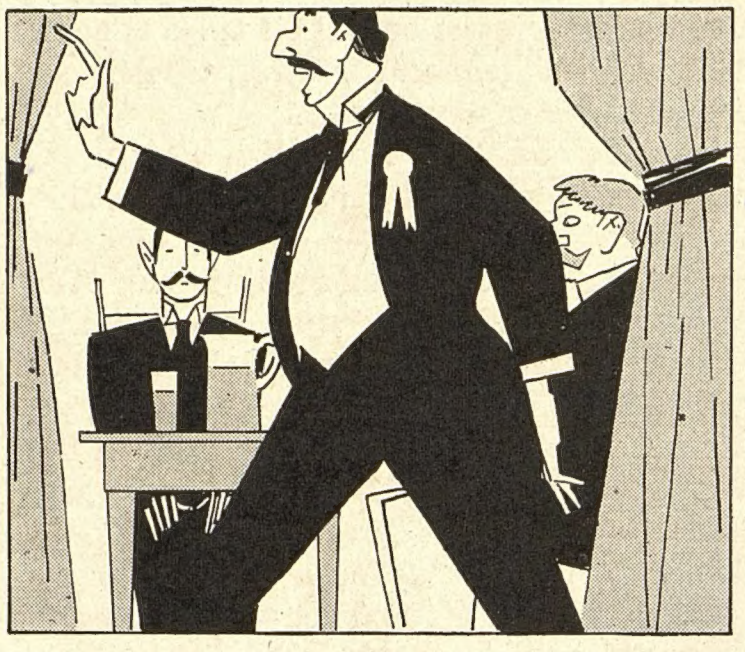

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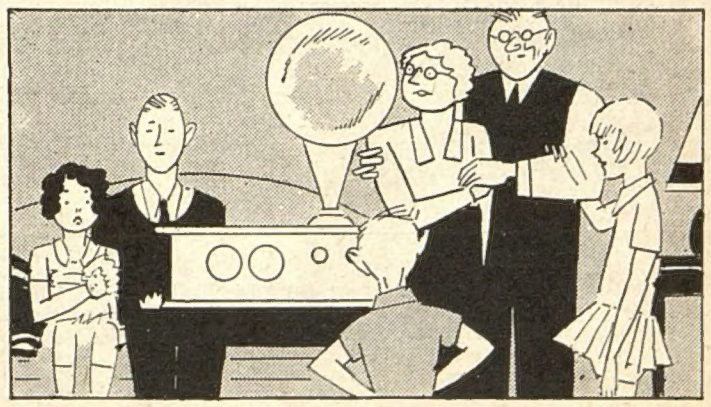

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When The BUSH Came Back

A Love Story of the South Seas

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Pictures by W. T. BENDA

"I can't get you to realize that you've probably spoiled my life for me."

(Reading time: 36 minutes 42 seconds.)

IT was very bright in the house of the quarry manager, where electrics had been used with quite amazing liberality. The dinner table reflected in its polished depths glass, silver, shining vases of flowers. The paint was all white. The cushions and curtains shouted color. Lisa, the wife of Austin Somers, had pink pearl clasps in her hair, and wore a knee length frock of vivid rose.

The two men—Somers and his engineer, Kelso—were in the informal evening dress of the tropics, black trousers and white Eton jackets, ironed to glittering smoothness. Nothing could be more cheerful.

The conversation was cheerful also. Everyone made a joke now and then, as if timed by a clock to do it. Austin Somers told several stories. There was a well worn sound about them, and the laughter of his audience was almost too determined; but still they were funny stories, and they had been received as such, and that was all to the good. Ginger ale bubbled freely on the table, and Kelso drank a good deal of an amber peppery preparation that remotely simulated whisky. Lisa had a glass of dark red grape juice. The food did credit to the Chinese cook; the waiting, to the Javanese "boy." Nothing could be more agreeable. They all were discussing the advantages and benefits of life on Avaroro.

"What a salary!" said Austin Somers rather loudly, filling his glass again with the cheerful and moral ginger ale. "Thousand a year for two years, and no possible way of spending it, except for tucker."

"No possible way," echoed Lisa, shrieking with laughter. "No theaters. No shops. No picture shows. No dinner parties, dances, cabarets. Isn't it too funny—pockets full of money— Oh, I'm making poetry! Stop me, someone; say something to frighten me, or put a cold key down my back, and it'll go off. I mean, we've got lots of money

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WHEN THE BUSH CAME BACK
Continued from page nine]

and nothing to spend it on; all your half year's salary wouldn't buy me a bridge marker. There ought to be a moral; what is it, someone?"

"Don't ask me for morals; I've none to spare," was Kelso's answer. He gloomed at fair little Lisa with long, dark eyes. Kelso was big and rawboned and leathery; plain with the kind of plainness that most women find attractive.

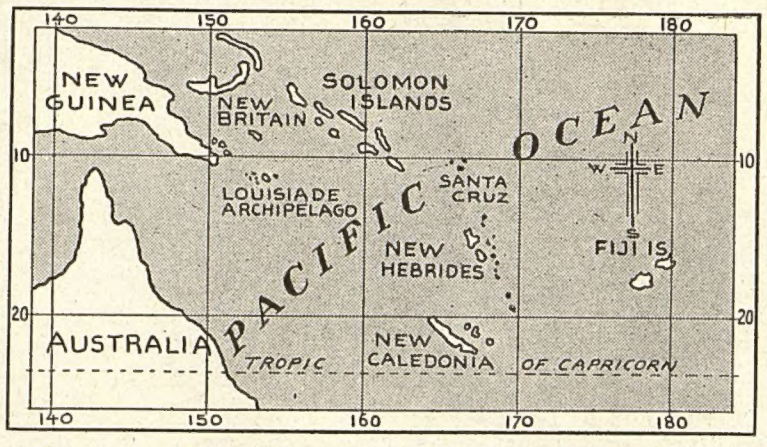
Opposite him, the plump faced Somers, with his twinkling glasses, looked commonplace; even his good looks, a matter of straight, fattish features, nice eyes, and neat mustache, seemed a little uninteresting.

KELSO, used to easy conquests, but virtuously determined to make no trouble on lonely Avaroro, had been just a bit surprised to find dainty, plucky Lisa save him all anxiety on that point from the very first. They had now lived nearly six months on the island, a remote speck in the western Pacific, virtually uninhabited, valuable only by reason of its scant veins of rose marble.

They had still eighteen months to go, for the company working the marble exacted signed agreements to that effect from all its managers and engineers; exacted also a rigidly kept temperance pledge for the time of their stay. The Avaroro & Western Pacific had been employing people in the outback for years.

During these six months the manager and engineer had worked together every day, with no more than the necessary amount of squabbling. The engineer had dined with the manager and his wife five nights out of seven, played tennis with them about as often, and joined in a game of three handed bridge almost every night. And the eternal triangle had not yet stuck a prickly point into any one of the three.

Kelso, however, was near being in love with Lisa out of sheer pique. It may have been because of this that he disclaimed the possession of morals. In his experience, women always wanted to reform you if they thought you were a subject for it. Lisa did not answer him directly. She was still occupied with her part in the game that they all played so pluckily every day and every night: the game so much more exacting than tennis, so far more difficult than bridge — *the* game that has no title save in the hearts of its brave players.



The map shows the locale of the story, near the New Hebrides, in the South Seas.

Lisa, Austin Somers, and Kelso were determined to keep on playing it. And part of it was the rule that you must be cheerful; you must pretend to like things, whether you like them or not; make jokes, laugh, dress, dine—hold fast, in fine, to every life saving scrap of civilization that you had brought along with you. Because to do otherwise was to sink and drown.

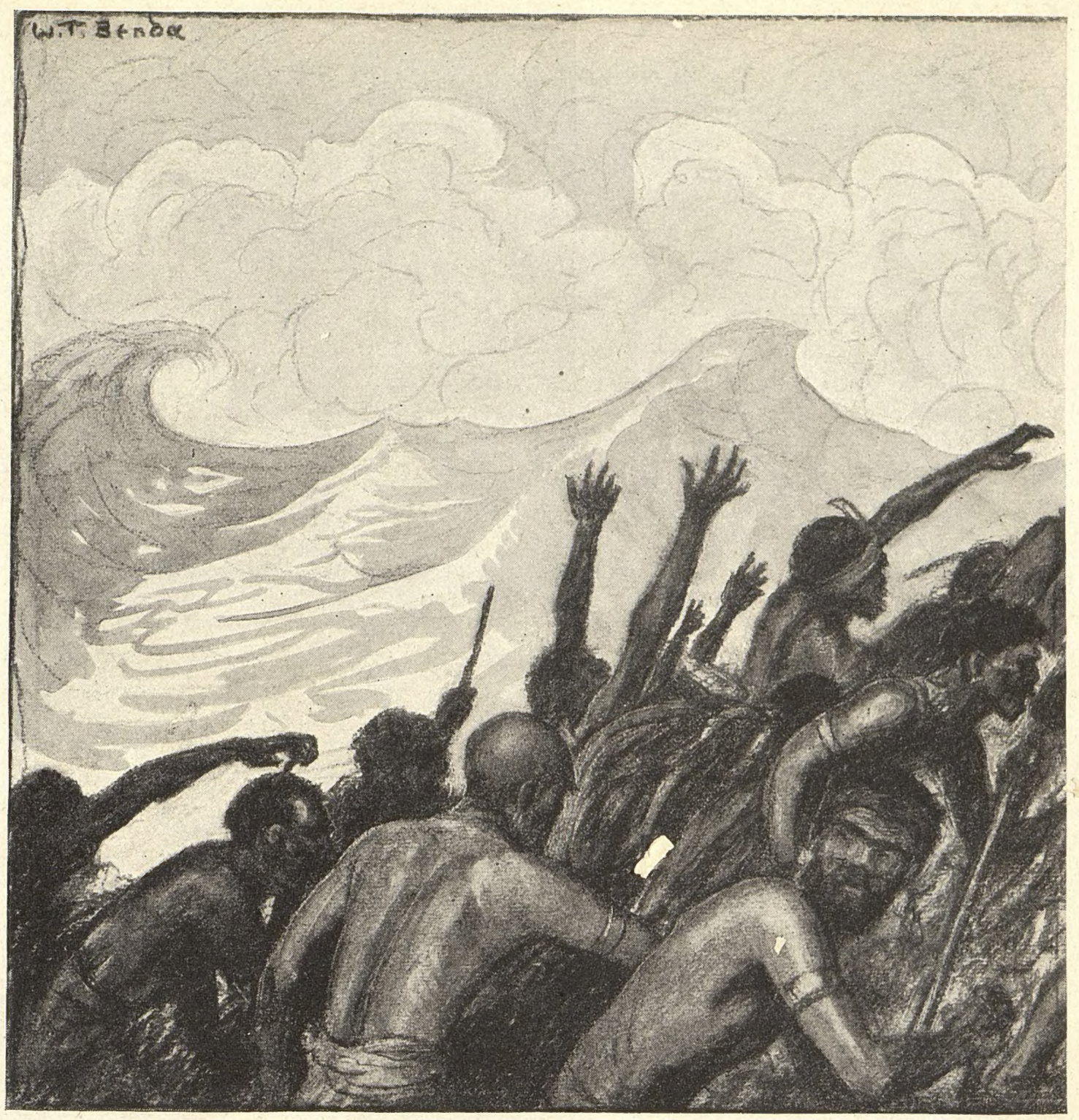
Lisa, more than usually homesick and desolate, this night naturally felt that she must "play up" a little more than usual. So she gave Jim Kelso, in return for his gloomy stare, a bright, encouraging glance, several shades warmer than any that had come his way hitherto. And, instantly forgetting she had done so, she choked down a threatening yawn and asked her husband what was the news of the day.

They were always looking for news on Avaroro, making the most of any tiny happening and talking it out till threadbare. Austin and his engineer were rather by way of rivaling one another on this point. Unconsciously, they each tried to make a better impression than the other on lonely little Lisa, who, like the Athenians, was always hungering for something new.

"We've got the vein of marble we were looking for," began Austin. "Tommy Tanna has gone a bit off his head. There's a crop of tomatoes coming on splendidly. That's all for today." He leaned back in his chair and lit a cigar.

In the momentary silence a flying fox began battering about among the pawpaw trees outside the veranda; one of the giant frogs of Avaroro let forth a long, goatlike call. It was as if the wilderness, always pressing round, always threatening, had suddenly taken voice.

One forgot it in the daytime, when the poisonous beauty of the place



In one black wave they came, mounting and screaming!

caught and held the eye—black sand beach, with a strange pyritic glitter like dust of gold; verdigris colored mangrove behind; smoky blue forests at the back of all; and mouths of dark rivers, gaping mysterious.

One forgot it in the quarry, with the imported New Hebridean laborers sweating over the rough pinkish blocks that meant much money to somebody "down south"; on the tramline, in the wind and sun, with the trucks roaring like lions along the steel shod way to the storehouse and the jetty; in the power house, where smooth engines champed and purred all day and half the night, making a noise that—at first—had scared the raw laborers half out of their wits.

These things, like a mist, masked and hid the monster that was always pursuing the three white dwellers on Avaroro, always threatening to catch them up—the enormous loneliness of the bush.

It was at night that the monster had most strength; and on this night power above ordinary was given to it. Nerves were stretched, almost strained. Gayety was hysterical. Everyone seemed afraid to listen or to think.

Kelso caught up the ball almost as soon as Somers dropped it.

"THAT'S your news, is it?" he asked, setting down his glass of near whisky out of the bottle with red peppers on it. "Well, if you have done—" He paused dramatically.

"Tell us!" cried Lisa. "Anyone sighted a steamer? Anybody come upon a gold mine?"

Kelso had meant to keep it to himself; he had even resolved to do so. What was the use of telling people things that they wouldn't understand, that would only trouble them if by any extraordinary chance they did understand?

But Lisa's look had gone to his head; had done that which the mock whisky and the temperance claret could not do. Kelso was—a little—drunk; and, being drunk, he had to show off.

"Tommy Tanna isn't off his head," he told her. "He's got a fit of prophecy. Tommy was head sorcerer in his own village, and he thinks he can see things before they happen."

"And you believe that?" asked Austin Somers rather scornfully. He liked his engineer, but was inclined to think him "queer." Kelso, conscious of higher voltage of brain power than Somers', knew but did not worry over Somers' opinion.

"I believe it, and I do not," he said. "Tommy Tanna does prophesy quite correctly sometimes, but there's nothing supernatural about it.

And even as they mounted, so did another black wave, miles away.

He only reads a few pages deeper in the book of nature than most of us."

"Oh?"

"Yes. He's read—or thinks he's read—something new that seems to be giving him gyp of several kinds."

"I hope you've not been encouraging him. The labor—"

"Yes, I know. No, I've not. The greaser told me, and I let it go at that. Fact is, I know he's right."

"But you haven't told us—you haven't—" broke in Lisa eagerly.

BOTH men looked at her. Kelso thought she was a "damned pretty little piece." Somers thought, not for the first time, that her sparkling gray eyes were like the crystals one found sometimes in the marble, and the rose of her cheeks like the color of the precious mineral itself. He was so simple a husband, and Lisa guarded her dressing room secrets so well, that he did not know the roses came out of a bottle. Kelso did.

"I'm telling you as fast as I can," he went on. "You remember what the Martins said about this place, when they came to it fourteen years ago and opened it up? That the sea was full of queer beasts of all kinds—dugongs and giant sharks and big crocodiles that came out of the river mouths? You know how it's been since: the lights and the roar of the engine and the motortrucks have driven them all away years and years ago. Well—"

He paused for a moment, savoring his effect.

"Well—they've come back."

Nobody said anything for a minute or so. The flying fox screeched unpleasantly. The frog bleated again.

Lisa, who had been pouring coffee, resumed her task.

"How frightfully interesting," she said indifferently. Like her husband, like a million other estimable and pleasant people, she turned a blind eye to natural phenomena of every kind.

Kelso, feeling he had missed his effect, proceeded to amplify. He was one of those rare men who are born observers; the bush and the sea were open books to him.

"Listen!" he ordered.

The flying fox had ceased its planing; the frog was quiet. Out of black stillness, by and by, crept from far off a sinister, unearthly sound. One might say that it resembled the challenge of a bull, miles distant. One might compare it to the sound of a steam siren. There was something in it that recalled a giant snore.

One thing was certain: it made the blood run cold.

"What is it?" asked Lisa, the rouge on her face suddenly standing out in two pink spots from the whitened skin beneath.

"One of them," said Kelso. "A long way off. You'll hear them closer by and by. They've been coming nearer to the settlement every night."

"A crocodile?"

"Yes, and a whizzer. They have them here thirty feet long."

"Don't worry, Liz; they can't get you," advised her husband, looking at her with kind eyes. Both men liked her the more for this flattering timidity of hers.

Lisa seemed thoughtful. She gave the coffee silently into Kelso's and Somers' hands.

"If they can't get at us," she asked presently, "what do they matter?"

"That's a big question," was all the reply that Kelso chose to give. She seemed so indifferent—perhaps really was—that he repented having spoken at all. The thrill of that intoxicating glance burned in his veins no longer.

Somewhere a wise and holy man has said, "If there is any failing that you feel to be very far from you, impossible to you, guard well, for you are in danger of falling into that weakness." (I quote from memory.)

IT was only next night when Kelso chattered again.

He was dining again with the Somerses. Once more it was dark, blazing with stars. Once more the night scent of the untamable forest filled the veranda where they sat; a heady mixture, waking primitive longings, primitive fears. "You are nothing," it whispered to every cell of their bodies; "nothing—beads of foam on the water; shadows on the eternal dusk. Being nothing, nothing matters. Before the bead bursts, the shadow dissolves; while you dream yourselves something, live, take what you can." It was a persuasive, lying little voice, and not one of the three dreamed that the others heard it.

Unless perhaps Kelso.

At all events, Kelso was drunk again; drunk on the mock whisky and the purple ink, preposterous claret allowed by company rules—and perhaps on something else.

Lisa's look at her husband had placed him beyond himself. They seemed to cling very close together in these sinister days, the two who had come so far to company each other. And Kelso all at once wanted to pluck that look and wear it on his own breast; was determined to bulk large in Lisa's eyes, make himself interesting.

So he told her what he had meant to keep to himself. That the native, Tommy Tanna, was more than ever out of his mind that night, prophesying "till all was blue." That he said, among other things, the bush was coming back to Avaroro—had nearly come.

"My dear chap," began Austin Somers, very clean and shining in his fresh white coat, with his thin, well brushed hair. "My dear chap—"

"I know exactly what you're going to say," broke in Kelso, looming, twice the size of Austin, over the table. A mesh of black hair had fallen over his forehead. His eyes were like dark coals, hot within.

"You mean," he went on, "that the bush couldn't come back. Well, I can name you a dozen places where that thing has happened. And every time it has happened the wild things knew about it, and told, but nobody would listen."

"I grant you Tommy Tanna's wild enough."

"Didn't mean him. Never mind. Change the subject. Did you hear the noise in the water awhile ago?"

"Like somebody taking a bath and rolling about?" asked Lisa. "It seemed a funny hour—"

"It was. Nobody was bathing. What you heard was a dugong. That's him again."

"That's a fish leaping," corrected Austin Somers, "or somebody hitting the water with an oar. If there was anyone to—"

"It's the dugong. Right beneath where the boys were running the lorry along the line ten minutes ago. They wanted it tonight to shift some stores. And right under the big lights. How's that for cheek?"

Austin Somers, if he was matter of fact, was no fool. He sat back in his chair, hands in pockets, forehead wrinkled with thought.

"Has such a thing happened before in your experience?" he produced by and by.

Somers was Australian, not widely traveled. Kelso, English, wanderer by nature and by choice, had seen most parts of the world.

Kelso suddenly became cautious, bit off the end of a cigar before he replied.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WHEN THE BUSH CAME BACK]
Continued from page eleven

"Once," he answered presently; "in the West Indies. I say, old man, is this a new lot? They look like good 'uns. Bloated plutocrat, what? Mere engineers can't afford smokes like these." He lit up and puffed luxuriously.

Austin took the hint. "They only stood me in the same as the last," he said, "but I do think them a lot better. Got 'em from the Imperial Service Stores in Sydney. Now, about that new vein, Kelso? It seems to be pinching out before it's well begun. Tomorrow I want—" The talk became technical.

Lisa, who had been fighting off an attack of hysterics all evening unknown to the two men, felt that the moment of escape had arrived. She tiptoed away, and, gaining her room, lay down and laughed and cried into her pillow.

"Ass," she said once or twice to the laced frilling underneath her lips; and again—"Darling ass!" And, as the nerve storm subsided and she lay panting, relieved—"If both of them were here, they wouldn't know which I meant. Men! Men!"

Preoccupied more than Kelso guessed by the inner meaning of his talk, she had neglected the surface of the talk itself almost completely. But before she dropped asleep, waiting for Austin, a thought welled up from the depths of subconsciousness and found the light—

"I wonder what did happen—in the West Indies?"

"IF you'll come right out along the jetty," said Kelso, "I'll show it to you."

It was a day of heavy heat, shed from a sky the color of bright tin. The sun overhead was slightly dimmed, as if its disk had been breathed upon. Like oil the sea lay, out beyond the jetty; there was not a wrinkle on its surface, not a break, near or far, save only the outline of a distant rocky island, Rodney's Pyramid by name.

Under the jetty there was dark green shadow, shot with lights of beryl and deep blue. Lisa, following Kelso, carefully guarding the Cuban heels of her shoes from traps and pitfalls in the timbers, wondered what she was going to see.

Kelso had told her and Austin that the dugong was still under the wharf and that they ought to come and have a look. Austin had said, nonchalantly, that dugongs didn't bring anything in the mineral market. and that he had other fish than dugongs to fry, anyhow; but that it might amuse Lisa to go.

Lisa, for once, felt curious. She wanted more or less to see dugongs, and she also wanted to see how Kelso would behave when she got him away by himself.

Under the heavy heat they went slowly to the end of the jetty. Lisa kept her sun umbrella up, and Kelso had his helmet, but both felt as though the sun were riding them, a heavy and burning weight upon the shoulders, like some mythical demon leapt up from the pit. Even at the far end of the quarter mile long pier right out at sea, there was not the least stir of wind.

"Look through," said Kelso softly, "in between those timbers."

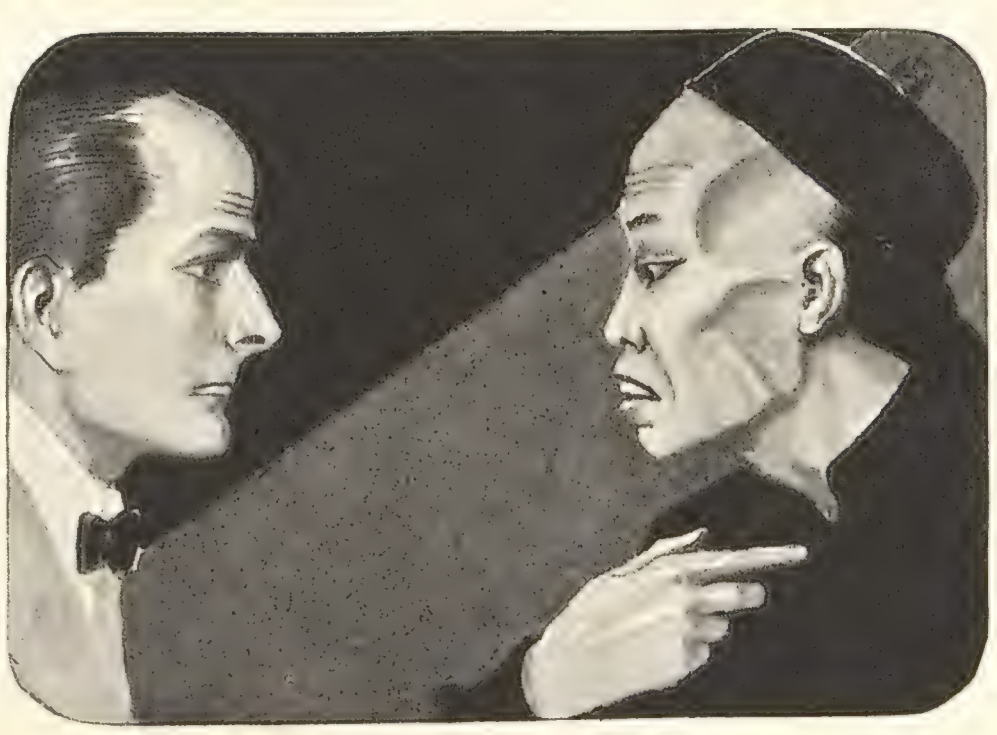
Lisa looked. "I can't see anything," she breathed. "Except—why, that's a whale!"

"Oh, no, not quite; it's scarcely twenty feet long. But a big chap, eh? Like an immense sea pig. Look at the flippers, like fat legs. All silver along the sides; but he'd be gray on land. Look well; those are among the shyest beasts of the sea, and you'll never see one again."

"Why not?"

"For two reasons. One is that the conditions that brought him in here for you to look at aren't likely to happen again. The other is that if they did, you wouldn't be here to see."

There was a silence. Kelso, who had taken the umbrella from Lisa's hand and was holding it for her, seemed to loom enormous, ten feet high instead of six feet three, towering over her little slim body.



Lisa's spirit, sensitive and delicate as the frame that inclosed it, could feel the man's immense, unexplored mind overhanging hers, clouding and stifling her thoughts. "He is trying to influence me," she told herself. "But I won't be influenced—though—though he is rather wonderful." She broke out with the first thing that came into her head:

"What was it that happened in the West Indies?"

And Kelso, reserved no longer, looked her straight in the eyes and answered, "Mont Pelée."

"Mont Pelée?" she repeated slowly, trying to recall the associations connected with the name. "Mont— Oh!"

She remembered. She had been a baby when it happened, but the world had not forgotten the horror of St. Pierre, years after town and island went to death in lava and exploding flames. Lisa's nerves, worn ragged by the strain of the last few months, failed her a moment. She clutched at Kelso's sleeve.

"You don't think—that—is going to happen here? How could it? There's no volcano." Her legs were shaking under her. "The walk along the jetty," she explained. "It's—hot. How could that happen here?"

Kelso had passed his arm about her waist in a matter of fact manner.

"Sorry, Lisa," he said; she hardly noticed the use of her name. "Shouldn't have brought you. No, I don't say there's going to be a Mont Pelée disaster; don't know what there's going to be, but you can take it from Tommy Tanna and from me that there's going to be something—something you'd best be out of the way of. These comparatively low islands—"

"The steamer isn't due for six weeks," she said, drawing back on his arm to stare at him with widened eyes. "How can anyone—?"

"Easily. The launch would take you over to Rodney's Pyramid in eight hours. Camp there, a thousand feet up, under the lee of the peak. Barren, useless place, but good at a time like this. If Somers had an ounce of sense—"

"I can stand by myself now, thank you. I was feeling just a little faint. Does my husband know all this?"

"He knows and he doesn't. Nothing on earth would make him go an inch off his usual tramline. Surely you know that, after being married to him for three years? Three years too long. Do you know what you're worth, Lisa? The best man in the world wouldn't be too good for you, and you went and threw yourself away on a fellow that can't see two inches beyond his nose; can't even keep you out of harm.

"There's something coming, I tell you. Something bad. I don't know what, but the weather knows, and that beast down there knows, and the crocodiles know, and Tommy Tanna.

"Lisa! Lisa! The launch's there, right underneath; I ran her out—she's provisioned and all. Come with me to Rodney's Pyramid—now, and let him go hang!"

She had drawn away from him, was staring at him. Her lips trembled, but at last she got out, "I will do no such thing."

He took it in silence. "Then," he said presently, "you will allow me at least to take you back in the launch. You're not fit to walk along the pier in the sun again. I should never have brought you. I beg your pardon."

She answered nothing to that, descended the jetty steps in silence. Kelso took his place, and a breath of cool air, for the first time that day, caressed their hot, wet arms and faces as the launch gathered speed.

"Is this the way back?" asked Lisa.

"All right," he answered her. "There's a reef a little farther; we have to avoid it."

The launch went faster, heading for open sea.

. . . . .

AUSTIN SOMERS, in the low roofed, tin built offices of the company, was working at accounts. From time to time he raised his head, sighing slightly, and looked out through the open shutters.

With a blotting paper pad beneath his hand, to protect the ledger from smears of wet, he continued his adding, setting down. Part of his brain worked independently. It kept telling him that this heat was the worst he had ever known or dreamed of; that the quarry work was certain to fall behind; that Lisa oughtn't to have gone out on such a morning. . . . And three was thirty-five.

Surely there was more noise than usual going on at the workings? Usually, one couldn't hear anything so far away. . . . And nine was 128. Six pounds, eight shillings, and threepence. . . . Yes, they were making a row. He struck his desk bell.

"Lee," he said to the Chinese half caste clerk, "you might go out and inquire what the deuce the boys mean by raising Cain like that. It's enough to split one's head, in such weather."

He found it hard, himself, to gather energy enough to go on with his accounting. The sun was hazier than ever; the sky seemed to be descending on one's head slowly, certainly, like the ceiling on the doomed traveler of French legend.

"Kelso talks a lot of rot at times," he thought, lifting a wet little finger hastily off a newly inked column. "But I dare say there is some weather or something coming."

"*Or something.*" The phrase had arisen of itself; he had not called it. It seemed to stand in front of him, like an ugly figure, pointing and moving.

"Or something . . ."

Slowly Austin Somers rose to his feet, closing the ledger. He wiped his pen and put it in the stand.

"Where is Mrs. Somers?" he asked of Lee, who had just returned and stood within the doorway, looking yellower than usual.

"Mrs. Somers gone."

Austin looked at him inquiringly.

Lee had never liked his master; since Somers had come to Avaroro,

squeezes and commissions had gone down to the vanishing point. With a certain gusto the half Chinese went on, amplifying:

"Gone in the launch. With Mr. Kelso. Quite away." He suppressed a grin.

Austin got out from behind his desk, knocked the half caste into the wastepaper basket, and continued on and out.

There was a low hill some way behind the quarry workings. He made for it by way of the tramline, finding a truck and shoving it off with one of the long, iron shod poles used by the labor. The truck roared down the line too fast, and smashed into the buffers at the far end. Austin went head over heels, picked himself up, took the pole, and continued.

He went through the quarry workings. A bunch of hefty New Hebrideans, naked, decked with beads and boar tusks, were milling round and round in the curious tribal dance of their island. Something seemed to have excited them strangely. Tools lay on the ground; the big machine saw rested in a block but half cut through.

Austin shoved the savages aside with his iron shod pole, and went on.

Tommy Tanna was dancing wildly. In the awful heat his leathery face seemed to be contorted as if in pain. Incomprehensible words poured from his gaping mouth. Of a sudden he halted, pointing toward the far horizon, and instantly there was dead quiet in the quarry, each man pausing where the dance had left him, twisted, frozen, staring.

Austin gave a half glance as he steadily mounted the hill. There was nothing to be seen; he'd known that before. From low level you could not pick up a launch that had left hours ago.

On the top of the hill he halted, scarcely conscious of his own fatigue. His legs shook as he came to a stand, but that did not matter; nor was the burning in his lungs worth notice. What mattered was the fact that from the summit you could see for many miles across the empty sea, and that on all its glittering, tin colored expanse there was no sign of the launch.

"They must have sunk," was his first conscious thought. Sunk! Lisa! The black cloud of fury that had enveloped him in the office, at the moment of his hearing that she had gone, lifted, showing terrible things. Sunk! The sea bottom—beasts of the sea. . . .

He had not doubted Lee; there was no room for doubt. The launch had been down at the jetty, Lisa and Kelso had gone to the jetty early that morning, and now it was latish afternoon. There had been no one in the houses when he went home to lunch. The launch was not to be seen. Nobody could be anywhere on the island unperceived, because the great bush of Avaroro, so hardly kept back, pressed close upon the settlement and shut it in.

If not lost, where were they? There would be no sense in going to Rodney's Pyramid, a mere barren rock. Kelso must have had private information of some kind, gone forth to meet a passing, unexpected steamer; or possibly he was mad enough to hope to reach the New Hebrides, days and days away. He knew now that he had been jealous of Kelso for some time; a little suspicious too. If they weren't drowned, they had run away, incredible as it seemed. Lisa—gone!

The world seemed to blacken before his eyes. From the top of the hill to the rim of the livid horizon, light suddenly lessened, faded. For a moment he wondered if he were going to faint—was this how fainting began?

In the next moment he understood. This was no faint. This was "it" happening at last.

The horizon rim, steady and silver, had changed unrecognizably. It was dark and irregular, and it was mounting where surely no horizon had any business to mount. The world was tilting sideways, as if a giant hand were pulling it from the nearer edge, down, down. Somers, staring, gripped the rocks at his side; he felt as if he must be sliding off. . . .

HOWLS from below assailed his ears. Like ants driven forth from a nest, the quarry labor was swarming up the hill. In one black wave they came, mounting and screaming! And even as they mounted, so did another black wave, miles away, climbing the sky, eclipsing clouds, and putting out the greasy, peering sun. It was a thing one could not believe; eyes and senses refused to take in the enormity of it.

It towered, toppling, across the world, with a fearful crest of spindrift lightening its blackness, with Niagaras of foam sweeping down its mountainous face. It walked across the pier, the company's triumph, and crumbled it like a piece of sugar candy. It reached the tramline, the offices, the engine house, and they were not.

On the land it broke, and instantly the island became a seething washtub of foam, lit with pale light. Only the hill stood out, with the ultimate hungry edges of the wave combing and gnawing the rocks, not twenty feet below the little plateau where, one in peril, Austin Somers and his labor stood.

It was a near thing. Every man on that little point of refuge was drenched in spray, and shaken by the frightful impact of the wave's last pawing edge. The water did not go down at once. For more than an hour it heaved and combed below them, sinking very gradually. A sense of insecurity had possession of everyone.

Tommy Tanna, naked, crouching and shivering, was silenced. Austin Somers found himself dumb. What were words? His whole world was gone to pieces, and Lisa almost certainly had perished.

It was that saving "almost" that kept him from collapse. With it to hearten him—and he made the most of it—he could turn his attention once more to the duties that inevitably awaited a manager though the heavens fell. Could watch the waters going down—that ran like a broken dam at last—see building after building emerge, some smashed, some still standing, covered with silt and deep-sea mud. Could ascertain with relief that the food store was unbroken; that famine, worst peril, did not threaten the island. Flour and rice—they'd be gone, but all the canned things were safe.

The branches of the trees were hung with fish as the tide went down; the shores were covered with them—and with other, stranger things to which not even a manager could put a name. Truly, the great deep had given up its dead in many and wonderful forms.

"I suppose a naturalist—" thought Somers disconnectedly, hurrying down to the flat again, with a tail of depressed black men behind him; "but one has other things to— Gad, there seems to be a lot of that pumice stuff about; tons and tons. Might be worth collecting for a trial shipment—if we ever see Australia again. Shows there's been the deuce of a submarine row somewhere or other. We might have had an earthquake. We've got off light, on the whole, though it was touch and go up there."

(Lisa—Lisa! Was she dead and drowned, at the bottom of the sea, heaved up again, like all these pitiful strange creatures, upon some strange coast? Lisa, the innocent, plucky soul, with her pink cheeks and her merry eyebrows. Lisa, who shouldn't ever have been allowed to suffer anything!)

"You, Tommy Tanna, get an ax and break in the door of the store. No, I don't know where the key is and neither does anyone, unless it's the devil himself. You, Jacky Sixpence, get a move on; I want you to see if the—"

His voice died away. They were over the quarry now, or where the quarry had been, and they were walking on wet, irregular tableland that sloped right down to the shore. Quietly, almost unobtrusively, at the impact of the awful wave the side of the island had fallen down upon the quarry of rose marble, and buried it fathoms deep.

"Worth lifting?" ran his thoughts. "No. No. Not as things are, with the veins working out poorer all the time. It will be deserted."

(Lisa—Lisa—where are you now? Did you mean it, Lisa? Do women go suddenly mad—like that? Lisa! Is it all over—whether you're alive or dead?)

The voice of Tommy Tanna, dismal, triumphant, raised itself above the unheeded clamor of the other men:

"Master—me say big booss come back. Me savvy too much, master. Close up [soon] he come!"

. . . . .

ON the top of Rodney's Pyramid there is very little room. You cannot, in fact, sit upon the actual top at all; it is so narrow and spire-like that it has never, within the memory of any traveler, been ascended. But close under the highest needle point of that amazing islet there is a narrow shelf, with space for one person, or two at most, to move about, stand, sit, and lie down.

On the shelf, perched like a couple of gannets high up in the blue, sat Lisa and Kelso. There was little trace today of the frightful cataclysm that had laid waste Avaroro and certainly brought death and destruction to a hundred other unseen isles. Below the spire of Rodney—and not so very much below—came a high water mark that had not been there the day before; perhaps had never touched such level since Rodney's Pyramid rose from depths of sea.

Enormous coils of weed, the deep-water weed that trails its mermaid hair in lengths of many hundred feet, hung tangled through the branches of high up trees. Eels like thirty foot long belts of flexible crystal, queer fish like Christmas trees, all hung over with multi-colored ribbons (and every ribbon a sting), sea beasts with fishing rods on the ends of their noses, and lanterns dangling from the ends of the rods, were roosting, dead as mutton, in the branches of cotton-wood and mango.

Lower down, the rocks and the clustering bushes had been turned, by the alchemy of the tidal wave, to a uniform grayish white, as if some incredible fall of livid snow had taken place. There were shells among these, live shells, that moved and wriggled and tried to get back to their lost home; trumpets and orange balers and Venus' combs, and with them others of strange, twisted forms, and others again flat and gray and rugged as pieces of paving stone, lying motionless in the gray, caked ooze.

Lisa and Kelso noticed none of these things. They had spent an endless afternoon and night on the high peak of Rodney, watching the waters gradually go down. They had seen the launch—thoughtfully given extra cable by Kelso—break loose as if tied with thread, and go rolling and pitching away on the crest of the awful wave.

Safe from destruction, they had so far escaped even hardship. There was food and water, and rugs for protection against weather. The wave had reared its crest to the utmost, and failed even to approach their safe retreat.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WHEN THE BUSH CAME BACK]
Continued from page thirteen

Kelso was triumphantly justified—he and his Tommy Tannas and his crocodiles and his dugongs, all together—and Austin Somers was just as clearly discredited and made to look a fool.

Kelso was the strong man; the cave man. He had even gone so far as to carry Lisa off, cave man fashion. That is, he had declined to turn the bow of the launch when she had wildly protested against his running out to sea; had told her that he knew what was good for her better than she did herself; that he didn't mean to annoy her, but that he fancied she'd see before very long whether he or Austin was the better man of the two—better fitted to take care of her. And she had seen. . . . Instead of which, the wretched woman, who should have been at his feet, had scarcely spoken to him all night.

SHE was speaking now, however. With the rising of the sun, the dawning of a blue and perfect day, fair to look on as a tiger that has lately made its kill and reposes, purring—Lisa found her tongue. And with that tongue she flayed him as completely as the tiger could have flayed her little hand with one lick of its iron rasp.

Kelso's head fairly sang. He hadn't believed her capable of it; thought her a sort of human caramel, all softness and sweetness. She was soft still—Lisa could not be hard or rough—but the softness, the low voice, carried a sting.

"Look here," defended Kelso, forced to fight for his own hand. "All you say may be true. I may be seven kinds of a brute and so on, but anyhow you're alive this morning, and you wouldn't have been alive if I hadn't been a brute, so—"

"Do you mean to say that you think Austin isn't alive?" she countered, staring. There was no rouge on Lisa's cheeks today. Under the pure gray diamonds of her eyes blue shadows of terror and fatigue lay heavily, and the little mouth was set and pale. Kelso, looking at her, thought he liked her even better so than when she was prettily painted, laughing, trying to keep up spirits, play the game, for a man as stupid and unappreciative as a calf. This was the true Lisa, and he alone knew her.

"I think," Kelso answered somewhat reluctantly, "that the chances are against it. Nobody who wasn't prepared for that wave could have escaped. It came too quick. He'd have been in the office, and you'd have been in the house, and when you found out—"

"You think he's dead and drowned, believing I ran away with you?" demanded Lisa, color for the first time creeping into her parchment cheeks. "He's not. He's not! He wouldn't die—thinking that!"

"Have it your own way," answered Kelso, a little wearily. He never had argued with women; it wasn't necessary, and didn't pay. "I don't want you to be anxious about our position here," he went on, sliding off the subject. "We can hold out for quite a bit, launch or no launch, and there's bound to be a rescue boat of some sort sent round as soon as possible. A lot of the real low islands will have been simply wiped out, but plenty of survivors will want helping on others. Like ourselves."

Lisa passed that over. "I'm sure he hasn't been drowned," she said. "Something tells me."

"They're all alike," thought Kelso. "One idea at a time. And I'm going to be the one idea before she's worn out her first widow's hat."

He did not want to start fresh discussions.

"Come down below," he said. "It's quite safe now, and there's no end of queer things lying about. A shame to miss such a chance." The naturalist in Kelso was awake now.

"I'll go by myself," Lisa said. "I'd like to bathe. Things? What things? Any coral, or pearls, or—"

"Anything you could make into anything to wear?" suggested Kelso, evenly sarcastic, handing her down over the stones. Lisa missed the sarcasm, as he had expected.

"Yes," she said; "pretties."

"Uglies are more in the line of deep-sea fauna," answered Kelso. "Coral, as you mean it, does not exist here, and you'd be long looking for pearls. But there's a sort of gastropod—"

"It sounds like swearing," she said irrelevantly. "Now, this side of the island for me, where the pools are. And you keep to the other, please."

"I will. And if I find any pretties," he added, sarcasm coming up again, "I'll certainly keep them for you."

"You needn't do that. I wouldn't take a diamond necklace if you picked it up. I can't get you to realize that you've probably spoiled my life for me. When I see Aus again, I don't know what he'll—"

"*Au revoir,*" he interrupted, sweeping off his hat somewhat mockingly. He really could not discuss that improbability with her.

Kelso was a man's man first, and a woman's man a very little way after; but not so long after both came the scientist who had never been allowed full play, who rejoiced in hours like these. He had forgotten Lisa's existence before half the beach was hunted through. He was enjoying himself to the bottom of his soul.

Something caught his eye; flat gray shells that sparingly strewed the beach.

Pretty things! Things to wear! This was pearl shell, of a quality undreamed.

Kelso realized that this was a big discovery. There had been a neighboring upheaval; beds of shell previously unknown, unattainable, had no doubt been brought to practicable depth.

He bent down, lifted one in his hand, and cut the muscles at the back. The shell fell open. Yes. Round as a pea, and not much smaller. He could feel it, in the slippery mantle, before he touched it, pulled it out. Good! Splendid! Avaroro was ruined, the quarry probably destroyed, his well paid job had gone, but who cared—now?

Then a sudden thought came to him. If Austin Somers had survived, Somers, too, was out of a job—poor.

Well, one could share the discovery with him and Lisa. Unless it looked too like— That was just what it would look like. Pay.

"Damn!" said Kelso, holding the pearl in his hand. His eyes instinctively sought the far off outline of Avaroro. And there he saw three fires in a line, sending up smoke in three white columns. The universal Australian bush call for help.

"He's alive," was Kelso's first thought. The second was, "I ought to have done that myself." The third eclipsed everything else. It was, "That's a gunboat on the horizon—altering her course!"

He did not know that he dropped the pearl beside its parent oyster as he made a bolt for the higher reaches of Rodney's Pyramid. He had crammed his handkerchief into his pocket, and thought that the pearl went too.

While he was watching the gunboat (it was a gunboat, and it had certainly seen the signal smokes, and would pass the Pyramid in another half hour), Lisa, dressed again, came back from her bath. She had no wish to talk any more with Kelso. She stayed down on the beach, picking up and turning over the spoil of the great wave. She didn't believe Kelso about that coral. . . .

He came down again by and by. There was no doubt about the Pelargonium, or her intentions. She ran past Rodney's Pyramid at a cautious distance (for who knew what the soundings there might be, after the upheaval?) and signaled as she went, "Coming back for you." Kelso read the signal easily, but said nothing.

It was just two hours and a quarter before the low gray ship, cutting the water swiftly, ran back from Avaroro and anchored off the Pyramid. She was full of naked brown men, staring and hanging over the sides. She lowered a boat smartly, and in the boat, with the crew and an officer, Lisa and Kelso at the same moment recognized Austin Somers.

He jumped off the bow before they had made the beach and Lisa recklessly ran into the water to meet him. They flew at each other. Nobody heard explanations, if any were asked or given; but when Austin Somers set his wife down in two feet of Pacific Ocean, and splashed to land by her side, the light on the two faces showed that everything was clear.

WITHOUT looking at Kelso or speaking to him, they drew aside from the boat's crew, while Lisa joyously opened a tiny parcel wrapped up in who knows what of silk, and showed her husband the contents.

"A pearl!" he said. "But where?"

She kicked him for silence, and showed him, with her eyes, a little heap of sand. "They're all buried safely there," she told him. "Lots of shells like the one the pearl was lying in. It had split open in the sun; that's how I found it. Isn't it gorgeous luck? Won't there be more somewhere?"

"You bet!" said Austin cheerfully. "Keep it dark; in a thing like this, you can't be too careful till you've secured it."

"What would have happened if—he—had seen it first?"

"If he'd made the discovery, he'd have had the moral right to it, of course. I'm jolly glad that didn't happen. It's hard enough that he saved your life more or less, so one can't punch him as he deserves. As it is, sweetheart, we shan't come out of this so badly, in all probability. Now collect your gear and let's get aboard; they don't want to wait."

Kelso, some distance away, had been witness of the little scene. Kelso had no difficulty in translating, especially since he had pulled out his handkerchief and found it empty.

He knew that Somers, the soul of honor, would believe his word. He knew that he had only to claim a fortune in order to gain it.

A grin, scarce humorous, flickered across his face as he put the handkerchief back in his pocket, and followed Lisa and Austin to the boat. But he said no word.

"I didn't think," said Lisa to her husband that night, in the seclusion of their cabin, "that there were such wicked people in the world!"

THE END

Next Week—

A highly sensational controversial article—

PROHIBITION and FUNDAMENTALISM

By John Erskine

The man who wrote
The Private Life of Helen of Troy

You'll find it a thought-provoking document.

American Women

Picture by James Montgomery Flagg

Since her fundamental instincts have not changed since Mother Eve's days, she holds that the whole fault lies with man.

Are They Gainers or Losers in the Game of Life?

By

Count Hermann Keyserling

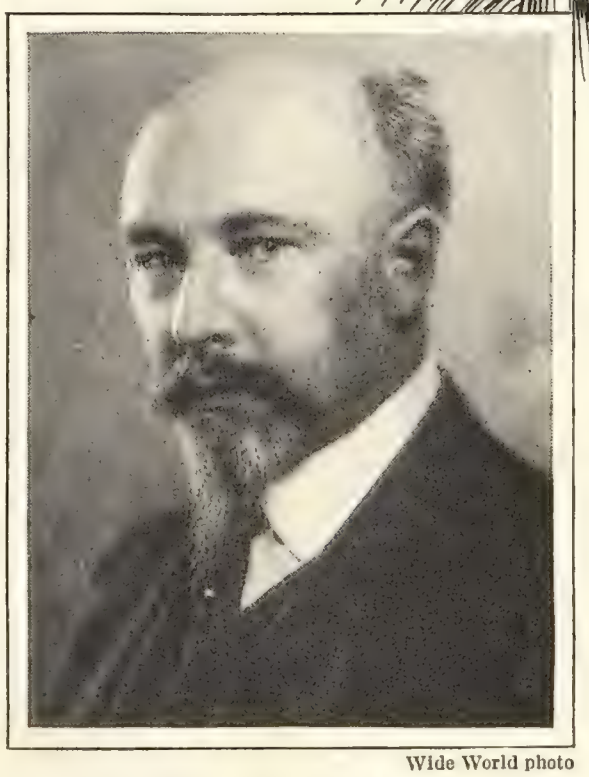
(Reading time: 8 minutes 7 seconds.)

IL faut payer pour être belle, the French saying goes. Just so, woman—like indeed every other being—has to pay for every advantage she gets or holds. Here, the only course wisdom can teach to take is to pay as a matter of course.

Frenchwomen do not seem to care for the vote, nor for any of those privileges the Nordic and in particular the American women have been fighting for until they got them. And this not only because of that feeling of superiority a Canadian pioneer woman, the mother of twelve stolid sons, expressed so well by answering, when asked if she cared for the vote:

"The vote? If there is anything in the world the men-folk can do alone, for heaven's sake let 'em do it."

It is due to the recognition that their particular kind of rulership depends on not being overt or conspicuous. But this is only one side of the question. The Frenchwoman actually renounces many advantages she knows to be absolute advantages, because she also knows that in case she gained them she would inevitably lose certain others she happens to care more for.



Wide World photo

Count Keyserling, author of The Book of Marriage and The Travel Diary of a Philosopher, and a recent visitor to the United States.

The American woman, who has conquered the most conspicuously superior position woman ever held on earth, thinks as a rule that she has got things without paying for them at all. This is part of her American creed that there can be good on earth without compensatory evil. And therefore she feels indignant if things do not turn out as well as she expected. She is indignant with marriage not being entirely satisfactory; she is indignant at the new form of companionate marriage not seeming to yield all the interest hope had invested in it; she is indignant, in individual cases, at the apparent unsatisfactoriness of free love. And since her fundamental instincts have not changed since Mother Eve's days, she holds that the whole fault lies with man. He is

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

not as he should be. The advanced type of American woman requests, as a remedy, still greater powers for her sex.

I agree—and this apart from all courtesy due to woman—that man in America is not as he should be. But I totally disagree with respect to the proposed remedy. Still greater power acquired by woman would make her life still less satisfactory in those connections in which it appears unsatisfactory today.

She is an absolutely superior type in many respects. Only she should now try to develop, on the basis of her higher efficiency, her innate creativeness.

Pictures by Will Perrin

I have to disagree on principle because every advantage acquired in life has to be paid for in some way or other. But it is particularly so in the case of sex relationship. From the point of view of nature, man and woman together, and neither of them alone, constitute Man.

Man and woman are correlated like the two poles of an ellipsis. However qualified the poles may appear, their correlation as such never changes. If one pole gains in power or importance, the other loses in proportion. Here lies the chief reason for the fact that, through all crises, monogamy emerged as the highest ideal. Given the unchangeableness of the correlation between the sexes as such, a relationship granting equality to both in the form of division of labor is obviously the ideal relationship. But this ideal relationship becomes impossible where one of the poles predominates too much. The women were right, from the point of view of both woman and man, when they started to break the framework of the traditional patriarchal system. But in present day America woman predominates as much as man ever did under the former system; and here—not in the alleged incompleteness of her victory—lies the reason for that feeling of dissatisfaction, of disgruntled prosperity, which is so characteristic of the most victorious part of American womanhood.

LET us look first at the other side of the question. American women have undoubtedly gained a great deal, if compared with women who continue to live under a patriarchal system. From the point of view of self-respect, moral independence, and the possibility of initiative in any sense, they have unquestionably developed a superior type.

I have said in many of my lectures in this country that most American women of the class I mean have the self-consciousness of queens. I mean this literally. They have developed to a high degree those qualities of rulership which are dormant in every woman much more than in every man, because every woman has to rule her household in very much the same way queens have ruled kingdoms, and whose general presence primarily accounts for the fact that most queens who ever actually ruled are supposed to have been great queens.

The fact that, from the point of view of nature, man and woman together form the real unit has among other consequences the following: Man in his highest expression has always a good deal of a woman in him, and woman in her highest expression has always a good deal of a man in her. Thus, every man of genius has been distinguished by feminine sensibility and intuitiveness, while every great woman had some of the characteristics of a leader of men. This accounts for the masculinity of the American woman type.

It is entirely untrue that woman is naturally inefficient in the masculine sense. Within certain limits she is, on the contrary, highly efficient.

So much for the advantages of the American woman. But every advantage in life has to be paid for. The femininity of the true man of genius only means an additional asset. The compensation for his advantages lies in small defects, in the same sense as the elephant, for instance, is afraid of the mouse. But the mediocre artist is simply a lower type of man. Just so, if a Cleopatra, a Catherine the Great, a Queen Elizabeth was absolutely superior to average women, in spite of minor defects, the average woman who has reached the position of predominance pays dearly for what she gets. Here lies the key to most of the problems of American woman life.

Let us turn back once more to the Frenchwoman who does not care, as a type, for emancipation or overt predominance. We said that she unquestionably loses something. But she gains not only in the sense of emotional rule over man, who obviously loves better a type which meets his natural predilections: she gains in a much deeper sense. The Frenchwoman, as a type, is creative, and the American woman, as a type, is not.

Nor is this all. Given the correlation of the sexes, the Frenchwoman, being creative herself, makes man creative; while the uncreativeness of American woman chiefly accounts for the uncreativeness of American man. All creativeness has its source in the undifferentiated unconscious. Just as the child is matured in the darkness of the mother's womb, just so only the keeping back of the energies from the field of the executive to a certain extent gives the creative powers which live in every human being a chance.

An artist cannot work regularly eight hours a day. Now this is still more true of any woman than of the extreme artist type of man. Man can remain creative in spite of routine work, if this does not exceed a certain amount. But woman loses her creativeness if she does only one-third of the executive work a man can safely perform. Then she becomes an Amazon, or something corresponding to the sexless worker type among bees, as the case may be. Usually she also loses to a high degree her physical creativeness.

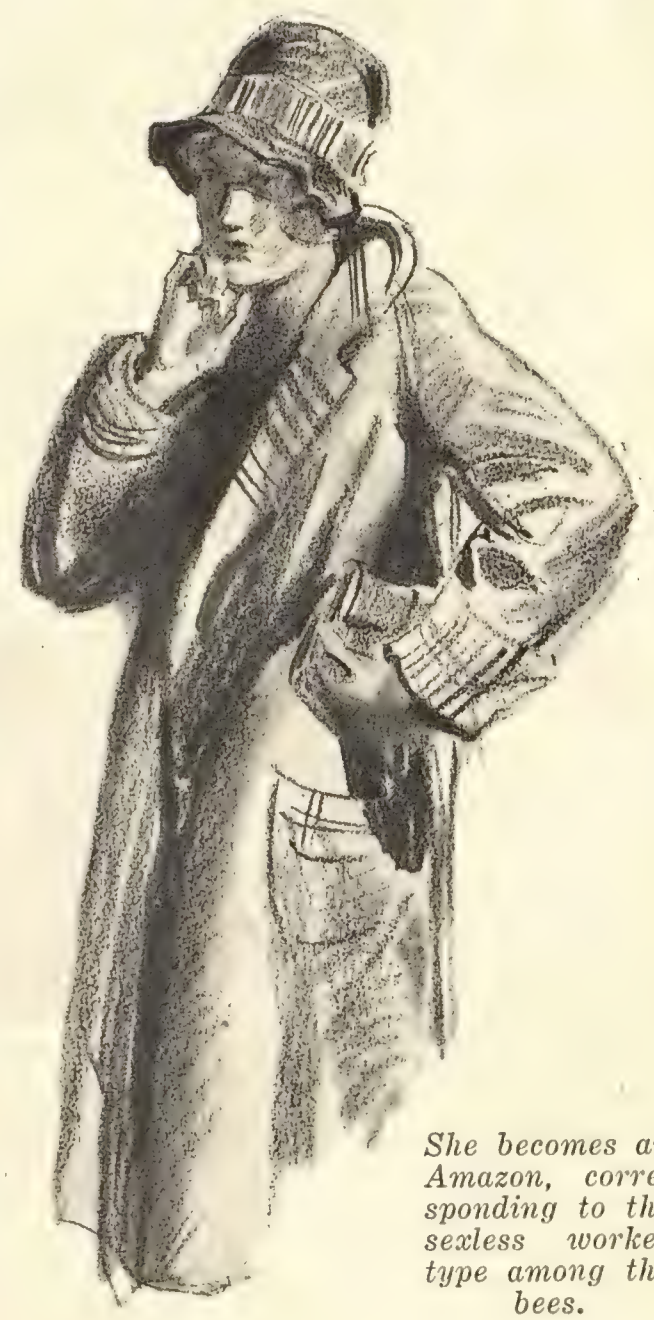
And the result is the dissatisfied woman.

Why? Because woman, being closer to the fountains of life than man is, however much her mind may lose contact with them, instinctively feels that creativeness is everything.

Like for the primitive woman having a child of her own means a million times more than any social gain, just so a loss of creativeness on the psychical plane can never be compensated for by even the greatest success on the field of competition. The creativeness of woman resides in her inspiring power. Here again the fact that from the point of view of nature man and woman form one single unit asserts itself in a seemingly paradoxical form: if on the physical plane man is the inspirer, woman is on the plane of the mind and soul. Here man, and not woman, gives birth. This is the reason why all the great works of art in the widest sense have been created by man. This being so, woman wants man on the plane of mind and soul as actively as man wants woman on the physical plane.

HOW now, if woman cannot inspire? She feels impotent. All the more so, if man is uncreative. And since his creativeness depends on the inspiration by woman, the result must be a typical uncreativeness of the whole race. Woman is, of course, indignant. And, according to the bent of her psychology, the fault must be with man.

When I first mentioned this result of feminine psychology, I wrote that I agreed with it. I do here, too. But in what sense? In this sense: that man, being much more dependent on woman, psychologically, than she is on him, becomes in the long run what she wants him to be. This accounts for the general creativeness of French life. It accounts for the fact that the American, whether man or woman, so wonderfully efficient on the plane of enterprise, is typically uncreative. And since woman inevitably looks upon creativeness as the highest ideal in the world, these facts must breed dissatisfaction.



She becomes an Amazon, corresponding to the sexless worker type among the bees.

Are, then, the American women gainers or losers in the game of life? A great many think they are gainers. And I am glad they do. My personal opinion can be easily abstracted from the general considerations set forth in this article. But I do not want this to be understood in the sense that the present day type of American woman is an inferior type.

She is an absolutely superior type in many respects. Only she should now try to develop, on the basis of her higher efficiency, her innate creativeness, at least to the extent of making American men more creative than they are today. Until that time they never will be satisfactory lovers, or even husbands.

THE END

A soup that's a meal!

It often tempts when nothing else will

Now is the time of year when you need good, hot soup even more than ever. Amid all the cold meats, salads and iced beverages of summer, soup is an invigorator that is most healthful. Its tonic action is especially desirable when the digestion is required to assimilate so many cold foods.

In the hot weather, too, you appreciate the helpfulness of such a hearty, substantial soup as Campbell's Vegetable Soup. You will find it enough for many a luncheon or supper, for it blends fifteen different vegetables, invigorating broth, strengthening cereals, fresh herbs and seasonings.

❦ ❦ ❦ ❦

You know there are many times when your appetite is "choosy" and does not take kindly to the prospect of a longer meal with a number of different dishes. And yet you must have real nourishment to sustain and "carry you over" to the bigger meals. Well, Campbell's Vegetable Soup is just the thing for such a time. Its wonderfully delicious flavor coaxes the appetite and almost in spite of yourself, it seems, you partake of a real meal in this "filling" soup.

❦ ❦ ❦ ❦

As a meal or as the one-hot-dish of the larger meals, Campbell's Vegetable Soup enjoys an extraordinary popularity and use. You simply add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and simmer a few minutes. How you welcome such ease and convenience, such an aid in helping you to keep out of the hot kitchen these days!

❦ ❦ ❦ ❦

All the 21 different Campbell's Soups are listed on every label. No matter where you are this summer you can always purchase these splendid soups. Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of them you select. 12 cents a can.

I get many pleasures bright
From my trusty appetite.
All my glowing health and pride
Comes from Campbell's Soup inside!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Everything you want or need in a modern automobile

EVERYTHING you want or need in a modern automobile is brought to you at a low price in the new Ford . . . beauty of line and color—speed of 55 to 65 miles an hour—mechanical, internal expanding-shoe type four-wheel brakes to balance this speed and to provide the safety demanded by present-day motoring conditions—flashing pick-up and ease of control that put a new joy in motoring—power for any hill because of a remarkably efficient engine which develops 40-brake-horse-power at only 2200 revolutions a minute—new transverse springs, Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers and wide, roomy seats for restful comfort—the economy of 20 to 30 miles on a gallon of gasoline, depending on your speed—reliability and low cost of up-keep.

Check over these features and you will find that not one essential thing that you require of a motor car is omitted from this list.

Yet the completeness of the new Ford goes farther even than this. It extends to every least little detail of finish and appointment and to the equipment which is standard on the car. This includes speedometer, gasoline gage on instrument panel, electric windshield wiper on closed cars, five steel-spoke wheels, four 30 x 4.50 balloon tires, dash light, mirror, combination stop and tail light, theft-proof coincidental ignition lock, high pressure grease gun lubrication, oil indicator rod, and Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield.

Five years ago—three years ago—one year ago—it would have been impossible to produce such a really fine car at such a low price. It is possible today only because of the development of new machines, new manufacturing methods and new production economies that are as remarkable and unusual as the car itself.

The Ford Motor Company did not set out to make a new car at a certain figure.

It decided on the kind of car it wanted to make and then found ways to build it at the lowest possible price.

Every purchaser shares the benefits of the established Ford policy of selling at a small margin of profit—of owning the source of raw materials—of constantly giving greater and greater value.

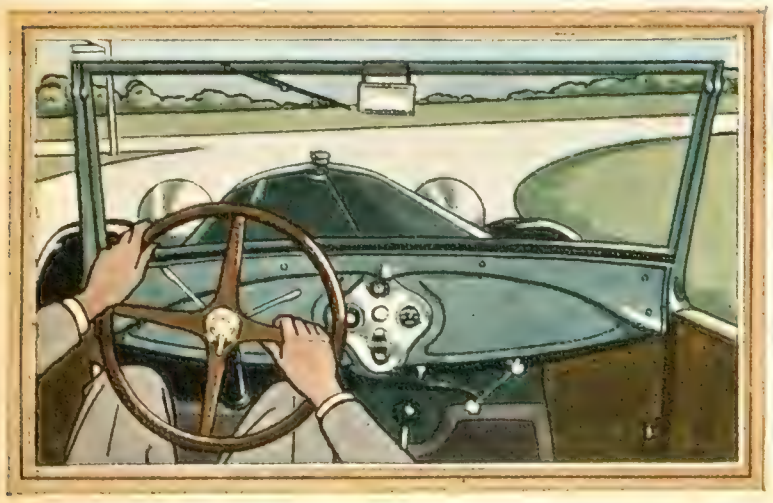
As Henry Ford himself has said: "We make our own steel—we make our own glass—we mine our own coal. But we do not charge a profit on any of these items or from these operations. Our only profit is on the automobile we sell."

When you know the joy of driving the new Ford—when you see its outstanding performance and reliability under all conditions—you will know that it is not just a new automobile—not just a new model—but the advanced expression of a new idea in modern, economical transportation.

In every least little detail it has been built to endure—to serve you faithfully and well for many months and years. Many features are exclusive Ford developments. Some are wholly new in automobile practice.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

The sturdy strength and sweeping lines of the new Ford are shown in this view from the driver's seat. Windshields of all new Fords are of Triplex shatter-proof glass.



War Bugs

Pictures by
RAYMOND SISLEY

Being a Worm's-Eye View of the War to End War

By CHARLES MACARTHUR

Formerly Private, Second Class, Battery F, 149th Field Artillery, 42d (Rainbow) Division, A. E. F. Afterward Co-Author of Lulu Belle

Lunéville became "Looney-ville" ten minutes after our arrival. It was a dull town by day, but grand at night.

(Reading time: 20 minutes 36 seconds.)

THIS is a doughboy's story of the war. The author, Charles MacArthur, was an artilleryman in the Rainbow Division. He was in the thick of most of the major engagements in which the American army participated. He was chosen as historian of his battery and the story is an intimate record of the part it played overseas. The opening installment last week dealt with enlistment days of 1917, shipment overseas, crap games, drinking bouts, and pretty girls. In this installment he describes his first experiences under shell-fire. The war still seems like a grand lark.

PART TWO

IN February, 1918, it was against the law to leave for the front at a Christian hour, so reveille sounded at 2:30 in the morning. It was no hardship this time, because none of us had gone to bed. Roll call and a last breakfast.

The little Greek was released from quarters, to which he had been confined for swapping two sacks of army potatoes for a lady's favor. In a burst of gratitude he cooked doughnuts.

Harness and hitch was accomplished in record time, in spite of officers. There was an epidemic of them that morning. All of them had a rush of orders to the mouth. Down the long hill to Guer, and horses and guns were loaded before you could say boo. A bitter snowball fight followed. Quite accidentally, some of the new officers—the loudest—were casualties.

Hostilities ceased with the discovery of a straw stack, which was removed to the box cars for bedding over several Frogs' beautiful white bodies. Twenty-six men piled into each box car; Y. M. C. A. officials put out coffee and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

No Appetite

What to do with children

When children refuse to eat or develop strange appetite disorders, and consequently become nervous, anaemic and run down, the trouble may often be traced to the lack of vital substance which is abundant in yeast.

As a tonic, regulator, stimulant and corrective for appetite and digestive troubles, give dried yeast to your children.

Yeast Foam Tablets are an absolutely pure food, they don't ferment; they help build healthy tissue and strong normal bodies. And this is the only yeast that is easy to eat and has a delicious taste.

Get a 5c packet or a large 50c bottle at the drug store and see how good this yeast really is!

Eat Yeast Foam Tablets for cachexia (run-down condition). Loss of appetite. Indigestion. Constipation. Boils—Pimples.

At drug stores everywhere

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 No. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

[WAR BUGS Continued from page nineteen]

sandwiches free (believe it or not); the trick engine giggled and let out a small squeal; and we were off for death and glory, God and country, Berlin or bust.

The first 100 miles were the hardest. Some mighty close harmony was going on and it was pretty terrible. Matters were adjusted by moving the glee clubs into separate box cars, which made the rest available for some quiet gambling.

WHEN a crap shooter cleaned the boys in his car he moved back to the next, until a first class gambling hell was going on in the caboose, with Joe Bagnuola big winner. Joe claimed to own a news stand in Chicago, but nobody ever learned to roll the bones that way selling papers.

Cush Pryor and a couple of other Romeos spent the daylight hours making amorous proposals to such red hot mammas as appeared along the track, and considerable sight-seeing went on until night fell, when we stuck candles on our tin hats and warmed up issue beans and corn willie.

Some honest drinking went on, Jamaica rum chiefly. We acquired several gallons of cognac at the first *ravitaillement,* one of the coffee and cognac stations operated by the French government. The poilu in charge would sell a gallon for ten francs. He'd sell his eyes for twenty.

Three days of this nonsense, with the train sneaking up on Paris and all the big cities late at night, so that our heads wouldn't be turned by strange sights. Now and then we heard the rumble of guns far away and conversation would turn to war.

But the most important issues touched on how long the Bull Durham would hold out, why they called it Sunny France, and where in hell did those dizzy new shavetails come from. Every Frenchman along the long, long trail got three rousing cheers, and when that form of fun wore out we took to shying beer bottles at cows, Savon Cadum signs, and stray gendarmes—thereby creating another bond between the rooster and the eagle.

When spirits drooped through sheer cramp and confinement, Danny Elwell felt moved to slice adjacent eardrums with, "Are we happy?" at the top of his leather lungs. Supposedly the answer was a concerted "Yes!" but the boys (even the university contingent) were getting pretty sick of the rah-rah stuff and we began to throw things.

Elwell took all the sounds and songs of his alma mater a bit seriously. At the drop of a hat he would start up the Illinois Loyalty Song, demanding that the noncollegiate section of the battery likewise stand and uncover. As first sergeant he got away with this sort of hooey at first, but not now. The first note of Loyalty became the signal for a bitter razz.

Three days out, the train shuddered and stopped, and we were rolled out with the announcement that we had hit the war zone. A constant rumble formerly attributed to the flat wheels of the train now became a roar, and from the doors of the box cars we could see an airplane high above, peppered with white puffs.

Signs of death and glory littered the landscape. A shattered French plane stood on its ear near the roadbed. Shell craters, old and new, stared rudely. Hundreds of graves, eloquently grouped in threes and tens and twenties. Evidently the Germans weren't kidding.

We lay on a siding, forty miles from Lunéville, our destination. All the unpleasant manifestations of dirty work revived our officers' happy hunches that (*a*) we would detrain under shellfire; (*b*) we would detrain in a cloud of poison gas; and (*c*) we wouldn't detrain at all, as the Germans would see us first and send us sky high with a few well directed 42s. It was all very discouraging.

Nothing happened for hours, during which we loafed up and down the tracks and attempted conversation with a bunch of Italian soldiers who were guzzling garlic, salami sausage, and odds and ends of horse, boiled over a bonfire. They had run on the Piave and were doing manual labor for punishment. Yacullo and Bagnuola, our battery Garibaldis, spoke to them and reported some bitterness. They implied that war wasn't any good and advised us to pick up our marbles and go home.

At last the train crawled forward. Late in the afternoon we reached Lunéville, where we unloaded horses, wagons, and guns, and sneaked up a side street to the Château Stanislas, an enormous castle in the center of town, built by King Stanislas after he had been shagged out of Poland some time before.

The fact that Stan settled his court in Lunéville establishes him as a maniac, but there was plenty of other evidence to the same effect in and around the château. It was a regular Katzenjammer castle. We were assigned to the attic, six stories up, where there wasn't a board that wouldn't tip at a touch, revealing a nice long drop of 150 feet.

It made disposition of bottles, corpses, and so forth, rather convenient; but little feet had to be careful where they led us after a quart of grape juice and six or eight *bières terribles.* The latter consisted of large goldfish globes, mounted on glass legs and filled with the old suds. (A gent had to dive inside for the last quart.) They were discovered eight minutes after the first passes were issued.

BY the same strange process which made Meurcy Ferme "Murphy's Farm," the Ourcq River "O'Rourke," and the Rhine the "Ryan" later on in the war, Lunéville became "Looneyville" ten minutes after our arrival.

It was a dull town by day, but grand at night. There were interesting social centers that we could visit, provided we wore French uniforms. Consequently, impoverished poilus did a thriving business in the rental of blue helmets and overcoats. Fee, two francs an hour; three francs for two hours; and ten for the evening. Our own coats and helmets were kept for security.

The most popular recreation was beer drinking in the cafés. These were identified by weird blue letters in the pitch black streets, and bulged with heroes who gloried and drank deep. Topics of conversation were the same for a week:

1. That the Rainbow Division was without parallel anywhere.
2. That the Heinies were duck soup for freeborn Americans.
3. That the Frogs were nuts to allow such an elegant sector as the Lorraine front to go to seed.

This last complaint was derived from the box score of the battle which greeted our arrival, as published in the Paris edition of the Chicago *Tribune.* With all that noise and iron flying around, a mere handful of men had been knocked off. It certainly looked as if somebody had been lying down on the job. One French battery had lost only two men. At that rate, a man might live forever.

It was depressing, too, how

Brick Bristol told a glittering colonel to button his nose, an unfortunate crack that didn't help matters any.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

I CHOKED BACK The TEARS!

Could this be the baby I used to hold in my arms?

PROUD of him? Of course I was . . . and glad that he got such a kick out of it. My, how straight he stood, trying to make himself as tall as possible.

But I was sad, too. Here, dressed like a grown man, was the baby I used to hold in my arms. I knew I shouldn't cry, but it was all I could do to choke back the tears.

When we got back home, I spread out all the snapshots of him from the time he was a few months old. Now they were all I had left to remind me that once he really was a baby . . . a baby that I had nursed, and put to bed, and worried about, and worshipped.

* * *

One of these days your youngster is going to startle you by growing up. He'll do it gradually, but you'll realize it suddenly.

When that day comes your thoughts will go back to his happy childhood days and you'll try to see him once again a baby.

Will the moment when you get out your snapshots be one of thankfulness or of bitter regret?

Are you going to find that you hadn't used your Kodak frequently enough, that you had neglected the one way to *insure* those precious recollections?

Count your snapshots. They may seem like a lot *now*, but later you'll wish you had *ten times as many*.

So get your Kodak out and use it. Keep it always loaded. Put it in a place where you can't overlook it when you are going out. Perhaps you need a new one; be sure to get it on your next trip to the store. Kodaks may be had for from $5 up; and you can get the Brownie, a genuine Eastman camera, for as little as $2.

And every Eastman camera makes excellent snapshots. Particularly the Modern Kodaks. Many have lenses so fast that you don't have to wait for sunshine. Rain or shine, Winter or Summer, indoors or out, everyone can take good pictures with these marvelous new Kodaks.

Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. It has speed and wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under- and over-exposure. *It gets the picture.* Expert photo finishers are ready in every community to develop and print your films quickly and skilfully. So begin—or continue—taking the pictures that will mean so much to you later on.

* * *

KODAK

Only Eastman makes the Kodak

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Dept. 126, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, your interesting booklet about the Modern Kodaks.

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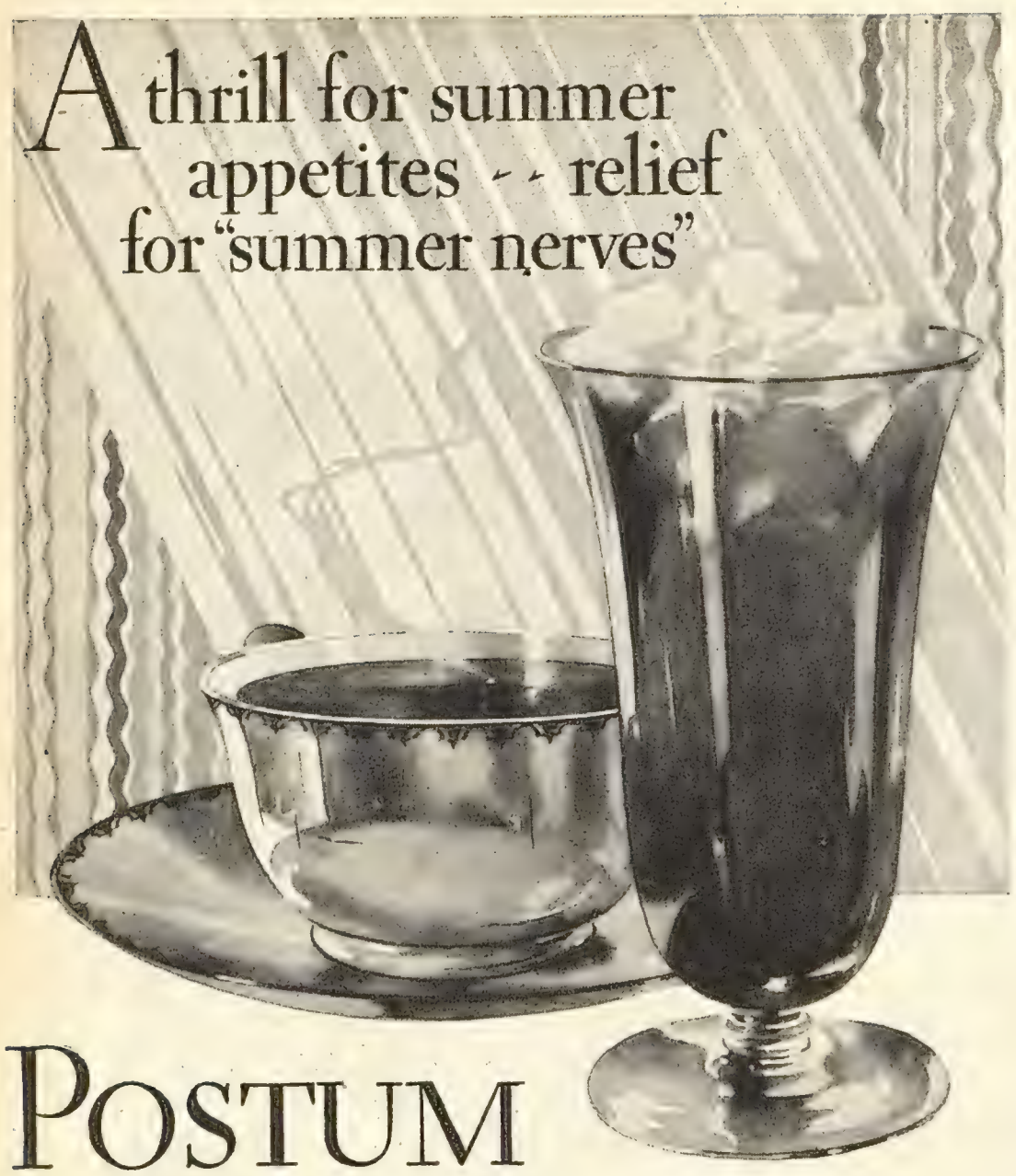

POSTUM

-- hot *or* iced

DOESN'T summer sort of "get" you at times? Your appetite flags—you can't sleep at night—you're "touchy" during the day.

Physicians warn to be careful of your diet. Torrid days and hot, sticky nights are enervating enough without overtaxing your nerves with harmful mealtime stimulants.

Try this simple diet change—Postum in place of caffein beverages! Try it for your appetite's sake! Try it for those "summer nerves"!

You'll find Postum's flavor refreshingly different—rich and mellow. Millions prefer this flavor to that of any other mealtime drink!

You'll find, too, that Postum never "gets on your nerves", never keeps you awake, or affects digestion. For Postum contains no caffein.

It is made of whole wheat and bran. Served hot or iced, it is a delicious drink. And *so* easy to make.

Make Postum your mealtime drink for thirty days. Then decide if you will ever go back to caffein.

Carrie Blanchard, food demonstrator, will help you start your 30-day test.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"Let me send you, free, one week's supply of Postum, with my personal directions for preparing it, as a start on the 30-day test.

"Or if you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"Please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

Two Wonderful Drinks for Summer!

ICED POSTUM MADE WITH MILK

Dissolve eight level teaspoonfuls of Instant Postum in half a cup of boiling water.

Mix with three and one-half tall glasses of cold milk.

Sugar to taste, and serve with a little cracked ice.

ICED POSTUM MADE WITH WATER

Dissolve eight level teaspoonfuls of Instant Postum in half a cup of boiling water.

Mix with three and one-half tall glasses of cold water.

Sugar to taste, and cream. Serve with cracked ice.

This is a sufficient quantity for four tall glasses. More, or less, may be made in the same proportions. The attractiveness of either drink is increased by putting a tablespoonful of whipped cream on the top of each glassful—or beating into the drink, with an egg-beater, a heaping tablespoonful of vanilla ice cream for each glassful. If ice cream is used, no cracked ice is needed.

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P.—L.8-28

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I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

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In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CO., LTD. 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario.

[WAR BUGS Continued from page twenty]

lightly the inhabitants of Lunéville took the war. On Sundays they walked in the park and threw bread to the swans, quite oblivious to airplane duels overhead; and three times a week the rubes came in from the country with vegetables and souvenirs to sell, as if nothing was going on. That meant we had to scrub stables and park the horses in the courtyard until marketing was over.

We did most of the marketing ourselves, loading up on Swiss cheese, Basque berets, bum jackknives, et cetera, like halfwits. Items of female apparel got the best play, being suitable for souvenirs. Many a nice girl in the States received pale purple bloomers embroidered with the crossed flags of the Allies; chemises with beautiful sentiments stitched into violent pink folds; and other intimate odds and ends rather difficult to identify or explain.

Meanwhile the war waited and we began to get restless. In this period of marking time, Porch Climber MacMillan discovered 200 feather beds in the chapel of the château — more than enough to go around. It took all that night to remove them to the attic.

A concert by the 149th.

Early the next morning there was a terrific hullabaloo in the courtyard. The French officers of the area, who had imported the mattresses from Paris, now discovered their loss. They went through the château like bloodhounds, following the trail of feathers until they reached our humble sixth floor quarters. One look at their property and they began yelling their hearts out.

Brick Bristol told a glittering colonel to button his nose, an unfortunate crack that didn't help matters any; no more than Harry Weir's spitting at several majors through his teeth. Harry was unusually expert in this art, throwing a stream so fine that it was invisible. All his targets were quite sodden before the argument ended.

In the end the Frogs called our officers and bellyached so loudly that we had to carry the feather beds back. One looked as though he was going to cry.

THE next important event was Lieutenant Pappy Le Prohon's transfer to the horseshoeing department—a matter of discipline. Being a French Canuck, Pappy spoke the lingo fairly well and had employed this talent in making friends with the women in town.

The colonel heard about it, bawled hell out of him, and put him shoeing mules. Pappy had bawled out so many of us for so much less that it seemed like poetic justice.

Finally, a week after our arrival, Lieutenant Stone was ordered to the front to pick out a battery position, and everything became mysterious once more. We packed all over again, shedding more and more of our fancy equipment. Pneumatic mattresses, portable typewriters, and canned delicacies are all right until you have to carry them. Solemn letters were written and surreptitiously handed to the chaplain for transmission in case of sudden death.

FOUR gun crews and a battery commander's detail were selected to accompany Lieutenant Stone to the front, and there were many touching farewells. The first ones slated to go got real snooty about it and said good-by as if we were already their widows. There was a final inspection of equipment, especially identification tags. Lieutenant Stone spoke morbidly of their use, and toward noon the firing battery marched off. Four hours later the guns were installed in La Neuveville aux Bois, a seedy collection of busted brick houses 4,000 yards from the front line.

The village was dirty, lousy, dilapidated, and full of rats the size of St. Bernards. Fortunately, the chicken wire cots were a good two feet off the floor, but lay a shoe down by the side of the bed and the rats tore into it like lettuce.

There were fireplaces in a few of the buildings, and doors and window sills and plank floors made a merry blaze and served to heat our rations. When officers complained of telltale smoke, we organized a raid on the Indiana six inch artillery and stole half of their T. N. T., which makes a swell fire and has the advantage of being smokeless. Safe, too, as it explodes only when compressed.

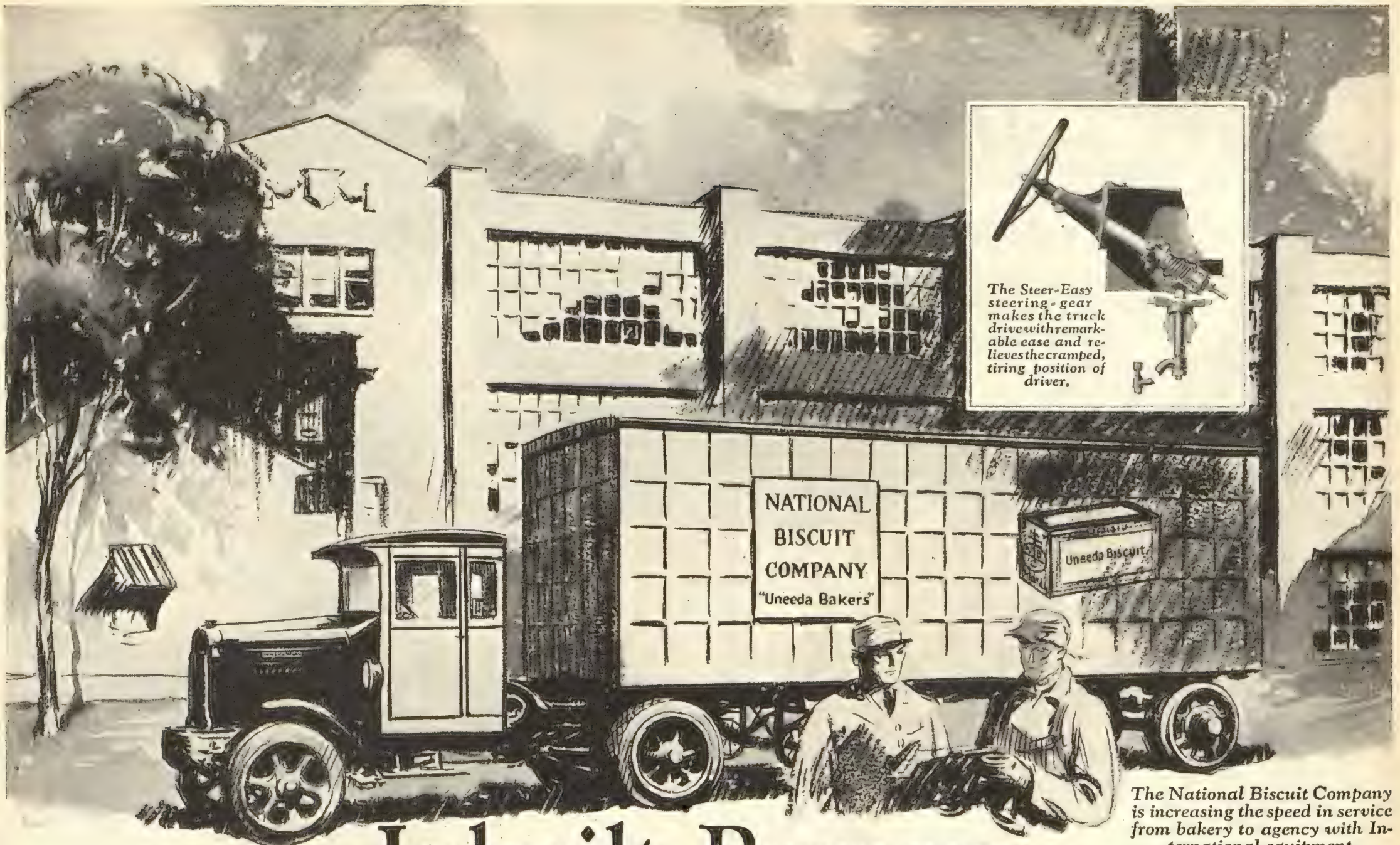
Near by was a French Pinard station, from which Buck Somers promoted several cans of strong drink. Thus equipped, we spread blankets and rolled out the bones. At the first pass a shell screamed over the tar paper roof and caved in an adjacent bungalow. A dozen more zipped over—77s to judge by the scream and smack.

In a minute they were falling like meteors. Most of us were the sons of God-fearing parents, and you can't go to heaven with a pair of dice in your hand. Nor would it do to get right with God on the spot, in front of everybody. So we played on, shaking the dice without any muscular effort of our own and calling on Little Joe to be a man and come out.

Toward morning the bombardment died down and we started digging gun pits. The position Lieutenant Stone picked out had been abandoned the week before by a French battery—nobody knew why until we started to work. *All* the French aren't nuts. When they walk out on a digging job, it's because there's something pretty sour about it.

In this case it was the mud.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]



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[WAR BUGS Continued from page twenty-two]

After three days of heavy bailing it was only waist deep—and then it rained. And how! In four hours the country was a duck pond. Faithful to our homes, our oath, and the Constitution, we bailed on and on, up to our necks, with Danny Elwell, perched in a tree, bawling, "Are we happy?"

The answering chorus was contrary but impressive.

To rub it in, the little Greek, warm and safe and amorously engaged in Lunéville, shipped us a sack of soap instead of beef, proof of his activities in the department of Romance. We knew where that beef had gone. And the engineers dumped several tons of concrete blocks and steel beams in a mud lake 500 yards from the so-called battery position. All of it had to be moved by hand.

It quit raining only to snow, and stopped snowing only to hail. Every pup tent was an igloo. Then the first gun crew struck an artesian well and completed the catastrophe.

The uselessness of going on became apparent, even to the officers, so we wheeled our guns to the Forest of Parroy and placed them on the fringe nearest the German lines. Our new position was as visible as the Woolworth Building, but fairly dry; meaning that the mud was only two feet deep. And anybody would rather die from shellfire than drowning.

Five dire days had passed to no purpose, and the entries in the battery diaries were slightly pro-German. Apparently the war wasn't all it was cracked up to be.

The French furnished a little excitement by slinging some shells at the Germans before we got our protecting sandbags up. The Germans came back handsomely. Evidently, now that we had arrived, there was going to be no more clap in, clap out, or ring around the rosy.

FROM midnight till dawn the guns were cracking on every side. The ground rocked with explosions. The air sizzled with shells. A thousand jumping flashes threw their reflections on the low clouds for miles. Toward sunrise the show died down, with only an occasional burst like the sound of a steel shutter landing on a concrete floor, far, far away.

Shells had landed all around us, confirming our hunch that the Germans had our names, telephone numbers, and street addresses, but we remained in strange safety; although C Battery had the hell shot out of them and lost heavily in killed and wounded. So did a company of New York doughboys.

There was a letup in the shooting and twelve cannoneers were assigned to adjacent French batteries for firing practice. Under the supervision of the veterans of Verdun we were permitted to pink a few shells at registration marks and battle over who would be first to fire.

THE French were swell. We were the first American *soldats* they had seen, and their hospitality was sincere and elegant. Corporal Leon Canis, a charming character who had been a croupier at Monte Carlo, introduced us to all the worthwhile boys and saw to it that we had free and frequent access to the Pinard supply. A toothless gentleman by the name of Pierre turned out to be excellent company until one of our gang cabbaged an entire suitcase full of liquor he had brought back from leave in Paris.

The French greatly admired the way we worked the guns. Verdun and the Marne had taught them to flop when they fired, whereas we sat on the side saddles and took the jolt like cowboys. Cush Pryor amazed them by snapping the firing pin with his fingers when one of the lanyards broke during a barrage.

The poilu in charge would sell a gallon for ten francs. He'd sell his eyes for twenty.

Between pot shots we sat around and listened to hair raising stories of Verdun: how our boy friends had fired into masses of German infantry at 100 meters distance, how every other gun blew up, and a lot of other hows that made Lorraine look like a basket lunch.

It *was* pretty soft, at that, compared to all the fun that followed. Both the French and German divisions had come south for a rest and, except for occasional parties, were on terms of love and kisses. Whenever a smart American lieutenant intentionally missed a registration point and pegged a shell into a German kitchen, there was hell to pay for a week.

The Germans would retaliate by bouncing a few six-inchers into French posts of command, and the French would complain bitterly to the Americans for starting it all. Consequently it was no fair to shoot Germans, although they paraded openly on their side of the line, making rude faces and noises at us.

Some Iowa boys took picks on a couple of them one day, with the result that the Germans sneaked over that night and stole a side of beef from an Iowa kitchen. They dragged a kitchen policeman along to carry it, what's more.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

CROWDED DAYS A stampede of interruptions all day long—and you go home really tired, with nerves perhaps a bit on edge. Then your Gillette Blade has a double job to do in the morning—but it *must* bring the same easy comfort that you get on more leisurely days.

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WAR BUGS
[Continued from page twenty-four]

As this sort of feeling progressed, the doughboys had to borrow French helmets and overcoats before they could venture out in No Man's Land. If an American helmet popped over the parapet it was a sieve in no time.

MEANWHILE a swell war was going on in Lunéville, where the drivers and extra cannoneers awaited the call to arms. One of our exalted officers back there had made a number of improvements in the art of war—improvements that benefited everybody.

For one thing, it occurred to him that armies would be much more efficient if they observed office hours. So he gave out that hereafter he was not to be disturbed on any matters relating to the war except from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., when he would be glad to receive all generals, couriers, lieutenant colonels, and other duly accredited representatives of the Allied forces. This order was disregarded one day and His Highness was furious. He immediately changed his billet, keeping his home address a secret from everybody, even his adjutant.

Camouflaged guns of the 149th Field Artillery.

Two days later, General MacArthur decided on an attack. Colonel Reilly sent a courier flying with an order for all the ammunition in Lunéville. He arrived late at night, long after His Highness was tucked in bed.

A lone private, with no authority to give out ammunition, was in the regimental office and explained that it was impossible to oblige with shells until the boss woke up the next morning. The courier had apoplexy, which rapidly became gangrene.

The attack was for the next afternoon. There was no ammunition. At last, the private dared destruction and forged His Highness' name to the order, whereupon the caissons began to rattle over the cobbled streets toward the front and the day was saved.

Early the following morning (for he believed in punctuality) His Highness was walking along the street with his adjutant when he saw the ammunition train making its last trip.

"Well," he remarked optimistically, "it looks like we're getting relieved." (This joke was in circulation as early as February, 1918.)

The adjutant was doubtful and called to the first lead driver:

"What outfit, buddy?"

Later in the war the answer to this question, when propounded by curious officers, was, "Buffalo Bill!" or "The Hunert an' One Ranch!" But at this time civility was still a byword and the driver replied:

"Hundred and Forty-ninth Field Artillery," adding, "sir."

"My God!" cried His Highness.

"My outfit! Where do you think you're going?"

"We've been," said the driver —"giddy-ap!—sir."

His Highness rushed to his office and collared the unhappy private. It was an hour before he concluded his remarks on Leavenworth and the firing squad and saw how narrowly he had avoided something of the sort himself.

Thereafter His Highness stuck to the rules and usages of war like Hindenburg, excepting in one particular. In the hottest section of the Argonne, just before the push to Sedan, he was often observed walking about the bloody fields in the moonlight wearing an old fashioned nightshirt. It appeared that he was never without one.

The attack he nearly gummed up came off that morning, March 7, and was the first in which the battery participated as a whole. All the men at the front ganged around the gun pits to see Battery F's first official shell pegged into the German lines, probably the last instance of concerted patriotism in the war.

The shell was tenderly kissed all around, somebody spit on it for luck, and when it was fired the case was seized and set aside for future presentation to the University of Illinois. Thereafter we pumped over 100 shots, rapid fire, and the order came down to call it a day.

FOR fifteen minutes we sat around congratulating ourselves. In our exposed positions, we had gloomily imagined the first shot fired would bring a million tons of dynamite on our defenseless heads. Instead, the Germans cowered—silent, and doubtless scared to death. We began to feel sorry for such tame foes, when suddenly, rudely, there was a—s-s-s-s-s BONG!!!!!

The first shell landed seventy-five feet in front of the battery. It was followed by another, and another, and another, each one jump ahead of its little pals, and coming like kangaroos. Everybody flattened out in the gun pits and kept very quiet.

Between shells we peeked cautiously over the sandbags. Clouds of black smoke drifted from a dozen fresh craters and the air was acrid with high explosive. Bang! Bang! Two shells wheeled in twenty feet ahead. The joke was over.

Lieutenant Such-a-One was in charge of the battery. At the first shell he manifested signs of uneasiness. At the second he seemed to be having some trouble with the trees. But if he could have been entered in the Olympic games at the precise second the last two hit, he would have won a bosomful of medals and demolished all world's records.

He did the 100 yards from the

battery to the *echelon* in nothing flat. Once, in midair, he made a megaphone of his hands and yelled to the men to take shelter. That was while he was taking the water jump.

After lobbing over fifteen or twenty shells, the Heinies quit work and it became apparent that they weren't shooting at us, anyway. They were after a narrow gauge railroad 100 yards to the left.

Lieutenant Such-a-One, considerably bushed, returned to the battery in time to censor all accounts of the matter in our letters home. He made out that if we wrote anything about it the Germans would find out where we were and raise hell.

It was dig, dig, dig for several days. Not so boring, now that we had missed a few hot ones. From time to time we were visited by Colonel Reilly, and panic ensued as we rushed about looking for blouses and steel helmets. The colonel was a great guy, but a bit fussy on the subject of helmets, a peculiarity of his that wrought much discomfort but saved many lives.

WE were similarly bothered by high French officers, who were fond of calling every other day to look at our new dugouts. A lot of Gloomy Gusses they were, too, shaking their heads sadly and indicating by pantomime and much "boom, boom, booming" that the first shell landing on top of the *abri* would kill everybody in it.

Telephones connecting the position with headquarters were installed and the telephone detail, Coe, Bailey, and Westbrook, became Ruth, Fanny, and Pearl in consequence. It was particularly tough on Westbrook, whose monicker hitherto had been Whisky.

The telephone system introduced more applesauce. Elaborate codes were invented to fool the Germans, who were supposed to have every wire well tapped. Thus, "Can I borrow a chew of tobacco?" meant that Gun Number One was on the bum, and the obliging adjutant would usually attend to this disaster by sending over a chew of tobacco.

Likewise, Captain Joseph Patterson was given to calling up with, "One of my typewriters won't shoot," which fooled the German general staff for six months and materially hastened the end of the war.

As more days passed and nothing happened, the doughboys began to get skittish. Some of the Alabama outfit sought to relieve their boredom by pitching hand grenades into the New York trenches—all in good, clean fun, of course.

Another way to get a kick was to crawl out in No Man's Land and then go "BOO!" at the sentries coming back. Alabama went in for that, too. Those babies couldn't get enough.

What stories went around about them! As for example:

One of them lost his temper in a crap game—every dugout on the line was a miniature Monte Carlo—so he decided to get even. With ten francs he promoted a bottle of cognac and meditated darkly for a while. Then he rejoined the game and announced that it was over. The game, that is.

The Alabama boys were easy going, but they took their gambling seriously. Somebody told Bitter Bill to go outside and button his nose. He was firm and suggested a second time that the game be adjourned.

There were no soft answers in the war. A dozen gamblers told Bitter Bill where he could go and what he could do when he got there. He stood like a statue of Horatius and said he would give them one more chance. A movement to throw him out on his ear was started. He was notified.

"All right," said the immortal calmly. "Fade this!"

And he tossed a hand grenade into the middle of the pot. The dugout was wrecked. Twelve were killed, including himself.

The general staff wisely court-martialed his remains and dishonorably discharged his ghost. At least, that was how we heard it all. Tough babies, those Alabamans, and their reputations didn't suffer a bit with us, even if the yarns about them were hair raisers.

One day, early in March, it stopped raining and simultaneously it was rumored that we were in for some war. The Germans were destroying the barbed wire along the Paris-Strasbourg railway, and the dope was that the uhlans would be popping through any minute to make marmalade of all the Americans they could find.

Doughboys firing from a concealed gun position.

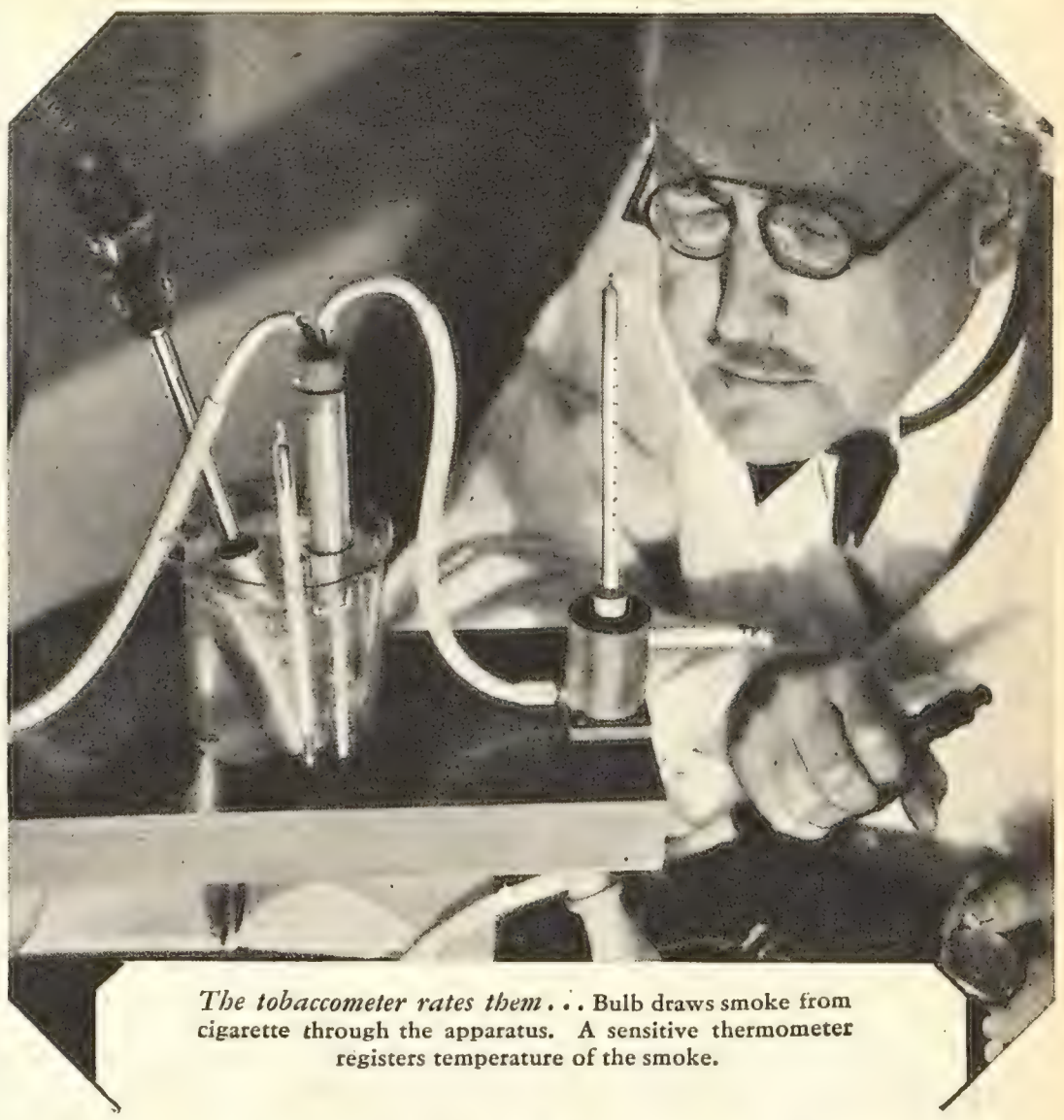
Machine guns were hurriedly set up along the roads and we sat at our guns for three solid days and nights. Again no luck. It was reported that the German general learned whom he was up against and faked the measles.

MORE rumors. John Snowhook had it right from the feed box that we were going back to the States *toot sweet* to teach the Young Idea how to shoot. All of us to be commissioned, of course.

Whenever the war got good and tough later on, and we needed a belly laugh, this particular rumor was repainted and put back in circulation. The first time, however, it worked and made up for all our troubles. The mud, the work, the boredom were getting on our nerves.

The little Greek had gone woman crazy, and we were forced to drag him to the front to protect our rations, which he would trade reck-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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First, your teeth will become whiter and more brilliant. Next, you will see a decided improvement in the health of your gums—for Ipana's ziratol content tones the gums, making them firm and resistant to disease.

And all the while, Ipana's delicious and refreshing flavor will make every session with the brush a treat rather than a task!

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IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS COMPANY, NEW YORK

WAR BUGS
[Continued from page twenty-seven]

lessly at the drop of a skirt. Cooped up in the battery position, he now began experimenting with food.

One day he loaded the stew with raw ginger. We promptly withdrew the fifty dollars a month bonus we had been chipping in over and above his salary (on the assumption that he *was* a cook), and he threatened to go on strike.

Whenever we had a minute to ourselves, the officers bethought themselves of the old field artillery recreation of hauling 2,000 heavy shells, three at a time, 900 yards, simply to haul them back again the next day. That was intended to keep us out of mischief.

ALL of a sudden, toward the middle of March, things began to liven up. Half a dozen French *Croix de Guerre* regiments moved in. Some big guns were wheeled up, some of them twelve inch rifles, and the word went out that we were going to knock the Germans loose from their underwear on J Day, H hour; which designated any day and hour our generals thought best.

Everything became tense and significant. There was one of those spy scares, with no stone or bush unturned. Ammunition piled up beside the guns. Our officers gumshoed here and there, skittish as sorority girls, whispering and adding up long columns of figures.

A few minutes after midnight on the morning of March 20 the alarm came down. We dove into our clothes and slopped down to the gun pits on the double. Five hours went by. Another false alarm.

At 7 o'clock that night Lieutenant Stone pounced out of his dugout and gave us another: "Battery, attention!" A bit dramatically, he announced that it was finally J Day and would be H hour in forty-five minutes.

In ten seconds we were all set. Shells were arranged in layers, fuses laid out at a safe distance from the high explosive, gas masks were adjusted, helmets nervously patted down so that more protection was afforded the right eye.

For a crowded half hour we patted the guns, fussed with the levels and aiming stakes, and guessed at the bloody consequences.

Seven forty-five.

"Fire!" yelled Lieutenant Stone. Simultaneously the air was ripped by terrific explosions from cannon all around us. Our own guns sounded like cap pistols in a boiler factory. Everything was racket, riot, and confusion.

The officers ran up and down the pits shrieking futile orders above the thunder of the guns. The men yelled back without hearing what was said—it had nothing to do with the firing data, of course. Shells stuck in the bores and had to be delicately tapped out, expert and nerve racking work, since that's how guns blow up.

The violent concussion knocked over the first piece aiming stake. Cush Pryor hopped out of the gun pit and held a pocket flash in its place, with our own shells screaming past his ears. More and more guns began to open up and every crack and cranny of sound was filled with the clatter of machine gun and rifle fire.

After the first ten minutes of fire the battery worked like a charm, every man on the job, every man part of the gun. The officers, with less to do and more responsibility for what was going on, were more excited. They began screaming orders that had been executed from the very start, and jumped in the pits to hold big powwows and get in everybody's way. Sample:

"Is there [*BANG!*] a shell [*BANG-BANG!*] in that gun?"—"Yes, sir!" (Blankety—*BANG!*)—"Well, put one in!" (*BANG!*)

Now, you know that's silly. And stuff like:

"For God's sake, Nahowski [*Crack! BANG!*], why don't you fire?"—"My aiming stake is out."—"Well, fire anyhow!" (*BOOM!*)—"Oh, get the hell out of here, will you—sir?"

Nearly an hour of this and our ranges were up 2,000 meters—sure proof that the doughboys had reached the enemy trenches and were sitting pretty—when the telephone rang and somebody came charging down to the gun pits with orders for a new barrage, to the right. Guns were relaid in a second and we dumped it over, wondering what the hell was up.

It's fascinating to work a 75 and guess at what's going on a couple of thousand yards ahead by the changes in your deflection and range. The range went up, 100 meters at a time. Q. E. D., the Germans were on the run.

Worry began to center on the guns, which were white hot and getting hotter—promising any number of blowups and short cuts to heaven.

When the paint began to roll off the tubes, Lieutenant Stone ordered everybody but gunners and Number One men from the pits. Worrisome, but the added work mercifully kept the mind off possibilities.

IN the nick of time "Cease firing" came down. We swabbed out the guns with hard grease and cold water, and went to bed in our new dugouts—for the first and last time.

Just before daylight the Germans counterattacked, and we had to peg another barrage; but we were veterans then. No sooner had we finished than, abruptly and for no good reason, we were ordered to pack and beat it back to Lunéville. The old rumor of rest camps, delousing, new uniforms, and seven day leaves reared its pretty head and we hiked back from the front whistling Madelon and The Old Gray Mare.

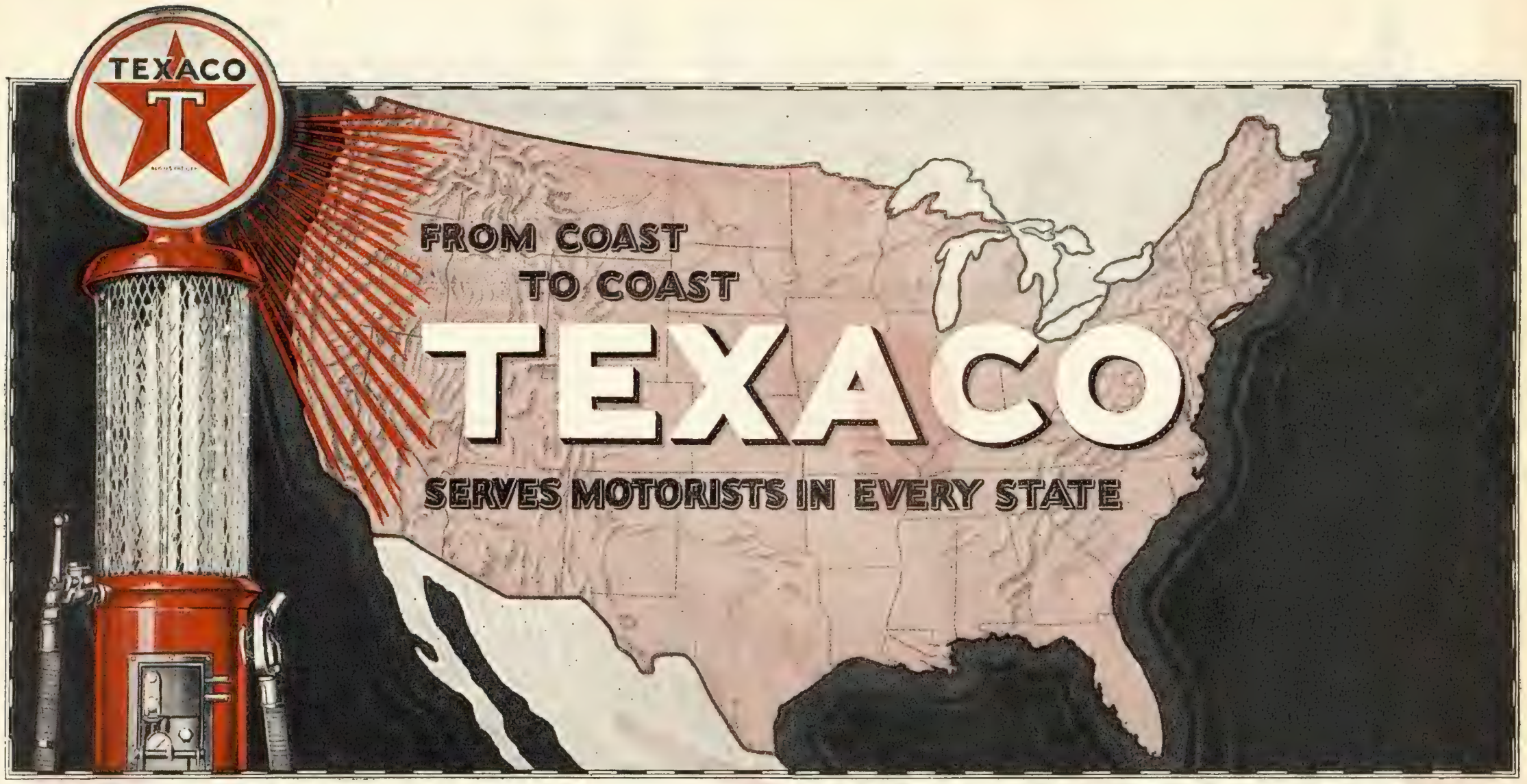
The attack had been a great success—plenty of prisoners, *beaucoup* lines of trench.

Our box fire had slaughtered a division.

We were all together, safe and sound, and bound for a rest camp—in the pig's eye.

Once, in midair, he yelled to the men to take shelter. That was while he was taking the water jump.

Mired in the mud of Pneumonia Hill, you'll find the boys from this Rainbow battery in next week's installment, still refusing to take the war seriously—playing tag with the Germans in No Man's Land, and even stealing stakes from their own wire entanglements for firewood.



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Carnival!

Good Acting, Colorful Drama, in One of the Year's Best Pictures

A Movie Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 32 seconds.)

WHEN you see The Barker in the films, you will hear the eternally impassioned plea for the yokelry to observe the educational and instructive dance of the little lady in grass skirts. The Barker has been filmed by First National and it is having sound applied right now. The siren call of the midway is being jelled for your future consideration. Thus does modern science triumph over the quaint old-fashioned silent drama.

The Barker is a story of the carnival world. The circus, whether it travels by train or automobile, is a distinct part of tent show life. The carnival is quite another thing. This strange stratum of amusement activity is peopled with barkers, grinders, pitchmen, grifters, and other odd gentry.

Even if you do not know your carnivals, the film version of The Barker will give you an interesting panorama of its seamy glamours. The Barker was a successful stage play by a Columbia professor, Kenyon Nicholson. When First National purchased it—for $100,000 or so—and allotted it to Director George Fitzmaurice, who has been dedicated largely to garish, high pressure boudoir drama, there were shudders. The fact that that eminent portrayer of he-men, Milton Sills, was given the title rôle did not allay the shudders.

You can forget your worries. The Barker is gorgeous and colorful drama with an exciting background. Director Fitzmaurice has developed his characters humanly enough for all purposes. The acting is excellent. The titles alone are unnecessarily smudgy. But The Barker is one of the best pictures of the year.

This particular carnival is a railroad show, which places it ahead of a gilly show, traveling by truck. And Mr. Fitzmaurice has achieved some remarkable interior scenes in the moving cars, with their jumble of tawdry humanity minus its spangles.

Nifty Miller, the barker, is a product of the carnival. He is proud of his spiel, which invariably draws in the gullible. The Hawaiian dancer of his show, *Carrie*, occupies half of *Nifty's* dingy section on the dirty little carnival train. When *Nifty's* son, *Chris*, runs away from school to join his father, *Carrie* is pushed out among the other workers. In revenge, she hires *Lou*, a tough little girl of the show, to vamp the boy. Thus she hopes that *Nifty* will ship the lad back to school.

But *Lou* and *Chris* fall in love and depart. The heartbroken *Nifty* ditches the show and takes to drink. In the end he comes back, just when a poor spieler is bankrupting the concession. And *Carrie* once more does her hula.

You will like Sills as the barker. He plays the rôle for all it is worth, *sans* softening and sugaring. He is the flashy barker to the life.

To me, the real honors of the picture go to

Dorothy Mackaill (left), Betty Compson, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in the screen version of The Barker.

Milton Sills, who plays the part of the flashy, brassy lunged spieler.

Dorothy Mackaill as *Lou*, the unscrupulous carnival play girl who becomes purified by real love, or at least so the playwright would have you believe. It seems to me that this reveals Miss Mackaill's best film work to date. I say this in the face of Claudette Colbert's superb and provocative performance of this part in the Broadway footlight production. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is just soso as the barker's son.

More is made of the rôle of *Carrie* than in the spoken play. Here Betty Compson gets one of her few real opportunities in four or five years. Of course you remember her gorgeous underworld belle, *Rose*, of The Miracle Man. Her career has been a dramatic one and bears retelling.

Miss Compson was born at Beaver City, Utah, slightly more than thirty years ago. Her childhood was spent playing on the slag dumps of the Horn silver mine in Utah, where her father worked.

Betty's parents had ambitions for their daughter. They wanted her to be a violinist. When she was ten they moved to Salt Lake City. Betty studied music. Then her father died and Miss Compson became a member of the Mission Theater orchestra in Salt Lake City. She received fifteen dollars a week for her services, an important item to the penniless household.

Chance gave her an opportunity to do a violin turn. Miss Compson got bookings in theaters through the mining districts. For a time she was in a dramatic stock company. Once, when broke, she worked for three months as a nursemaid.

The Christies, pioneers in making short film comedies, gave Miss Compson a chance at forty dollars a week.

It remained, however, for the late George Loane Tucker, whose death cut short the sensational promise of The Miracle Man, to make Miss Compson famous.

Her subsequent stardom never quite balanced the vividness of that hit. Miss Compson married James Cruze, once a farm boy on the lonely Utah prairies, and drifted away from steady screen appearances.

The Cruze household is one of the places where those bizarre film legends burst into flower. For instance, there is the tale of Cruze's boredom with his regular guests and his engagement of a batch of distinguished looking extras for a week-end.

A rare director is Cruze, when he wants to take life seriously.

You may call the Cruze household a mad one, but, after all, it is no madder than the rest of the roaring Beverly Hills.

Do you know that—

Laura La Plante is to play *Magnolia* in Universal's version of Show Boat? . . . Thomas Meighan has finished his Caddo-Paramount contract and is unsigned for the first time in twelve years?

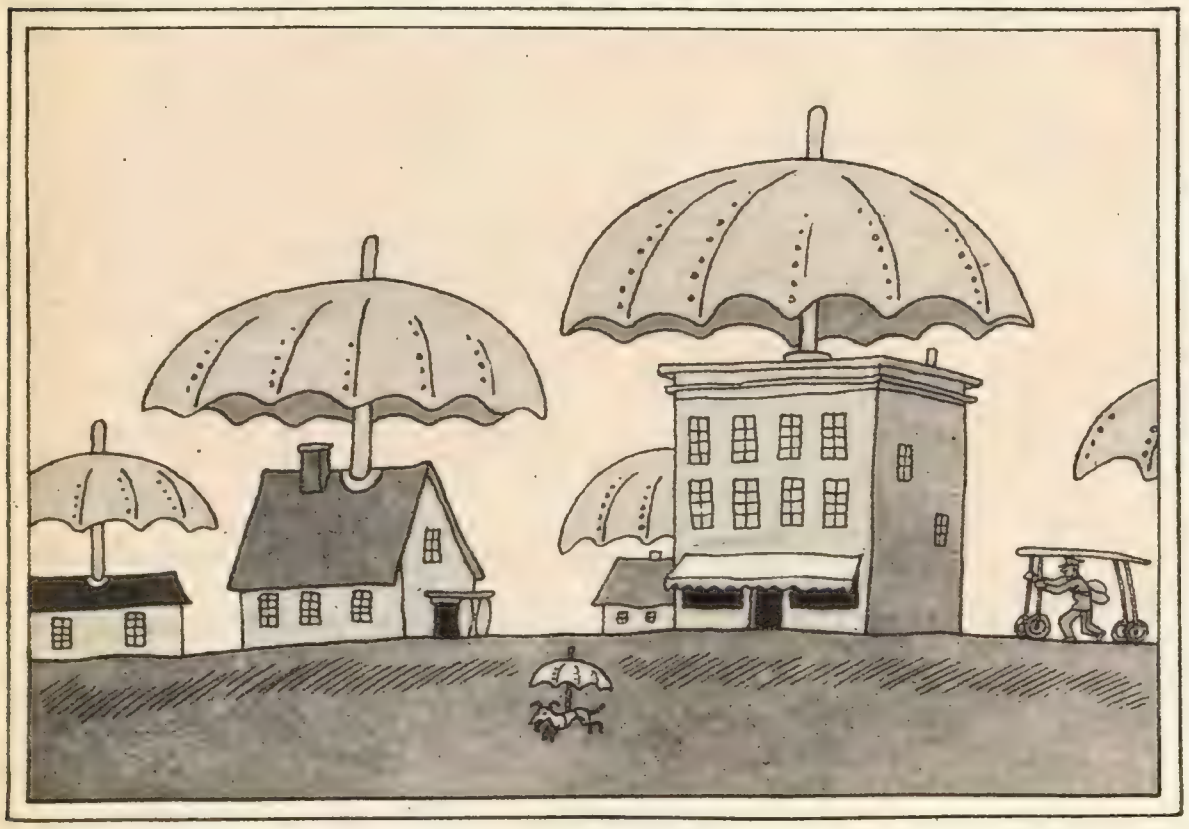
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

THE GRAPHIC SECTION TAKES PLEASURE in being the first to announce that Zubulon K. Tyndale, delegate at large from Tennessee and heavyweight champion of the Democratic Convention in Houston, has been signed by Tex Rickard to meet Gene Tunney in the early fall.

TROUBLESOME PESTS INCREASE as home practice is suspended. View of Miss Helen Wills' front porch in California showing alarming increase of flies in vicinity during Miss Wills' absence in Europe.



NECESSITY IS THE BEST INSPIRATION FOR ART. View of the town of Abandan, near the Roosevelt Aviation Field, showing the protective architecture which will probably become universal as aviation increases.

ANOTHER SURE WAY OF GETTING ONE'S NAME IN THE PAPERS without paying for it with one's life: go into the spiritualist medium industry and announce that the shade of Houdini has been communicated with.

Nothing Changes

The Story of an Unmasked Heart

By
ELSIE JANIS

Pictures by
EDWARD WILSON

He had not even looked at the meter, but had decided that, no matter what it registered, it was "not enough."

(Reading time: 6 minutes 31 seconds.)

"*ALLEZ à la butte!*" I said to the taxi driver.

He grunted and shrugged his fat shoulders.

Paris taxi drivers don't crave going up to the top of Montmartre. They prefer Place Blanche, Rue de Clichy, and other *endroits* lower down in the heart of Montmartre of the tourist, where, once having discharged their passengers, the chances of picking up some drunken fare are good. People don't seem to get drunk up there on *la butte,* in the shadow of Sacré Cœur.

They are very simple folk!

The Place du Tertre, nestling in the shadow of the lovely church, is primitive and peaceful. The click of sabots may still be heard as they clatter across the cobblestones.

To stand up there at night looking down on Paris—an enormous diamond necklace—is one of the greatest thrills in the world—at least, to me.

The taxi coughed and clattered on up the hill, past the cemetery, past the Lapin Agile, Nini's La Mère Catherine's, and pulled up with a disgusted snort in the Place du Tertre.

The driver did not bother to open the door—so I did and stepped out.

"*Qu'est-ce qu' il y a?*" I asked. Parisians rarely say "*Combien?*" to a taxi driver. They ask what's on the meter and then carefully look for themselves.

She was sitting on one of the benches under a blurb of trees.

He gave me a very thorough once over and then said:

"*Pas assez!*"

He had not even looked at the meter, but had decided that, no matter what it registered, it was "not enough."

I have a great feeling for cab drivers, waiters, guides, and porters—in fact, for all the poor dears whose life consists of waiting upon or dragging around a lot of usually ungrateful people.

I have a special smile for them.

I turned it on him and gave him a ten franc tip—only forty cents to me, but a pleasant shock to him. He asked if I would be going back down the hill soon. I told him I was going to dine up there.

"*Moi, je vais diner aussi,*" he said, and looked as if he expected me to ask him to join me.

I said "Good! Then you can take me down if you don't pick up another fare."

I entered my favorite little restaurant, Au Moulin Bleu—The Blue Mill. Nothing seems to change up there. Just as in 1918—when back from the front for a few days *en repos.*

Père La Clache was preparing a gastronomical symphony known as *homard à l'Américain.* Grand'mère was mixing the salad.

Mme. La Clache welcomed me as only those dear souls can welcome anyone who has shown an interest in their little lives and become more of a friend than a client.

The same little *bonne* bustled here and there, throwing me smiles over her plump shoulder as she did the work that four maids would find difficult to do in any other country but France.

WHAT a joy to find one corner of this kaleidoscopic world which does not change! I sat back with a purr of contentment. Suddenly the door opened and stark tragedy wandered in. She had been a real beauty—and not so long ago. But now, as I looked at her pale face with its sunken cheeks, her great eyes staring and haunted, I thought, in the midst of life there is death!

She slumped in a chair at a table in the corner.

A Benda mask with a broken heart.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Dainty as a Rose

THE HYGIENE OF
True Beauty

If you would appear immaculate, with a skin as soft and dainty as that of a child, you must cleanse clogged pores promptly.

The tiny perspiration glands can not function properly when choked with body waste and other impurities.

Transparent Jap Rose Soap enters and empties each tiny pore, leaving the skin truly clean, refreshed and exhilarated.

Try this famous *visibly pure* soap with its combination of glycerine and other rare beauty building oils. Get a cake today.

JAMES S. KIRK & COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

JAP ROSE SOAP

ITS TINGLE TELLS OF NEW BEAUTY

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

"Anisette!" she croaked—croaked is the only word for it. Marie, the *bonne*, served her more graciously than she would have served a queen.

Madame came and sat down at my table, as she always did. Madame was the cashier, and she was not terribly busy.

"Oh! is it not sad?" madame whispered. "That girl was one of the most popular cocottes in Paris only two years ago. Jewels, motorcar, everything. And now!"

Madame's eyes were brimming with tears.

"He was quite a good artist—young and oh, so handsome. When she met him she was the *chère amie* of a very rich man—but old and fat. Is it to be wondered at that she had to have a real love? The poor little one!"

I looked at the girl. Her head was thrown back against the wall. Her eyes were closed. Her slim white fingers clasped the glass loosely.

"She looks dead," I said.

"She should like to be, I think," madame sighed, "since he is gone (and it is nearly two years). She will not allow a man to touch her, and life in Paris is hard for a girl who does this."

"But what became of her jewels, her car, and—"

Madame interrupted me.

"They all went for the lawyers. You see, she did not believe he was guilty."

"Of what?" I asked.

"Oh! am I not stupid? I did not tell you. He killed the fat old man. With his own hands he strangled him. He was drunk and crazy with jealousy. They found him there—and he was proud of his work. But even then she would not believe it; so she got the great lawyers and—"

WITHOUT a word, the girl had risen and passed us. She opened the door and disappeared.

"He was guillotined. It is terrible! That—in this age! He was so handsome. When I think of his lovely head being—I thought I was going to faint."

Madame saw my eyes close.

"Oh, la la, enough of this sadness!" she cried. "Marie, some music!"

Valencia, raged the automatic piano. Valencia! It was more than my nerves could stand. I paid my bill and said good night. They all talked at once, telling me to come soon again.

"You will find us waiting for you always—nothing changes on *la butte*," said madame, smiling. But everything had changed for me.

My taxi driver was waiting. He was gloriously drunk. One can get a lot to drink for ten francs up there.

"*Entrez, madame.*" He threw open the door of the cab and bowed with all the manner of a *d'Artagnan*.

I got in. The Place du Tertre was virtually deserted.

She was sitting on one of the benches under a blurb of trees—just sitting, looking up at the stars.

As he closed the door my driver said:

"*C'est amusante, la vie à la butte, n'est-ce pas?*" ("'Tis amusing, the life on the hill, is it not?")

"*Très amusante!*" I heard my voice saying.

"She will not allow a man to touch her"—madame's words repeated themselves over and over like a gramophone record when the needle sticks.

THAT was in 1925. I've just come back from Paris, but I didn't go up there. I didn't want to know what had happened to that girl. However, I found out quite accidentally.

We were dining at the Café de Paris. Our table faced the door. I knew her at once—even through her rather bizarre make-up. She still looked like a Benda mask—only such a successful one! At least twenty jeweled bracelets fought for supremacy on her slim wrists. Pearls clung lovingly around her white throat. Her black hair, brushed straight back from her brow, was long and knotted at the nape of her neck.

She was perfectly fascinating to look at. The man with her was rather dissipated looking. His hand moved slowly up and down her arm above the bracelets. She didn't seem to know it.

She was perfectly fascinating to look at.

"Who is that?" I asked.

Then I heard again the same sad story madame had told me—but the ending was different.

"You see"—my informant was a Frenchman, and quite a blasé one—"you see," he said, "she found out that her lover had never been true to her."

"How did she find out?"

"Well, a girl brought his son to see her, because she thought it would make her happy to see the miniature reproduction of the man she had loved so much. Of course, the little mother did not know that she had been what you call sharing her man with this one."

Another Frenchman spoke. "I thought Jules Lefebvre was her protector," he said.

"Jules Lefebvre?" The other man's tone was sarcastic. "Oh! he was at least four men ago."

Everyone laughed. So did I.

Nothing changes *à la butte*.

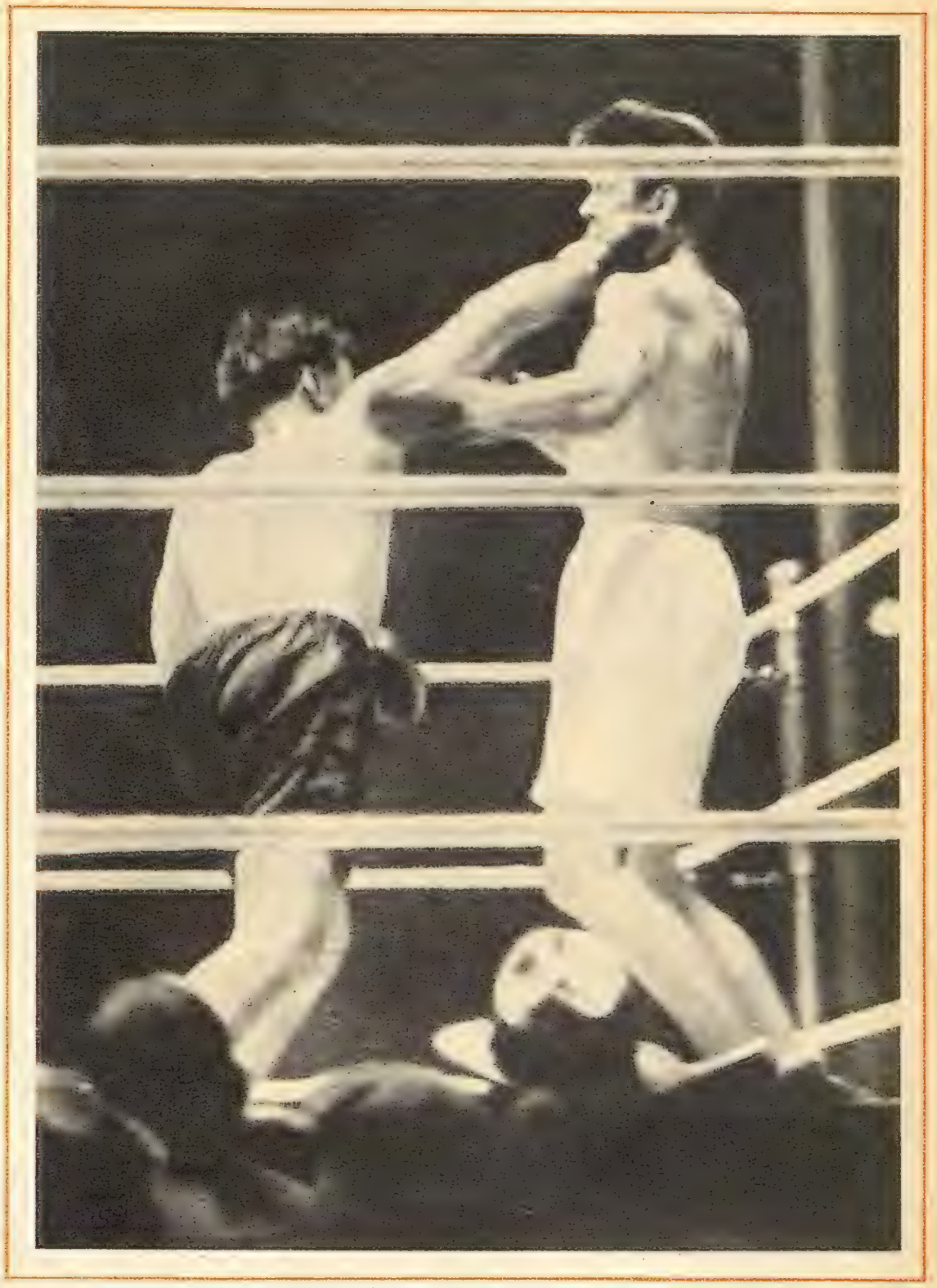
THE END

George Lytton Explains

That LONG COUNT

to

CHARLES COLLINS



The wallop that put Tunney down—a stiff overhand right to the jaw while Tunney's guard was wide open. The fight films apparently show that Dempsey then put over a left hook as Tunney's knees sagged and he fell to the floor.

(Reading time: 19 minutes 36 seconds.)

THE authentic history of the Fourteen Seconds Count?

Who shall write it into the records of pugilism, without trace of partisanship, before this dramatic episode of the second match between Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey becomes a myth?

There were hundreds of sports reporters at the ringside in Soldiers' Field, Chicago, September 22, 1927, and each has put his version into print. More words have been written about those fourteen famous seconds, perhaps, than about any other fraction of a minute in history.

There were 145,000 spectators in the seething, shadowy swarm that covered the great stadium with billows and drifts of humanity. Each member of that vast assemblage has a version of the story. Each has passed on his interpretation of the tale to hundreds of people eager for first-hand information.

So there must be about 14,000,000 variants of the drama of the Long Count floating around the country. Moreover, since rule of thumb is the guiding law of the popular mind, and since ten seconds is the traditional period of grace allotted to prize fighters in a horizontal position before their doom is formally announced, a large section of the population seems to regard Gene Tunney as a kind of usurper of the throne of the world's heavyweight championship.

The issue was settled beyond appeal. Mr. Tunney kept his title. But if the case were to come up before an appellate court for a searching review of the evidence, who should be subpœnaed as witnesses? Where are the scientific, unprejudiced, and yet completely qualified observers to testify in this case of the People *versus* the Fourteen Seconds?

There happens to be at least one such witness available—a man who speaks with authority, but who has not written a line on the subject.

Call the witness, then. But before he testifies, let him qualify himself.

Q.—What is your name?

A.—George Lytton.

Q.—What is your occupation?

A.—Merchant.

Q.—How old are you?

A.—Fifty-two.

Q.—State what association, if any, you had with the second Tunney-Dempsey boxing match or prize fight.

A.—I was one of the judges of the contest.

Q.—Then you saw it at close range and were in a position to observe everything that happened?

A.—Naturally.

Q.—Did you make written note of what happened?

A.—I filled in the report blanks provided for the use of judges, in the customary manner. Since then, to keep my memory fresh, I have made a collection of photographs illustrating the critical events of the fight. They are enlargements from negatives in the official motion picture film. I have studied them frequently.

Q.—What experience, if any, have you had with the so-called art of pugilism?

A.—Well, that's a long story—

George Lytton, with his associate judge, Sheldon Clark, and the referee, Dave Barry, gave the decision which upheld the right hand of Gene Tunney. He presented his verdict, which agreed with that of his colleague and the referee, with full conviction that the match had been conducted according to the laws of the Illinois Athletic Commission. And in every phase and technicality of the subject he is an undeniable expert.

George Lytton knows his cauliflowers. He is a connoisseur who has practiced the art. He has been the amateur heavyweight champion of Chicago, of America, and of the world—if there is any such title. The First Gentlemen of Pugilism in this and several other countries have succumbed to him. He boxed at the weight of 190 pounds. He had the heft and the height of Jack Dempsey, and he still has them.

The amateur ranks gave him so little serious competition that he took on redoubtable champions of the professional class in private matches, to amuse himself and keep in condition. He has mixed it up with Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Corbett, Joe Choynski, Jack Johnson, Jack Root, "Kid" McCoy, George Gardner, and various other first-raters whose names are now legendary.

He once broke the monotony of an ocean voyage by accepting a challenge to a four-round go with the champion of the ship's crew. The Olympic, it was, with plenty of roughneck material below decks. He knocked out the hardy bos'n's mate, or stokehold hand, or donkey engine man, in half a minute.

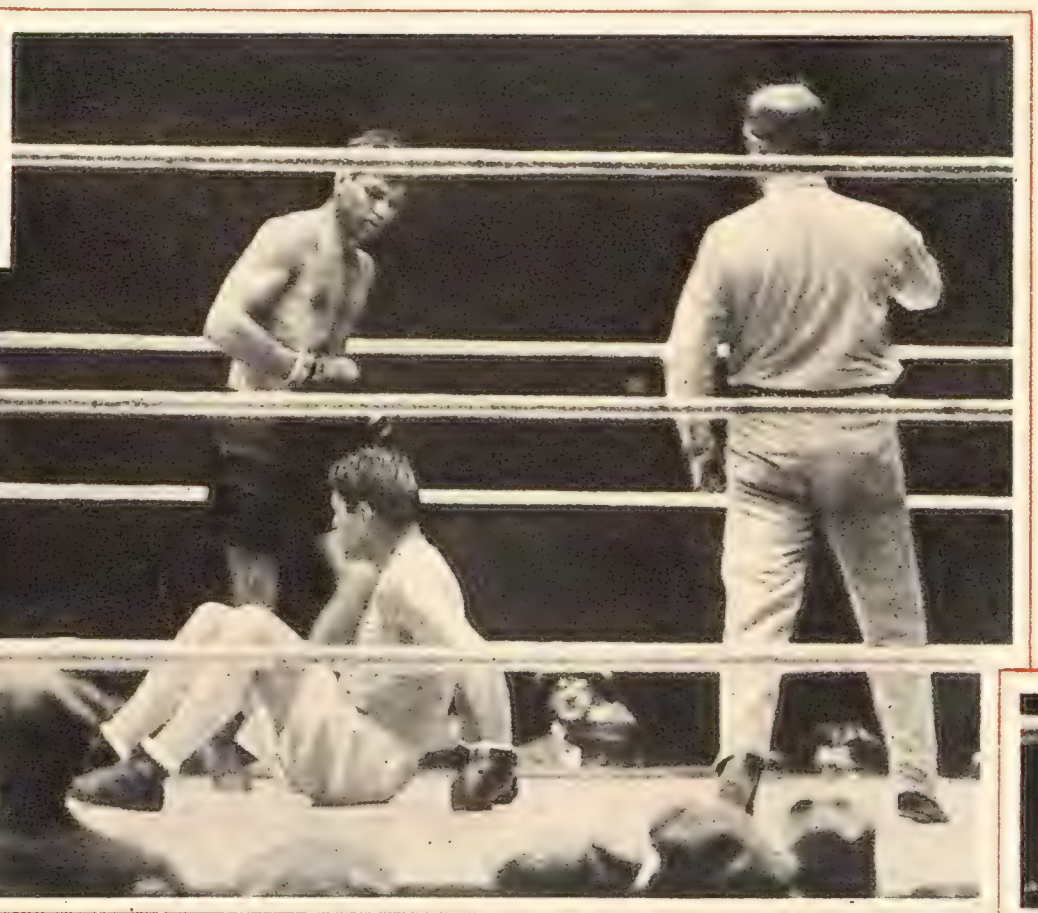
Now let Mr. Lytton proceed with his testimony:

TO those who maintain that Tunney won on a technicality [he begins], I answer that you cannot be too technical if you want clean fighting.

Boxing is of great educational value to the young men of this land. It inspires the combative spirit which they need if they are to meet the problems of life aggressively. But if they do not see professional boxing conducted according to the rules, they are being defrauded of their inspiration.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Tunney is falling, swaying over toward his right. His head is up; his arms are in a natural boxing attitude. It is apparent here that Tunney was conscious as he fell, Mr. Lytton contends, as he is not falling in a collapsed or grotesque position.



"Dempsey failed to retire to the farthest corner. He stood over Tunney in a position where he could have hit him in the act of rising, which would have constituted a foul."—A photo snapped probably at the second or third second of the count, showing Referee Dave Barry moving toward Dempsey. Tunney is supporting himself by his hands; he appears to have control of his legs.

[THAT LONG COUNT
Continued from page thirty-five]

In the seventh round of the Tunney-Dempsey match, when the marine went down under heavy bombardment, Dave Barry acted according to my ideal of a referee. He fulfilled the hopes and the determination of the Illinois Athletic Commission, which were that this much heralded "battle of the century" should be conducted thoroughly and completely on the level, for the honor of the game and the satisfaction of the ticket buyers. Barry deserves the highest praise.

Yet when Barry appears as referee at a boxing match now, what happens? He is booed. The crowd jeeringly counts fourteen seconds at him. This is lamentable.

But I am not inclined to criticize these razzing fight followers so much as the numerous "experts" who have written about the Tunney-Dempsey affair. They have quoted the rules, but only in a way that leaves the point debatable.

I have never seen in print a discussion of the fourteen seconds which gives a full explanation of the entire text of the rules covering the point. These "experts," therefore, have been guilty of neglect in instructing their public.

Here is the section of the rules which is usually cited to explain or condemn the long count:

> When a knockdown occurs, the timekeeper shall immediately arise and announce the seconds audibly as they elapse. The referee shall first see that the opponent retires to the farthest corner, and then turning to the timekeeper shall pick up the count in unison with the timekeeper.

I grant that the phrase "shall pick up the count in unison" is ambiguous. It might easily be taken to mean that the referee, after seeing that Dempsey had retired to the farthest corner, should have taken up his count as an echo of the timekeeper's—at seven—instead of where he had dropped it, at three.

But the next sentence in the rules, which has been neglected or suppressed by the "experts," clears up the point. It reads:

> Should the boxer on his feet fail to stay in the corner, the referee and timekeeper *shall cease counting until he has so retired.*

Furthermore, the point is repeated, even more clearly, in another section of our rules—Section VI: Down. Here Referee Barry's action is precisely explained. The briefer passage reads:

> When a contestant is "down," his opponent shall retire to the farthest corner and remain there until the count is completed. *Should he fail to do so, the referee may cease counting until he has so retired.*

THAT is exactly what happened. Dempsey failed to retire to the farthest corner. He stood over Tunney in a position where he could have hit him in the act of rising, which would have constituted a foul.

The referee, who had begun his count, warned him to retire. He moved a few feet away, into his own corner—the nearest, not the farthest—and stood there. Barry then stopped his count and directed Dempsey, by a shove on the shoulder, to the proper corner. His stopping the count was clearly prescribed by the rules.

In that nearest corner, Dempsey was still in position to hit Tunney in the act of rising. His fierce ring temperament—the cave man spirit so greatly admired in him—might have tempted him into such an attack. His combative instinct is so strong that he is apt to forget the rules. It is generally agreed that he mauled Firpo in this manner.

In that case, if the foul were flagrant, the referee would have been forced to stop the match and award the decision to Tunney on a foul. This would have been a calamity. The great crowd which paid high prices for tickets would have been defrauded. When Dave Barry stopped his count and forced Dempsey toward the farthest corner, he was protecting a very great fighter—and I mean Jack—against himself. He was also protecting the public.

The timekeeper merely counts seconds. His business is to be a vocal clock. It is the referee who counts and declares a man out, and his count may legally vary from the second-marking of the timekeeper under the conditions which arose in that seventh round.

The referee is allowed great latitude in order to have the fight fairly conducted and to give the public full value, if possible, for the paid admission—not an easy task by any means. The people who are still arguing over the long count should get this point clearly fixed in their minds.

That disposes of the legal aspect of the matter. We come now to the next battle ground in the great debate.

IF Dempsey had gone directly to the farthest corner, if there had been no long count, would Tunney have been able to rise and fight at the count of nine? Or would he have been so weak after rising that Dempsey could easily have put him away for good? In other words, did or didn't the long count save Tunney's bacon?

This point is the Bloody Angle of the controversy. Even when willing to concede the legal aspect of the matter, the pro-Dempsey armies rally their forces here and start a vigorous counterattack.

With almost a lifetime of boxing experience inside the ropes and at the ringside to back me up, it is my absolute conviction that Tunney was as fresh and as ready to fight when nine seconds had elapsed after the knockdown as he was at the end of the long count.

UP to the fireworks of the seventh round, Gene had been playing a winning hand. For the second time he was proving himself Jack's master. But Jack was fighting hard; anything might happen. Dempsey is another name for dynamite. No one could have foreseen, however, that Tunney, so clever in defense and fast of foot, would suddenly become in a few seconds a punching bag for Jack's left hooks and overhand rights.

Like everyone else, I was surprised when it happened. But I had an intimation of it in the fifth round. I said to the New York *Times* correspondent, who was sitting beside me: "Tunney's too confident. He's getting careless." In the seventh round Jack caught him at it.

Forced close to the ropes, Tunney had a moment of indecision or recklessness. Jimmy De Forest has explained it on the theory that he is "rope conscious."

Whether he is or not, he did not use his speed and skill to slip away to one side or the other, and Jack had him where he wanted him.

Dempsey rushed in for the kill in his old and best manner. A right to the body put Gene off balance, and he was wide open. Then

Dempsey started throwing punches to the body and jaw. Gene took four or five of them in the face. The pictures show that one of the last was a stiff right-hander swung upward by Jack, who was half crouched close in. When that blow found its mark, Gene's arms were not raised. In that brief flurry Tunney had the art of boxing jolted out of him. A left hook to the jaw was the final blow.

THEN Gene went down. He did not crumple or collapse or drop in any of the sudden, grotesque attitudes of the fighter who has been bumped off into unconsciousness. He fell sideways, slowly, almost gracefully.

When a fighter is knocked down I watch his head and neck. If he is stunned, his head always droops backward, forward, or to the side, depending upon the delivery of the blows. His nervous system has been paralyzed, especially the nerves along the spinal column.

But Gene's head did not droop. His neck did not go limp. He reached out one hand, preparing to take hold of the lower rope, as soon as the count started. At the count of three he had moved into a half sitting, half kneeling position, with his legs well under him, supporting himself with his closed fists, which were pressing against the floor.

From the time he fell until the time he rose he never displayed any symptom of lack of control. He was dazed, but not out, even for a second. He was bewildered, and his eyes were glazed for a moment. But his mind cleared swiftly.

He saw and understood the interruption of the count. He looked toward the timekeeper, and then up at the referee when the count was resumed, calmly and alertly adapting himself to the emergency. He could easily have risen, able to defend himself, at a normal count of nine or earlier.

Within three seconds after he fell, remember, he began to gather his legs under his body, preparing to assume a rising position. He was fresh and untired when he was knocked down, and when he began the fight again his footwork was as nimble as a ballet dancer's.

Tunney had taken a broadside of Dempsey's most deadly punches and had come up again as if resurrected. It may have looked like a miracle, but it was merely a matter of perfect physical condition.

NOW let's turn to Dempsey. He had been tiring, and in the seventh round he shot his bolt. Whenever I want to know how a fighter is standing the gaff, I watch his legs and knee action. Jack's legs had been getting heavy. His knee action was slowing up. Tunney had been punishing him with short, straight-arm jolts. They were not spectacular, but they hurt.

More than that, Jack had been wearing himself out. He had been carrying the fight to Gene. His constant weaving and bobbing doubled the strain. As far as effort is concerned, he had been fighting two fights to Gene's one. The cool, smart Tunney had been encouraging him to defeat himself.

When Jack came out of that farthest corner after the knockdown, to try to polish off the opponent he had just overwhelmed, was he Dempsey the killer, tearing in to finish the job? By no means. He advanced to the center of the ring with shuffling feet and dragging legs. He plodded toward the circling, dancing Tunney, who had wisely "got on his bicycle," as ring slang puts it, until he felt sure of himself.

Dempsey was so slow that, running forward, he couldn't catch Tunney running backward. Then Tunney knew that his time had come.

What followed is merely the story of the eighth, ninth, and tenth rounds—Tunney in a rising tide of punishing aggressiveness, Dempsey gamely ebbing away to defeat.

Tunney's knockdown of Dempsey in the eighth round is often brought up by complainants against the long count. They argue that here Dave Barry started his count immediately instead of forcing Tunney to the farthest corner.

Well, that happened in exactly one second. Dempsey dropped under a right to the point of the jaw—a clean knockdown. He immediately came up again. If he had been as smart as Tunney, he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The referee continuing the count, shortly after Dempsey retired to the farthest corner. Tunney, as Mr. Lytton remarks, is holding the rope with one hand, pressing the floor with the other, and has his legs drawn up in position to rise quickly. His head does not droop, nor is his neck relaxed. He is watching the referee toll off the count.

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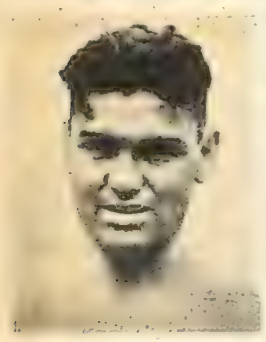
[THAT LONG COUNT
Continued from page thirty-seven]

would have stayed down for a rest. But he isn't that kind of fighter, which explains both his many victories and his final defeats.

The pictures show that Barry started his count and advanced toward the fighters. At the same time Tunney stepped backward, preparing to move into a corner. Then Dempsey rose. The pictures also show that when Tunney went down in the seventh, Barry started the count in exactly the same manner. The referee was playing no favorites.



Jack Dempsey

This was a great fight. Dempsey's share in it was admirable. His improvement since the bout with Tunney in which he lost the title was easily 100 per cent. His boxing, especially his blocking, which in the past he had always neglected, was much better. He caused the sharpshooting Tunney to miss frequently with his clever weaving, ducking, and crouching.

Jack says that he has retired, and maybe he means it. But I believe there is another fight in him, and that if his physical condition is good he will make a better showing in the third than in the second.

Dempsey's mistake in this fight was in using up too much energy without getting results. He fights with his emotions. This boiling hot aggressiveness of his is of great value in sudden attacks, such as that of the historic seventh round. But in the long run it's risky.

Emotions have a toxic effect on muscles. A little of Tunney's psychology would help Dempsey to conserve his strength. The cave man theory of prize fighting makes for picturesque writing by the reporters at the ringside, but it doesn't win many matches against formidable and crafty opponents. I speak from personal experience. The cooler fighter always has the advantage.

The chief value of this cave man stuff is literary. To prove my point, I need only mention the fact that it gave us a highbrow champion. He didn't capture the crown by accident, either, for he defeated his cave man rival twice.

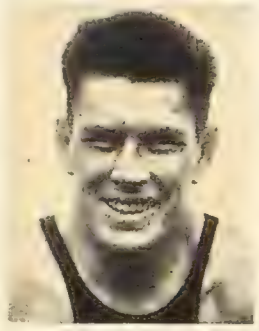
TUNNEY is a fine specimen of the civilized athlete. He lets his mind co-operate with his muscles, realizing to the fullest extent what it means to keep cool under the most adverse conditions. This is one of the greatest benefits that accrue from boxing experience, professional or amateur. It fits one for life's battles as no other experience can.

He is not a new type, in spite of the widespread astonishment at his taste for reading. Ring history seems to run in cycles of cave men and highbrows. He has had many predecessors, even though the old-timers of his breed never lectured on Shakespeare at Yale. He is the best representative of his species, however, since Jim Corbett.

The story of the long count, in brief, is that Dempsey was penalized for not following the rules and obeying the referee. He has explained that he was rattled, and I believe him. Nevertheless he was justly penalized.

This brings me to my pet theory for the improvement of refereeing. The refereeing of prize fights in this country is primitive. The chief penalty that a referee may inflict is drastic and final—stopping the match and awarding the decision to the man against whom the foul is committed. It is used, therefore, only in a few extreme cases, where hitting below the belt is flagrant and has caused disabling injury.

The minor fouls, which tricky fighters use to wear down an opponent, receive only a reprimand, which too often is disregarded. There were fouls of this kind in the Tunney-Dempsey match. Jack began hitting low at the start. He was cautioned, and became more discreet. He also used the rabbit punch in the clinches. He was cautioned for this, too, but he kept it up throughout the match. Tunney committed holding fouls, catching Dempsey's glove under his armpit at the breakaways and occasionally letting go a right jolt at the same moment.



Gene Tunney

Dempsey's low hitting was not calculated to cripple Tunney. He did not want to lose the match that way. But he has learned in his years of fighting that a constant pounding of the upper groin, where there are nerve centers of importance in male anatomy, will bring on a leg paralysis and a general slowing up.

That region is below the belt, and a blow there is foul. Now, exactly where is the belt line? There are high belts and low belts. If measured by the waistline of a fighter's trunks, it's a variable zone.

I have asked a number of fight writers and well known experts this question, and they have been unable to answer me offhand. So I'll tell them.

The beltline below which any blow is foul, according to the rules, whether it cripples or not, is an imaginary line drawn horizontally through the navel. All of the abdominal area below the navel is therefore foul territory.

When I saw Dempsey thrusting away at Tunney's upper groin in the second round, I remembered my study of the motion pictures of Dempsey's match with Jack Sharkey. I called out to him:

"Dempsey, cut out that low hitting!"

Either he didn't hear me or he didn't heed me. Anyway, he continued it. I then stood up in my chair and repeated the warning. He obeyed, but he tried it occasionally later, perhaps unconsciously, for his crouching style leads to that form of attack.

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The referee cautioned him for his rabbit punching, but he persisted in his violation throughout the match. I said nothing to him about it, because Tunney was holding. I decided to let it go as an even break, although the rabbit punches were a much more serious foul. They may have looked harmless enough to the spectators, as Dempsey flapped away at the nape of Tunney's neck in the clinches. There was little force to this slow drumming from the bent wrist. It is, however, an excellent method of deadening the motor reflexes along the spinal column. Tap yourself there with the side of your hand a dozen times, and see how you feel.

NOW, then, what can be done to check such repetitions of minor fouls by which fighters take advantage of a referee's reluctance to inflict the extreme penalty and disappoint the spectators?

My suggestion is the adoption of rules which will give a positive value to warnings from the referee. A system of cautions, so to speak, which mean business.

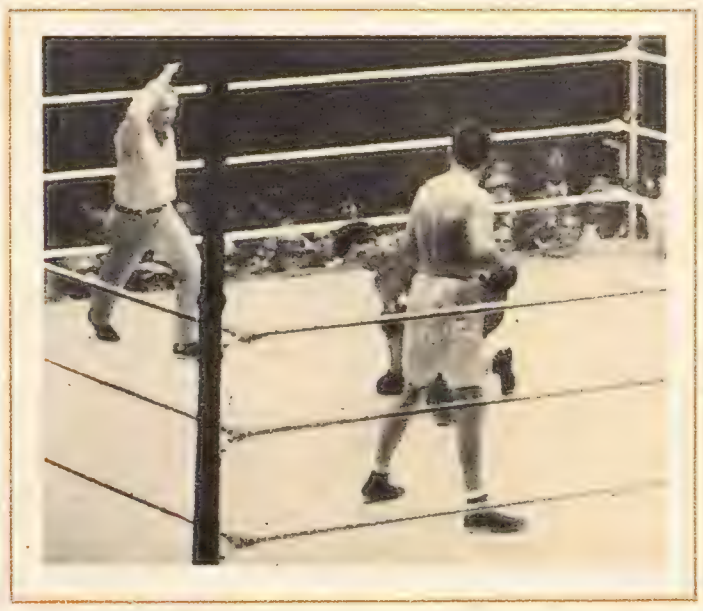
If a fighter knows that every time he is cautioned he comes closer to an adverse decision, he will obey the rules fast enough. Let there be a certain number of cautions agreed upon by the rule makers—five, perhaps, for each man.

The judges will note these cautions in their score keeping, and will bear them in mind in rendering a decision. Six or seven may be sufficient cause for stopping the match and awarding the decision to the opponent on fouls.

Under such rules, I believe, we would see cleaner and better boxing. The matches would certainly be faster, and therefore more enjoyable; for the cautions would tend to abolish the tedious business of clinching and holding.

We Americans are likely to think that we know all there is to know about the prize ring. We have more or less of a monopoly upon world's champions, and our attitude toward boxing in other countries is patronizing.

But I have discovered that the refereeing of professional boxing matches in France is much better than in this country. Over there, when a fighter is cautioned, the referee informs the spectators of the reprimand and its cause at



Dempsey goes down in the eighth round, and comes up on the count of one. Referee Barry has raised his hand to start to count, when Jack rises. The pro-Dempsey spectators accused Barry of hastening the count. Mr. Lytton contends that Tunney was already stepping away—while watching to decide whether he should retreat to a neutral corner.

the next interval between rounds. If the match is decided on a foul, the French public knows the why and wherefore. This reduces to a minimum the angry clamor of the partisans of the boxer who broke the rules.

In Paris I have seen referees roll down the waistline of a boxer's trunks to expose the navel, so that there would be no mistake in any controversy over low hitting. This close attention to the technicalities of the game reflects, no doubt, the punctilio of the dueling code of French tradition. That was a code of etiquette and honor. We could use some of it here.

I repeat that we can't be too technical about boxing. My motto is: See that the rules are enforced and give the public a run for its money. The Illinois Athletic Commission wanted me to referee the Tunney-Dempsey match, but changed its mind a few days before the bout because of arguments that I would be too technical. Maybe they were right. Maybe I would have been too fussy in the ring.

Dave Barry proved to be the man for the job. But he is being handed raspberries.

The great majority of fight followers permit their prejudices to interfere entirely too much with their judgment in estimating the qualities and achievements of boxers. They see the fight the way they want to see it and not according to what happens in the ring—especially if they are betting upon one of the opponents. This applies to fight reporters and journalist experts as well as to the general public.

To illustrate my point. At my elbow during the Tunney-Dempsey fight there was a newspaper critic who was definitely pro-Dempsey. I could hear him dictating a blow by blow account to his telegraph operator, and apparently he couldn't see anything that was going on except what Dempsey did. Early in the fight, therefore, I took the story out of his mouth, and called off to his operator what was happening during one of the rounds. After that he was more exact and I minded my own business.

HERE ends the direct testimony of George Lytton, judge of the Tunney-Dempsey fight, in the case of the People *versus* the Fourteen Seconds.

Does anyone want to take the witness for cross-examination? If so, be tactful. He always keeps in condition.

THE END

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The Rival Dummy

The Story of a Madman's Revenge

By Ben Hecht

Pictures by Frank Hoffman

(Reading time: 15 minutes 38 seconds.)

I WAS dining in a place where vaudeville "artists" congregate to gossip and boast, when my friend Joe Ferris, the booking agent, pointed to a stocky little man with a gray toupee, alone at a table, and said:

"There is, I think, the strangest, weirdest, craziest man in New York."

I looked a second time, and noted, despite this identification, nothing more unusual than the aforesaid gray toupee, a certain bewildered and shifty manner about the eyes, and a pair of nervous, sensitive hands. He reminded me—this solitary diner—of some second-rate Hungarian fiddler worn out with poverty, alcohol, and egoism.

"That," said Joe Ferris, "is the man who ten years ago used to be known as Gabbo the Great—the world's most famous ventriloquist. I guess he heard me"—the booking agent lowered his voice—"but it doesn't matter. He'll pretend he didn't. We're not supposed to know who he is, you know. That's what the toupee is for. Disguise. Mad—madder than a cuckoo. It gives me the shivers just to look at him.

"I'll tell you his story," continued Ferris, "and maybe you can figure it out. That's more than I can. But being a newspaper man, you won't call me a liar. I hate to tell stories to people who are always certain that anything they never heard of before is a lie.

"This particular yarn"—Ferris smiled—"began way back before the war. He came over from Belgium. Gabbo. That's where a good percentage of the best performers come from. God knows why. Jugglers, contortionists, trapeze acts, strong men, and all that kind of stuff. Belgium and Lithuania sometimes.

"I booked Gabbo when he first landed. The best all-around ventriloquist that ever played the big time—if I do say so. And nuts, of course. But you got to expect that from the talent. I never see a first-rate act that wasn't at least half nutty.

"The first time I met him, I ask what his last name is.

"'Gabbo what?' I ask.

"'Gabbo the Great,' is the answer. And then he adds, very seriously, 'I was born Great.'

"I thought at first this was the foreign equivalent for a gag. But there was less humor about Gabbo than a dead mackerel. He used to sign his letters G. G. Imagine! And—to give you a rough idea of what kind of a loon this baby was—he always opened his act with the Marseillaise.

"He used to come out in the middle of it, stand at attention till it was finished, and then, in a low, embarrassed voice, announce: 'Ladies and gentlemen: I have the honor to present to you tonight the world's most gifted ventriloquist — Gabbo the Great.'

"And he would take a bow. That's pretty cuckoo, ain't it? But it always went big. You'd be surprised at what an audience will swallow and applaud.

"Well, the first time I came to the conclusion that there was something definitely cockeyed about Gabbo was when I called on him one night after his performance at the Palace. It was up in his room at the hotel. He'd just got in and was taking his dummy out of its black case. It had velvet lining in it, this case, and was trimmed in black and gold like a magician's layout.

"Let me tell you about this dummy—if I can. You've seen them. One of those red cheeked, round headed marionettes with popping, glassy eyes and a wide mouth that opens and shuts.

"Well, Jimmy—that was the name of this wooden headed thing—was no different than the rest of them. That is, you wouldn't think so to look at it. That thing haunts me, honest to God. I can still see its dangling legs with the shoes painted on its feet and— Let's forget about it. Where was I?

"Oh, yes. I go up to his room and stand there talking to him, and just as I'm making some remark or other, he sits Jimmy up on the bed, and all of a sudden turns to him—or it or whatever you want to call the thing—and starts holding a conversation.

"'I suppose,' says Gabbo, angry as blazes and glaring at this nutty dummy, 'I suppose you're proud of yourself, eh? After the way you acted tonight?'

"And Jimmy, the dummy, so help me, answers back in a squeaky voice, 'Aw, go soak your head! Listen to who's talkin'.'

"Then this nutty ventriloquist speaks up kind of heatedly. 'I'm talkin',' he says. 'And I'll ask you to listen to what I have to say. You forgot your jokes tonight, and if it happens again you get no milk.'

She never had anything but a sneer and a wi

"WELL, I thought it was a gag. You know, a bit of clowning for my benefit. So I stand by, grinning like an ape, although it don't look funny at all, while Gabbo pours a glass of milk and, opening Jimmy's mouth, feeds it to him. Then he turns to me, like I was a friend of the family, and says coolly: 'This Jimmy is getting worse and worse. What I wanted to see you about, Mr. Ferris, is taking his picture off the billing. I want to teach him a lesson.'

"I've had them before—cuckoos, I mean—and it didn't surprise me. Much. They come pretty queer in vaudeville.

"Remind me to tell you sometime about the prima donna I had who used to come on with a dagger and throw it to the stage. If it stuck, landed on its point, she'd go on with the act

k for him, and, when he got too fancy with his bow, just a low-down scowl.

and sing. If it didn't she wouldn't. Walk right off.

"She was pretty expert at tossing the old dagger, so it usually landed right—they ain't ever too crazy. And on that account, of the dagger always landing right, I never find out what it's all about for weeks. Until one night she up cold and walks out on herself. On an opening night at the Palace, too, where she's being featured. And when I come galloping back, red in the face, to ask her what the hell, she answers me very haughty: 'Go ask the dagger. He tell you.'

"Well, that's another story, and not so good, either. About this night in Gabbo's room, as I was saying. I took in Gabbo's little act with the dummy, and said nothing.

"BUT I started making a few inquiries the next day, and I find out plenty. I find out that this nutty give and take with the dummy is just a regular routine for Gabbo. That he keeps up a more or less steady conversation with the dummy like he was a kid brother. And not only that, but that this idiotic dummy is the only human being—or whatever you call him—that Gabbo ever says more than hello to. Barring me, of course.

"Look"—and Ferris snorted. "Can you imagine him sitting at that table now and looking at me and pretending he don't know me? And, what's more, that I don't know him? On account he's got a nine dollar toupee on. Well, that's part of the story, and I'll come to it.

"The way I figured it at the time—and I may be wrong—was that Gabbo was such a egotist that he could only talk to himself. You know, there's lots of hoofers, for instance, who won't watch anybody but themselves dance. They stand in front of a mirror—for diversion, mind you—and do their stuff. And applaud it. That's vaudeville for you.

"So I figured Gabbo that way. That he was so stuck on himself he got a big kick out of talking to himself. That's what he was doing, of course, when he held these powwows with Jimmy.

"As you can imagine, it kind of interested me. I got so I'd always try to drop around to Gabbo's dressing room whenever I had time, just to catch this loony business with the dummy. I didn't think it exactly funny, you know, and it never made me laugh. I guess it was just morbid curiosity on my part. Anyway, I sort of become part of the family.

"The fights they used to have—Gabbo and this crazy dummy! Fighting all the time. Usually about the act. Gabbo sore as the devil at Jimmy if anything went wrong with the turn—if one of the gags missed fire, for instance. He'd accuse him of stalling, laying down on the job, and, honest to God, once he sailed into the damn thing because he was sure it wasn't getting enough sleep. Believe me or not, they were as quarrelsome as a team of hoofers.

"And after I got used to these spats—you know, you can get used to anything—I got to thinking of Jimmy almost the way Gabbo did. I got to almost imagining it was him answering back—squealing, kidding, and swearing. And not Gabbo talking with his stomach—or whatever it is ventriloquists talk with.

"But, with all this fighting between them, you could see that Gabbo had a soft spot for Jimmy. He fed him milk. There was a can or something fitted up inside. That's where the milk went.

"For instance, just to show you the pretty side of the picture, about three months after I change the billing and take Jimmy's name off the one-sheets, Gabbo arrives in my office with a demand that I put the picture back, and the name too, in twice as big lettering as before.

"And one other time he comes to me, Gabbo does, and says Jimmy isn't getting enough money. Well, as you can imagine, this sounds a bit phony. There's such a thing as carrying a gag too far, is my first reaction. But, so help me, he meant it. And he won't go on with the act unless I come through.

"Well, I learned long before that that it don't pay to win arguments with the talent. It's worse than winning an argument with your own wife. Costs you more.

"So I finally control my temper and asks, 'How much of a raise does Jimmy want?'

"'Five dollars a week more,' says Gabbo. And Gabbo was pulling down four hundred dollars for the act! So you can see the whole thing was on the square—asking a raise for Jimmy, I mean. Then he explains to me that he has been paying Jimmy ninety-five dollars per week right along, and he wants to make it an even hundred because Jimmy has been working very hard and so on.

"SO much for that. Here's where the plot thickens. About three weeks or so after this conference, I get wind of the fact that Gabbo has fallen for a dame; and that the thing has become quite a joke among the talent.

"I can hardly believe my ears. Gabbo has never looked at a dame ever since he was on the circuit. The loneliest, stuck-up professor I'd ever known. He used to walk around like Kaiser Wilhelm. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar. And with a mustache. Don't look now—he's shaved it off. Part of the disguise. But in those days it was his pride and joy.

"Well, the next thing I heard about his love's young dream is from Gabbo himself in person. He comes back to New York, and comes walking into the office with the information that he is adding a woman to his act! Mlle. Rubina. I look at him and say, 'What for, for the love of

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RIVAL DUMMY
Continued from page forty-one]

Pete? What do you need a jane in the act for, and why Rubina?'

"'For the water,' he answers. 'To bring on the glass of water which I drink. And take it off.' And he scowls at me as if to say, Do you want to make anything out of it? And when I nod sort of dumbly, he goes on: 'She is willing to join me for a hundred dollars per week.'

"Well, this is pretty nuts. Rubina was a bow-legged wench working in a juggling act. Fetched plates and Indian clubs for Allen and Allen. And worth all of fifty cents a year as talent. Not even a looker. But go argue with Gabbo. I tried a little taffy about his going over so much better alone—that is, with his pal Jimmy to help him. But he waves his hand at me, pulls his mustache, and begins to jump up and down with excitement.

"So I agree, and he then becomes the gentleman. He'll stand for a fifty dollar cut in his salary—that is, twenty-five dollars out of his take and twenty-five out of Jimmy's. That's the way he puts it. And I should kick in with the other fifty for Rubina's graft.

"That's how this Rubina joined the act.

"I WENT over to catch it three nights later and see what was going on. I came in right in the middle of Gabbo's turn. There he stood, with Jimmy sitting on the table, and this peroxide valentine Rubina, all dressed up in red plush knickerbockers with green bows on the sides of the knees, hovering around and 'acting'—registering surprise and delight every time the dummy made a wise crack. It almost ruined the turn.

"But what I noticed most was that Gabbo was a changed man. His whole attitude was different. He wasn't making his usual goo-goo eyes at the audience or shooting over personality—which had been his long suit.

"He was all wrapped up in Rubina, staring at her like a sick puppy with the heaves. And calling her over every half minute, between gags, and demanding another glass of water. And bowing like an idiot whenever she handed it to him. He must have drank fourteen glasses of water during the act!

"And that, my friend, was just the beginning. The circuit thought it a big joke—Gabbo's crush on Rubina.

"And what everybody considered the funniest part of the racket was that Rubina was as fond of Gabbo as if he had been a rattlesnake. She never had anything but a sneer and a wise crack for him, and, when he got too fancy with his bow, just a low-down scowl. She would have none of him. Why, God only knows. Except perhaps that he was a little too nutty even for her. And she was no picker, believe me.

"In about two months things begin to grow serious. It seems, according to reports which come in from every town on the circuit, that Gabbo has carried his anger against Jimmy to such lengths that he'll hardly talk to him on the stage, mind you. Keeps sneering at his jokes, and trying to trip him up, and bawling him out in front of the audience.

"And then, after the act, he sits him up on the table in his dressing room and starts in hurling curses at the dummy and screaming. It scares people out of their wits. The actors back stage, I mean. You know, it's kind of woozy to pass a room where you know a man is alone and hear him yelling at the top of his voice. And, what's more, answering himself.

"And all this excitement, it seems, is due to jealousy. That was the whole point. It seems that this Rubina valentine had tumbled to the fact that Gabbo treated Jimmy like a living person. So, out of sheer cussedness, she had taken to patting Jimmy's wooden cheeks on the stage. Or winking at him during the turn. And the blow-off came, I learned, when she slipped Jimmy a caramel as he was sitting in Gabbo's lap in the dressing room. This was just downright morbid viciousness on Rubina's part.

"After that there was nothing could straighten the thing out. As soon as Gabbo lands in town, I go back stage to try to reason with him. He's in his dressing room, and he stands there—the turn being over—just motioning me away and raging at this maniac dummy of his.

"'That is the kind of a one you are!' he screams. 'That is the way you show your gratitude. After all I've done for you. Trying to steal the woman I love from me. The woman I love above everything!'

"And then I listen to Jimmy answer, and, so help me, for a minute I thought it was that damned wooden image speaking.

"'My life is my own,' says Jimmy, squealing wilder than usual. 'I can do what I want. And I'll ask you to mind your own business, you big tub of lard!'

"At these words Gabbo jumped into the air and pulled his hair out in handfuls.

"'Viper!' he howled at the dummy.

"'Idiot!' Jimmy squeals back at him.

"What could I do? I just sneaked off and left them calling each other names like a pair of fishwives. I crossed my fingers and hoped that the act wouldn't split up—that's where I was chiefly concerned, you understand.

"THEN came the second stage. I don't know whatever got into this Rubina dame. She'd never pulled down more than thirty dollars a week in her life. And here she was getting a hundred. For doing nothing. And yet, she writes me a long misspelled letter, that she's quitting the act on Saturday and for me to find someone to take her place.

"I was, of course, tickled silly. Fifty dollars is fifty dollars. And, besides, I sort of liked Gabbo and I felt this Rubina was dangerous to him. It's best for lunatics to steer clear of women—or for anybody, for that matter.

"But my satisfaction didn't last long. I get a telephone call the following Monday to hurry over to the Bronx where Gabbo is opening—being starred, mind you. My great ventriloquist, it seems, has gone out of his head.

"I get there just as the bill has started. Gabbo has just told the manager he won't go on. He won't act. He knows what he owes to his art and his public, but would rather be torn by wild horses than step out on the stage alongside of that black imp of hell—Jimmy.

"And as he says these things he walks up and down in his dressing room, cursing Jimmy and glowering at him like a maniac. And Jimmy, of course, answering back. They're having an out-and-out bust-up, like a team. Calling each other hams, among other less repeatable things.

"The house manager and all the actors were frightened silly at the noise. But I was used to Gabbo by this time, and began trying to calm him down. But I got no chance to get in a word edgewise—what with the way these two were going after each other. Gabbo thundering in his barytone and that damned dummy squealing back at him in his falsetto.

"I saw at once that Gabbo had really sort of gone over the edge. This time there was a murderous rage in his voice. And in Jimmy's, too.

"I got so mixed up I began to worry—for Gabbo. Dummy or no dummy, I began to think that—

"Well, anyway, it appears that Rubina, his adored, the light of his life, has flown. And Gabbo's idea, nutty as it sounds, is that Jimmy knows where she is. That she and Jimmy have framed against him. That Jimmy, the dirty hound, has stolen her love. Can you beat it?

"There's no use trying to reason under such circumstances. Any more than getting logical with a man who has the D. T.'s. Gabbo won't go on with the act. And he don't. He's through. And I stand still and say nothing, and watch him hurl Jimmy into his black case, grab it under his arm, and start out with it.

"And I follow him out of the theater. He starts walking peculiarly, like a man half stewed. Then I see that he's doubling on his tracks, trying to elude somebody. Me, I figured. But I kept on. Finally he goes into a store, and I watch him through the window. It's a hardware store, and he stays in there for five minutes, and then comes out and makes a bee line for the hotel.

"I got to his room almost as soon as he did. But the door was locked. I stood there listening, and all of a sudden I hear screaming. In English, French, and several other languages. I swear to you, it scared me silly.

"I started banging on the door. But it's no use. Finally I beat it down after the manager. We're back in five minutes. And we open the door.

"WELL, the room is silent and empty.

"I stood staring for a minute. Then I saw something. The floor is covered with pieces of wood. Splinters, sticks. It's Jimmy. Chopped to pieces, cut to smithereens. He'd murdered Jimmy, honest to God.

"We looked all around the room, and found the ax he'd bought in the hardware store. And then found that he'd lit out through the window. Made his get-away down the fire escape.

"And that's the last trace we could pick up of him. We hunted high and low. I had two men scouring the town. But he was gone, leaving everything behind him. Fled—like a murderer. A murderer fleeing from justice, so help me.

"I'd gathered Jimmy up and put him in a piece of wrapping paper. That's how confused I was. And I carried him to the office and finally threw him in the wastebasket. And then I went home, and was unable to sleep for six nights.

"That's almost the end of the story. Except that two years ago I come in here one night after the show, and I see somebody familiar sitting at a table. I can't place him for a few minutes, and then all of a sudden I see it's Gabbo—Gabbo the Great—with a gray toupee and the mustache shaved.

"I rush over to him and begin talking. And he stares at me—highty-tighty like.

"'My name,' he says, 'is Mr. Lawrence. I am sorry you make a mistake.'

"Well, I'm not unusually dense, and as I stood there it dawned on me that Gabbo didn't want to be known. That he'd come back, after fleeing from justice for eight years—come back disguised and with a different name, so that the police wouldn't pick him up for his great crime.

"And there he sits." Ferris looked at me with a mirthless smile. "Everybody knows him, and we all know his story in this place, and we all kid him along, calling him Mr. Lawrence and keeping his secret. Yeah; and when we get funny we call him the Ax Murderer. You know, just for a gag among ourselves.

"Wait till he leaves"—Ferris picked up his glass—"and I'll take you over to the table where he's sitting."

This struck me as a rather empty offer.

"What for?" I inquired.

"So you can see what Jimmy looked like." Ferris suddenly laughed. "He always draws a picture of that damned idiotic dummy on the tablecloth—every night."

THE END

CAN you imagine the corps bein COLD for three days and then he SITS UP IN BED and says, whos buyin???!

Love Letters of an INTERIOR DECORATOR

A Sun-Kissed Yodel from California

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 10 minutes 4 seconds.)

Hollywood, Calif.

DEAR MARG,

You wood have heard from me before but I had to go to a wake. We certainly did have a frolickin time. Tim Hannigan the prohabition agent musta drank a bottle of Carbon Remover because he went for the gong. Wait till I tell you what happened.

We was all sittin around the bed drinkin to poor Tim. They were all makin speeches tellin what a great egg Tim was. Everybodys great when they croak, but an awful heel when theyre alive. They had the radio goin full blast. The house sounded like the lobby of the Rice Hotel in Houston Texas where all the delegates were voting for the enforcement of prohabition, half plastered.

One guy had a mouth organ, another punk was playin a slip horn, Larry O Keefe was ticklin the elephant tusks on a bent piana and Dick Freil was tryin to bust the pig skin on the drums. Oh what a bedlum. Every few minutes somebody would pour out another round of soldering solution and the hole works would drink to poor Tim what was the life of the wake.

I says to Mrs. Hannigan who was goin heavy on the tears, I says, What did he die of? An she says, He died of a Tuesday. Shes a great goil.

Well, when everythins goin along cheerio and the orkestras hittin on all eight, and one of the guys is doin a soft shoe dance, WHO SITS UP IN BED BUT TIM HANNIGAN.

On the level it nearly slayed the hole works. Can you imagine the corps bein COLD for three days and then he SITS UP IN BED and says, whos buyin????!

Well, Im not kiddin you the widow was fit to be tied. I think that if she had had a rod she woulda bumped him off. She was all set to grab that fifteen grand on his insurance and park herself in a steamer chair on the Mediterranean. Her eyetinery was all shot. Oh boy, did she turn off them tears and go into a panic. It was just too bad. She had a heart as warm as a snakes chest, if you ask me. She was full of synthitic sin. She would no more think of puttin lumps in his mashed potatoes than she would of hemming her skirts. He'll be as safe in that house from now on as he would in a burning aeroplane. I think she wrote that Chicago slogan, SAY IT WITH FLOWERS!!!

I aint tryin to say anythin again her Marg, but I havent got no use for wimin what put on the prop tears when a guy is all set to go for the mucalige works, and then when he comes back to life she hopes hell roasts him. Shes no knock out. Shes a blow out. She could keep the birds from destroyin the crops in the state of Kansas, and PLENTY.

LISTEN, Lollypop. I was out to Catalina Island the other day. Thats the place where a bunch of the movie stars go for a rest. Yep, they go over there to fish and make merry and shoot goats. Bill Wrigley taught the nation to chew gum and then he bought the island.

Its some place. Its about sixteen miles long and has high rocky cliffs on it. For four bits they take you out in a glass bottom boat and all the donkeys sit around a big bath tub on board and a guy steers the outfit over a spot where you watch the eals and the herring go bye under the boat. On the level Marg, you can see down to the bottom seventy five feet. You see all they have in a fish market, and then some. Sponges do the New Orleans glide along the bottom like nobodys business.

Then they take you out in a motor boat and show you a flock of seals parked on a rock, and

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

away up in the cliffs you see the Irish zebras jumpin from one cliff to the other. I chased a pack of goats about three miles and didnt have a rubber heel left when I got back. Them babies could jump from the Brooklyn Bridge to the ball on the Woolworth building without battin an eye.

On the way back aboard the steamer everybody feeds the gulls. Theyre as tame as a gold fish. You throw em stuff in the air and they catch it on the fly. The air is thick with em. You have to wear an umbrella because the sun is so strong.

If you ever saw this place Hollywood Marg, you would never live in the East again. The beautiful sunshine gives you that schoolgirl complexion without soap, and HOW!! And the homes. You can have your Fifth Ave. mansions and your Lake Shore Drive huts with the rain and ice and fog. Just give me one of these California bungalows and everythin is jake.

On the square they LIVE out here. You couldnt get a guy from the East to go back if you offered him the Polo Grounds filled with Folly Girls. Never in my life have I seen such beautiful lawns and gardens. The hole of Hollywood looks like the Toolery Gardens in Paris. When you run a lawnmower over the grass in New York all you do is cut up tin cans or take the tops off empty giggle soup bottles. Out here the lawns look like velvet.

Another thing, in New York when they have a tree in the back yard about as big as a good size geranium they watch it like a baby with a slight touch of leprosey. They nurse it, and bathe it and stop it from freezin and bind up its limbs like a well kept lady.

Do you think they do that out here? Not on your life!! They throw a Boston baked bean out of the window at night and in the morning they have a California redwood tree three hundred feet high and thirty feet at the base. Then they drive automobiles through em just to show you its on the level.

Oh you dont know the half of it Love Lips! Why, you could bury an old empty gin bottle out here and youd have a bottling works in three or four days. Three good healthy egg plants fill a truck. A nice ripe California apricot looks like a Georgia water mellon, you have to use blastin powder to open em. They call em COTS out here. I never will forget when I saw a sign on the road what red, Three dozen cots for two bits. I thought they was sellin beds, can you imagine that?

They have other things what is supposed to be a great delicassy. They call em AVOCADOS or somethin like that. Theyre supposed to be Ritzy peaches or pairs or some kind of fruit, but I cant give em a thing. Maybe I aint used to em. We didnt have em over in the gas house district in New York.

On the outside theyre black like a stove lid, and on the inside they look like soap and when you taste em, they taste like soap. I used one to grease the car and it worked swell. Im goin to try half a dozen of em in the differintal and see if I can save dough on the gas stations.

SPEAKIN of gas stations. The East could learn PLENTY from the gas stations out here. Oh BOY, are they neat and are they up to date. I'll tell the cock eyed world. When you drive in, three fellos bust out all dressed in white and go to work on your car. One puts in the gas, another pumps up the tires, and the other guy cleans the wind shield like the crystal on a watch. And DO YOU THINK YOU CAN TIP EM?? NOT ON YOUR LIFE!! Theyre all the same in California. Why if you didnt TIP one of those donkeys back East youd be on your way to the creamitory in the morning. And if you ever asked one of em to clean the wind shield you might just as well jump under a subway train.

And the BOOLEVARDS. Sweet Lady! You can go for thousands of miles along the Pacific or through the mountains and you dont need to wash the puddle jumper for a month.

Listen Marg, keep this under your skull, this is a deep dark secret, if it leaks out youll be gettin mail from your boy friend from the cement boardin house down in Atlanta. Heres the dope. In San Francisco they had a big bunch of preprohabition chinese giggle soup called NG-KA-PY. Three drinks would make you clean out a police station. Well, they had it in a big warehouse up there and the Department of Justice was all set to destroy it. When they started to bust up the bottles they found that 2281 bottles was among the missing.

NOW I dont want to crack Marg, but a feller came drivin in Los Angeles in a big truck. In the middle he had a bunch of funny lookin boxes, and around the sides he had nothin but chicken coops filled with chickens. A few days later I was out to one of the movie lots and saw about two hundred fillum cowboys playin FAN TAN with a awful hangover. Now you neednt go thinkin I sold any of it to em because I didnt.

Say, buy the way Marg, Im studyin to be a John Barrymore. Yep, Im havin my voice worked on by a keropodist. Listen Kid, Hollywood and the hole country is goin nuts about the TALKIN MOVIES. Thats all theyre thinkin about.

I feel sorry for a bunch of these heavy movie stars what get big jack actin what cant speak. Some of em will be back in the lunch wagon or openin clams. No kiddin. These broken down actors along Broadway what can speak or sing that never had a break in the fillums are comin into their own.

Why some of these good lookin movie stars what you see on the screen today if you ever heard em speak you would tear up their pitchers. Can you imagine em comin out in the Vitaphone or Movietone and sayin, I seen me duty an I done it noble. Gee, Im not fussy about me grammer, but some of em would panik you if you ever heard em talk. Why the producers out here have a great big boy on their hands what grew up over night. They dont know how to handle him. Hes goin to revolutanise the motion pitcher industry.

On a set you will see old Shakespearian actors with long beards comin in and sayin to a director, Any beards, curtains, foliage today? ? ?

I says, I'll have a horses neck. And she says, Give me a little straight gin, theres no use killin two horses.

But not any more. Those guys are goin to have a hoarse clipping machine run over their chin and theyre goin to play juvenile parts because they can speak.

Yes Sir. The talkin pitchers has come to stay. If they dont talk in the movie theatre you go to in the future, they might just as well turn the joint into a fish market. And is it goin to cost em dough to equip the theatres? Wow. Fifty to a hundred thousand dollars for the machine to hear em open their mouths.

And what it does to the studios is a washout. Why Marg they got to soundproof all the studios so you cant hear a fly yodelin. Right away the producers have to go in the hammock for seven hundred and fifty thousands dollars to a coupla million to put the sound proof business over. AND THAT AINT ALL. The guys what direct pitchers now have got to speak lines and learn spacin if they want to direct actors what speak. They havent anybody now what can do it. Those what they have you can count on one hand. The producers dont know what its all about.

And Kid what it does to the News Reels. Each one of the camera men will have to be fixed up with special sound equipment to grab the voices around the world. AND THAT AINT ENOUGH! All the exchanges where they send out the fillum throughout the country will have to get sound proof projectin rooms so that they can splice the jumpin tintypes when they break.

BEFORE, when the fillum broke they used to have a bunch of herring punnishers what cut in close ups to take care of the break. But no more, Marg. The voice on the fillum gets em all bawled up now. They got to get experts what are trained tecknitions to fill the job. When a talkie fillum breaks right at the spot where the heavy lover has the goil in his arms and he says, I LOVE YOU—It would sound like hell if they spliced in a voice sayin, ID GIVE MY LIFE FOR A BOTTLE OF GIN.

And what its goin to do for comedy is nobodys nevermind. Comedy is goin to take the world by storm. The fello that can act and talk funny, the fello that can write music and time it for pitchers and the guy what can write gags and humorous dialogue will be sittin on top of the world an I DONT MEAN PERHAPS.

Actors are goin without their usual supply of rattle snake milk to learn to speak the english language. Schools are breakin out all over the place to take dough away from the frails who are tryin to learn elocution.

Title writers will be joinin the corset workers now out of work. Carpenters with rubber hammers will be flittin around the sets in their bare feet when the talkies get goin so they wont make any noise. The guys what play the funny lookin portable organs and file away on the cat gut will have plenty of time to see the ball games. And the directors what swear on the lots will have to wear divin helmets if they dont want to be sellin newspapers.

Well, I got to go now Good Lookin, and study my elocution. Wishin you the same

MIKE SHEA.

P. S. I went over to see the girl friend you gave me the letter to. Say, she dont know what its all about. I took her to a party and the guy what was runnin the thing says to me he says, What are you going to drink? I says, I'll have a horses neck. And she says, Give me a little straight gin, theres no use killin two horses.

Must be quite a place—Hollywood. Maybe he'll tell us more about it in a coupla weeks.

An amphibian plane being launched into the air from a catapult.

Flying Boats and SEAPLANES

What the Navy Is Doing for Aviation

By

Rear Admiral WILLIAM A. MOFFETT, U. S. N.

Chief of the Bureau of Aëronautics, Navy Department

(Reading time: 14 minutes 25 seconds.)

THE United States Navy this morning continued its preparations for war this afternoon. There was no war. Tomorrow morning it will renew its preparations. There will be no war. Every morning of the year the navy prepares for hostilities to begin during that day.

Each day finds us a step nearer perfection and a step farther on the road to permanent peace. For the navy believes—and it is its duty so to believe—that foreign respect for the efficiency of America's armed forces is the surest guaranty against aggression and for peace.

History has taught us that hope of and the will for peace has never assured it. That is why, this morning, we prepared for war. The navy, unlike other military organizations, must be ready for action at *all* times, and at a moment's notice. This is why our fleet, and every vessel in the fleet, drills unceasingly, to be always ready and never unprepared, in peace as well as in war.

Let me now hasten to add that our preparing for war has given invaluable aid to the progress of peaceful commerce. In making this statement I am thinking in particular of my own department, the Bureau of Naval Aëronautics.

Some time ago I was asked by a reporter why it was the navy so jealously guarded the secret improvements made in its aircraft. I was too surprised at first even to be amused. I finally explained. The navy has no secrets of aircraft. It hides nothing. For the last sixteen years we have worked hand in hand with private corporations and individuals to further the cause of aëronautical science.

We have discovered nothing that we have not shared with the public. We have loaned our mechanics and our pilots to private firms. We have sat in on their technical conferences. Our expert designers have worked with theirs for the common cause.

In the earlier days of development we repeatedly came to the assistance of pioneers whose worthy projects were on the verge of failure through lack of needed finance. We investigated their designs and tested their models and, if they had merit, we ordered airplanes built.

We assisted them with money when it was sorely needed. And we often paid for the complete initial steps, which are invariably the most costly. All this we did in the interest of commerce as well as for national defense.

The more airplanes built in America, whether by private means or by military, the more airplanes there will be at the call of our government in time of need. With this in mind, the navy and the army have encouraged, physically, morally, and financially, any worthy manufacturer or individual who has had something definite to offer toward the development of aircraft. And this applies to aircraft engines as well as to the planes themselves.

PERHAPS the best example of this co-operation is illustrated in the development of the radial air cooled engine. This engine it was that made possible the transoceanic flights of Lindbergh, Chamberlin, Byrd, Maitland, and Kingsford-Smith. All were exact duplicates of the engines used in the navy, and developed under naval supervision, with naval funds, for

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FLYING BOATS AND SEAPLANES]
Continued from page forty-five

naval aircraft. The complete design and engine were passed on to the public, after costing the navy hundreds of thousands of dollars to bring to perfection and practical use.

Naval officers were among the first to fly. Over seventeen years ago the first naval aviator, the late Commander T. G. Ellyson, then a lieutenant, was detailed to flying duty with the Curtiss Company in San Diego, California.

A few months later the late Commander John Rodgers, Commander John Towers, and Commander V. D. Herbster were learning to fly.

In 1911 Captain W. I. Chambers and Lieutenant Ellyson worked with Glenn Curtiss in the development of the first successful hydroplane.

The following year Captain Holden C. Richardson redesigned a catapult which had been constructed, and Commander Ellyson made the first successful catapult shot in October, 1912.

Eight years later Commander A. C. Read, piloting the NC-4, made the first successful flight across the Atlantic.

Since that time the navy has been in the forefront of air development and activities.

I AM sure that the general public does not yet realize how far aviation has progressed, nor appreciate the strides recently made toward greater safety in flying. Wealthy men spend hundreds of thousands of dollars on ocean going and other types of yachts—expensive to begin with and expensive to maintain—that crawl from port to port. Pleasure cruises. Yet it is possible now to buy a flying boat at comparatively small initial cost and with low operating and maintenance expense, carrying in comfort a minimum of eight persons, and fly in safety from port to port anywhere along our entire coast; cruise from island to island in tropic seas and enjoy the romance of ever changing regions, with the added thrill of flying, combined with rapidity of transportation.

Surely, there is an ideal vacation. Our own navy men make these cruises in the regular line of duty. Squadrons of seaplanes of the navy patrol (PN-10) type have cruised along our coasts, among the islands of the West Indies to Panama, and have flown thousands of miles over ocean and sea with few mishaps.

The latest model of navy flying boat, the PN-12, equipped with a hull as seaworthy as a lifeboat, has cost the navy thousands of dollars in its development. The ordinary citizen reaps the benefit.

The first airplane of any new type is comparatively very expensive, and costs as much to build as the next two or three. The navy, in co-operation with the manufacturer, designs, develops, and builds or pays for the first models of each type, constantly improving their air efficiency and seaworthiness.

All of this time and expense are saved the private citizen. He will not have to risk the hazards of an ocean spanning flight. He can cruise in flights of from 100 to 800 miles, which will be well within the cruising radius of his plane, and if weather conditions forbid it will not be necessary to fly.

Should storms hover ahead there will be ample warning, and nothing will be lost in turning back. If the worst comes to the worst, he can land at sea; for the present flying boat can weather heavy storms.

I have also in mind the thousands of wealthy men—and women—who daily commute from their homes to their business and offices on expensive, slow moving yachts and in automobiles and railroad trains.

There are many localities where flying boats and seaplanes could transport them in a fraction of the time and as safely.

Thought of the possible risk involved in flying keeps many people on the ground who otherwise, in this age of speed, would utilize this more rapid means of transportation. I think I can say, and without great fear of contradiction, that flying — especially over water flying— has reached a stage where it can be classified as safe— as safe as, or under certain conditions safer than, transportation by automobile, train, or boat.

The advantages of the flying boat over the landplane are obvious. The first, and most important, is the availability of landing facilities. A landplane must have a sufficiently large and fairly level field, clear of obstructions, on which to alight.

Any reasonably sized body of water can be used by the flying boat. On land there are forests, houses, hills, valleys, and many other hazards, and safe and suitable landing fields often not available for many miles. Flying over the water, especially over inland waters, there is always an available landing place for the flying boat or seaplane.

Take, then, the man whose home is on or near the seacoast 100 or more miles from his office. A large river or sea front near the city is a landing field for him. Many cities have a river, lake, or ocean front. It would be possible for the commuter to fly 100 miles to his office, and do it in an hour.

The safety of the PN type of boat was clearly demonstrated by Commander Rodgers in his flight from California to Hawaii. But for the seaworthiness of his craft, Commander Rodgers and his crew would have met with disaster. In his account of the flight the commander describes his being forced down 400 miles from Hawaii by exhaustion of fuel; his nine days adrift at sea; his rigging an improvised sail and bringing his ship safely to port.

No other type of flying craft could have done this. The PN planes are the nearest thing to a lifeboat with wings.

Since Commander Rodgers' Pacific flight many improvements have been added to the flying boat type of plane: chief among them, perhaps, the installation of air cooled engines, which not only permit a greater fuel carrying capacity, but by their reliability greatly reduce the possibility of a forced landing.

I have often wondered why transocean fliers have not paid more attention to this type of plane. Obviously, seaplanes are best for flying over the sea. Rodgers' report stated that he could have kept his craft afloat indefinitely. Here, then, we have the speed of the airplane combined with the safety of the surface craft.

It is the policy of the Navy Department to encourage commercial and civil aviation in every possible way, and this policy has been lived up to. The result of the next war will depend largely upon aviation. The nation having the best equipped flying forces, the greatest and most efficient number of trained pilots, will be in a decisive position. The more airplanes are used commercially and in civil life, the more will the country have to call upon in time of emergency and stress.

A parachute drop before the jumper has pulled the release cord.

Rear Admiral Moffett, author of this article.

How naval seaplanes can fight surface craft. One of them launching a torpedo.

WITH all our faith in the efficacy of air fighting, we have endeavored to realize its limitations. To us, in the naval and military sense, airplanes are but the carriers of weapons—guns, bombs, torpedoes—but to operate they must have a base and are utterly dependent upon one. We could have the most efficient naval aviation service in the world, and still be helpless if there were no surface ships to transport, fuel, and subsist them—in short, to act as flying fields. For this reason, airplane carriers were devised. The Saratoga and the Lexington are neither more nor less than armed, floating, mobile fields. Protected by the big guns of the cruisers and dreadnoughts, the carrier brings its complement of fighting and observation planes to within operating distance of the enemy, the range of its bombing planes being ten times that of the great guns of the battleships, the carrier remaining out of gun range while operating her own offensive weapons.

Still protected by the other surface vessels, when necessary, the carrier sends its flying squadrons to carry havoc among opposing ships. One carrier with its complement of seventy-five operating planes would be, under some conditions, more than a match for any two or three cruisers. Fast planes are most difficult to hit by antiaircraft fire. The best, if not the only, effective defense against aviation attack is aviation itself.

The navy has now only two modern aircraft carriers, transporting about seventy-five planes each. Five more are needed to complete the aircraft carrier tonnage allotted us by the Limitation of Armament Treaty. The two we

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE FORTY-NINE]

A happy thought *refresh yourself*

Drink Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

Happy meetings at soda fountains have proved so enjoyable that they have become a definite part of shopping and marketing, arranged by appointment and known as Coca-Cola Clubs. Pause and refresh yourself with an ice-cold Coca-Cola—the drink with that icy, tingling taste and delightful after-sense of refreshment. A little minute is long enough for a big rest.

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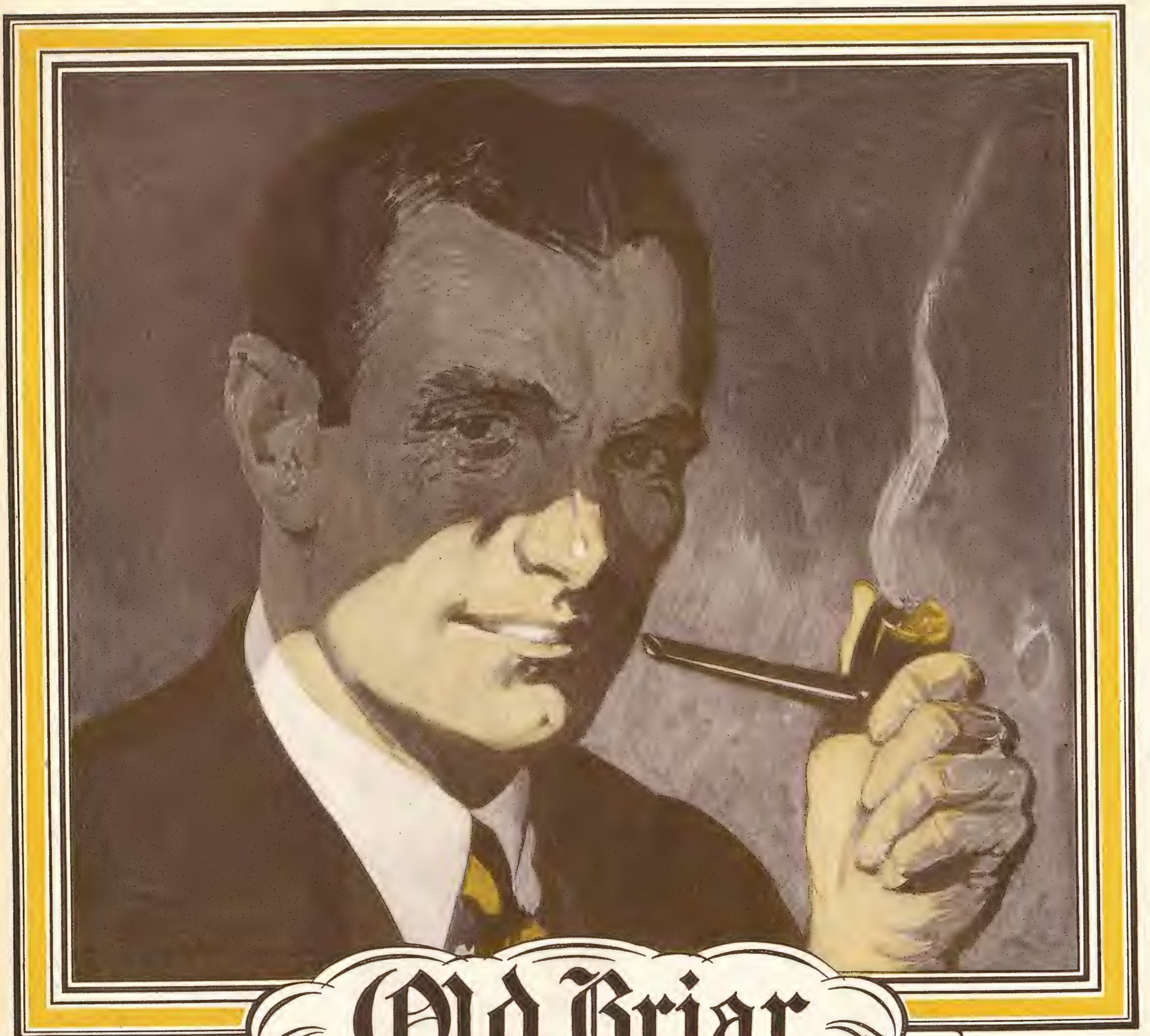
8 million a day



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Every day, the mail bag brings us messages from pipe smokers everywhere who are discovering the cheer and satisfaction of Old Briar Tobacco. More and more, men are showing they feel that they are entitled to the best pipe smoke—and all of the genuine pleasure its high *quality* brings.

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A half-hour with a pipeful of Old Briar *Tobacco costs less than one penny. Certainly you will spend that for genuine pipe pleasure.*

25c Package—two pouches wrapped together. Also in 50c, $1 and $2 handsome boxes.

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Send the coupon below with 10c—coin or stamps—for postage, mailing expense and tax, and we will send you a generous package of Old Briar Tobacco.

Tear out and mail *with 10c—coin or stamps*—to United States Tobacco Company, Richmond, Va., U.S.A.

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L.M. 8-18-28

OF ALL THE PLEASURES MAN ENJOYS PIPE SMOKING COSTS THE LEAST

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SIX]

have are now operating with the fleet, and valuable experience and knowledge are being gained; but we are woefully far behind other powers in our number of carriers.

We have many aircraft problems to be solved. Each new day some difficulty presents itself for solution. It is hard to tell what the needs of future wars will be, but we cannot afford to remain idle while awaiting developments by other nations.

I began this article by stating that the navy is preparing for war this afternoon. We must. Any morning or afternoon may find us with war on our hands, or a situation that will bring war if our prospective enemy knows we are not prepared.

We cannot afford to guess at the part aviation will play. We must *know* by experience in using aircraft, including aircraft carriers, to the fullest extent in time of peace.

Bearing in mind the vast strides made by aviation, and its almost limitless future possibilities in warfare, it is small wonder that we seek to encourage the interest of the public in aviation. An air minded nation today is a progressive one. We have so far only touched upon aviation's possibilities. What the years will bring, as the years of automobile development brought, only the future can tell.

IT is in this connection that the navy looks with favor not only on material development, but on personnel, including flying schools. We ourselves are able to teach only a fraction of the young men who desire to enter the Naval Reserve flying service.

Throughout the country fewer than seventy-five students are receiving this advanced training at the present time.

There are thousands of young men willing and able to qualify for the course. But we are unable to take them, owing to lack of appropriations.

The Navy Department now lists eleven colleges and universities where instruction is given students in ground work under naval supervision. In some of the colleges the courses have been made part of the curriculum.

Here again the great possible benefits cannot be realized. Only a few ever reach the advanced training units where actual flying is done.

One of the new PN-12 navy seaplanes, powered by two 500 horsepower Wright Cyclone motors.

It is the ultimate aim of the navy to establish some day the aviation branch in a manner equivalent to the highly successful Citizens' Military Training Camps, where volunteers can be instructed in the rudiments of flying.

Should this ever come to pass, many of the best of the country's youth would soon be trained and qualified pilots, ready to serve in time of emergency.

Let me not appear to be pessimistic. We are as far advanced, even now, as any other nation, except in our deplorable shortage of aircraft carriers. Our airplanes and personnel are at least as good as—some of them better than—those possessed by any other nation.

And we have the rapidly expanding commercial and civil field to hearten us.

It is to the last that we look for help in the future and in time of need.

Competition is already keen in the industry. Every day sees some new design and development better than the preceding one.

The majority of the companies manufacturing airplanes are strong financially. The recent combine of two powerful railroads with leading firms in the aviation world gave added impetus to a swiftly moving industry.

This year thousands of students are enrolled with private flying schools to further swell the list of available pilots. New devices are making for greater safety in flight. Altogether the outlook is one that is most cheering to those who have been associated with and been fighting for aviation for years.

The greatest development, aside from the military services, has been in the air mail, of which the country can be justly proud. New routes are opening, many are being mapped out, and soon the country will be linked in all directions by air mail carriers.

Where the mail goes, private transportation will follow. In the air transportation of passengers we have not yet progressed as far as Europe, but are rapidly catching up.

If we in this country are farsighted we will begin now to prepare for the future.

THE greatest present need is flying fields. While suitable land is still to be had within the confines of or adjacent to large cities, it should be acquired.

Lack of fields, not greatly felt as yet, will prove a great barrier to progress unless the steps to provide them be taken now.

The great advantage of air transportation is speed. If landing fields are so far from centers of population as greatly to reduce the time gained by flying, flying loses its principal advantage. Each city, town, and hamlet should appreciate this fact, and lose no time in providing its local landing field.

For those fortunate enough to be situated near or on the water, the landing field should, if possible, be located on the water front.

The government services, navy, army, and air mail, have done their part, and done it well, in pioneering in this new and great development, flying. It is going to revolutionize methods in war, peace, and civilization.

It is now up to the civilian to carry it on to completion in the interest of national defense as well as of commerce.

THE END

Poems You Ought to Know

The World Is Too Much With Us

By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

[William Wordsworth (1770-1850) was a prolific English poet who looked to life itself for his themes. This sonnet, considered among his best poems, was written about 1802. He also wrote The Highland Girl, The Solitary Reaper, and Ode to Duty.]

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

Countless children have become

better natured

owing to the influence of this salt

It used to be that the irritable child was thought to be spoiled or bad tempered. Now it is found that irritability is frequently the result of an unsuspected case of simple goiter.

According to a noted goiter authority, 50 to 90 per cent of children are subject to thyroid trouble. Thus *every* mother should guard against this common cause of ill nature, lack of vigor and backwardness at school.

Morton's Iodized Salt is a safe, easy, pleasant way to prevent simple goiter and other thyroid disturbances. Made under the supervision of certified chemists, each package contains sufficient iodine to make goiter impossible but not enough to disturb the most delicate system.

Morton Salt Company, Chicago

MORTON'S SALT

IODIZED FOR GOITER PREVENTION - ALSO PLAIN

When it rains it pours

SUMMER—*The Great Reducer*

By EILEEN BOURNE

Picture by GARRETT PRICE

WELL, here we are in the dog days, and not a word said yet about the greatest advantage summer offers beauty. This is weight regulation. Now is the time when with the least grief you can gain or lose flesh according to your need.

Let's take the latter case first. The stouts always set up the loudest howl. And, besides, there are ever so many more of them, according to the buyers of ready-made clothes, than of the very skinny.

Now, the problem of reducing is to lose weight without getting either wrinkled or ill. And, as you've often heard before, the only solution is to take weight off slowly. A lessened intake of food isn't all. You must keep up daily exercises, both facial and physical, in order to prevent flabbiness and weakness. Such a program is far easier to follow in summer than in winter. There is delight in out-of-door sports, and the appetite, even after muscular effort, is at its most jaded. What we crave most are the very things which do not fatten.

What do you think of this hot weather menu? It is offered by a well known society woman who is unobtrusively losing three pounds a week. A typical day's consumption is given as follows:

Breakfast: Black coffee. Fresh fruit. No sugar or cream.

Midmorning: A glass of lemon and water without sugar.

Lunch: Jellied soup with lemon. Two slices of whole wheat or gluten bread with butter. Large helping of salad with French dressing. Fruit or gelatin pudding without cream, or a water ice.

Tea: Unsweetened orangeade or lemonade or hot tea with lemon only. One bran cooky.

Dinner: Clear soup or fruit cocktail. Two fresh vegetables. Choice between one small potato or one slice of bread. Meat or noodles and cheese. Salad with French dressing. Fruit or ices. Black coffee.

Remember, in planning your diet, that it is hopeless to try skipping a meal altogether. You only eat more at the next repast. The point is to consume a little less fuel than you actually are using up in energy. To accomplish that, you must do a little more physical work than is required to burn up what you eat.

The reason the above menu is good is that it provides plenty of those vitamins and that bulk required for health and proper digestion. And because, in summer, starches and sweets may be eliminated with the least regret, and at the same time exercise is the most alluring, anybody who wishes to do so can get down to normal weight.

The body seems lighter and more nimble in hot weather. It's easier than when the air is

Outdoor sports, aided by a summer diet, lop off superfluous pounds.

icy to pop up and go through a set of before breakfast motions. Indeed, everything is more fun. One plays a snappier game of tennis when it's hot than when it's cool. Golf, riding, canoeing—almost every hobby, except walking, is at its best in summer. And to be in the water is bliss.

Naturally, however, for reduction purposes you have to do something more than get wet in the water. You must swim as hard as ever you can. But don't let yourself get exhausted and don't stay in the water more than half an hour at a time.

Salt water has a specially bracing effect. I knew a woman of sixty who, by earnest swimming lessons in a salt water pool, lost ten pounds in three weeks and reduced her girth four inches.

What subsequently happened to her will happen to every perfect forty-eight who follows these suggestions in earnest. For my sexagenarian friend was so thrilled to be able to look down and see her own ankles that she gradually added all sorts of setting-up exercises that had bored and wearied her before. Little by little she lost ten more pounds. Then she could wear clothes always denied her in her more spacious days.

UNLESS she is ill, the overweight woman can and should make use of hot weather to drop off her extra pounds. But beware! Don't go after your poor frame hammer and tongs! *Piano, piano!*—as the Italians say. Go softly. Even a little exercise will start the perspiration which makes fat melt away through the pores. And, as you increase your physical effort, your muscles will regain their tone. Moreover, loss of weight—if gradual—reduces the strain on the heart required by forcing the blood through layers of fat.

Nor must you ever forget the old face, throat, and neck. The woman who reduces too suddenly is almost certain to get lines about the eyes and wattles under the chin. To avoid this, make use of the chewing and winking motions, the neck exercises, and the patting which have been given in these pages in detail. These make muscles and flesh so firm, keep up the circulation so well, and so activate the tissues that you avoid any look of haggardness or age while reducing weight. Cold showers help this process in every way.

One more word! To do all this successfully, you mustn't have it on your mind too much. The husband of a reducing wife is often to be pitied. Her gayety is gone. Her conversation is at an end. Instead of showing a companionable enjoyment of a meal, she looks anxiously and self-consciously at every bite. Small wonder that George Albert begins to storm at all reform and to demand his fat, comfortable helpmeet back. Don't remind me that if he were reducing he'd be making the welkin ring with his complaints or triumphs! We're supposed to be the grown-up sex who can work toward our ends in silence. In *Hedda Gabler's* phrase, we must "do it beautifully."

AS for you, you poor little wisp of a thing, come here and tell me what's eating you? Is it physical or mental? Is it worry or fatigue or an abscessed tooth that keeps you looking like a drink of water? Better bring me a doctor's report.

As a matter of fact, I've recently been permitted to go over a dozen cases of underweight. Only one of this group had any real obstacle to gaining flesh. The rest of them were skin and bones only because they'd fallen into bad—very bad—habits. They worried, they overworked, they underexercised, and they practically never rested. Except for too light a breakfast, the diet in every case was sufficiently ample. But the food was not assimilated because circulation and muscle tone were too poor.

Of course, a few years ago one would have been hopeless about urging reform upon underweights. They were too pleased with themselves. But now that bones are *démodé* and curves are back in style, the beauty adviser has with them what might be called a "fat chance." Especially in summer. Thin organdies, bathing suits, low necked frocks reveal the skeleton in the feminine closet, and vanity is pierced. "What can we do to be plump?" is the thin cry.

First and most important is to do nothing.

Relaxation and rest must absolutely be mastered. Just put it before the entertainment, the shampoo, the cleaning of the linen closet, and the weeding of the pansy bed. It often seems to me that the woman who can't rest is unfit for any kind of job—mentally unfit.

Second is the need of exercise. It must be gentle and gradual. Swimming is the best of all because of its lack of strain; but ten minutes of it is enough. Setting-up exercises are good. Fencing is excellent and so is walking. More violent sports should not be taken up until you have a little margin of vitality to spare. Even the housewife needs exercise for the development of the muscles she never uses and the relaxing of those overworked by repetitive movements.

Third is the expansion of breakfast. It should include cereal with cream and buttered toast. Drink a glass of milk with cream then, if possible, and again at 11 o'clock—you won't gain much weight on skimmed milk.

One strange item of diet advised by a French physician to an overthin patient was the consumption once a day of 100 grams of chopped raw lamb. It was served with hot bouillon into which it was dipped. More quickly than any other food is this digested, according to the doctor. It gives strength quickly, and with the improvement of muscle tone through gentle exercise other foods begin to be assimilated.

Because it's far harder to gain than to lose weight, the thin sisters should get right to work now when it's heavenly to be out of doors, and when vacation time is here.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book, 247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

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Whose fault?

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But modern science offers to woman a simple remedy. Sane habits of living and the correct practice of feminine hygiene protect her health and youthfulness which often have so much to do with her happiness. Neglect of the proper practice of feminine hygiene may lead to serious, irreparable consequences.

The makers of "Lysol" Disinfectant will send you on request a booklet called "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth." Simply mail us the coupon below. The booklet gives the facts about the vital matter of feminine hygiene. It contains sound, professional advice and the simple directions which should be familiar to every woman. It was prepared by an eminent woman physician. Send the coupon now.

In the meantime, do not take dangerous chances. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant at your druggist's today. Complete directions come with every bottle.

Lysol Disinfectant

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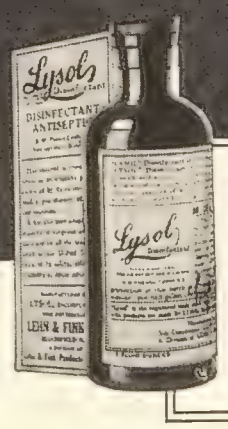

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"The Scientific Side of Health and Youth."

Name ..... City .....

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"Lysol" Disinfectant is sold at retail *only* in the *brown* bottle packed in the *yellow* carton.

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Vox

From the Side Lines

COUTTS, ALBERTA, CAN.—If I had a vote I should certainly give it to Governor Al Smith, for his fearless attitude regarding prohibition.

If he gets in I shall drink his health. So let's hope he goes in with a thumping majority.—*Mrs. Lena Riley.*

A Letter to Mary Martion—

ITHACA, N. Y.—I see that a Vox Popper named Mary Martion had a letter in LIBERTY in which she stated that it was common knowledge that Al Smith was carried on to the train dead drunk, after his wife's funeral.

My dear Mary Martion, here's something more authentic for you and your I-heard-so-and-so and they-say-this-and-that coterie, next time you assemble for the destruction of tolerance and logic. Please—it's very important:

It is rumored that Herbert Hoover is a Corsican Swede of Patagonian parentage, an ardent devotee of Buddhism, and it is common knowledge that he danced the Black Bottom on the coffin at his eldest daughter's second funeral, singing, "You Don't Like It—Not Much," in a loud nasal undertone.—*A. S. P. (Al Smith Protestant.)*

One from Mary—

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Regarding my previous letter, if the two writers who answered it had noticed, they would have seen that I did *not* mention religion. I was speaking about Smith as a man.

You had a misprint regarding whose funeral it was, and of course the one who witnessed this wet party of Governor Smith's must remain in the background, as Smith's friends would "knock him into the middle of next week."

Mayor Walker was quoted in every New York paper as saying to a Protestant, "I hope to God he [Smith] does get orders from the Pope if he gets to be President." (Walker told a Catholic gathering that this was what he said to a Protestant.) Also, Walker warned the movies not to help Hoover, because, if Smith got in, he would stop movies on Sunday if they had helped Hoover.

Just because two or three producers happen to be Protestants and Republicans, are they to be threatened because they were at the Republican Convention?

Is this a free country? Well, it won't be a free country long if this is a sample of what Tammany will do in the White House.

And, speaking of religion, it's time the "weak kneed" Protestants woke up, when threats of this kind are openly made by Roman Catholics.—*Mary Martion.*

—And One About Mary

STEUBENVILLE, OHIO—Believe me, here's one girl that would like to get mixed up in a hair pulling stunt with that baby, Mary Martion.

I am a Protestant and a stronger or more religious Methodist than I am can't be found, but I'm telling you right now that after reading such a letter as Mary Martion's I would be willing to vote for Mr. Smith twenty times.—*Mary Louise Johnson.*

The Age of Speed

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—I am kind of glad to see the end of *Lil* and *Sandy* and *Sandy, Jr.*, in the near future.

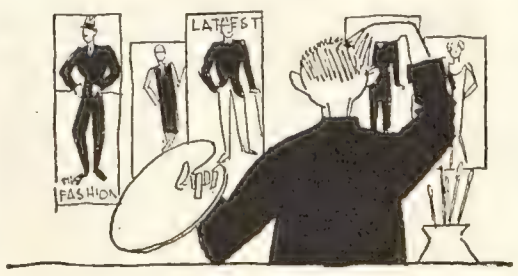
Sandy, Jr., was born a one-year-old. After four weeks his mother, *Lil*, went in swimming and was, apparently, ready to dive off a fifteen foot platform. At five weeks he saluted the flag.

If this rapid progress keeps up, in a year he will be dying from the infirmities of old age.—*E. R. Cotton.*

Yes, But We Wouldn't Let Leslie Draw Those

ROCK FALLS, ILL.—I am crazy about *Lil* and *Sandy* and "It's a Boy," too. Too crazy about them, in fact, to want them to suffer from the heat!

Please, Mr. Thrasher, why, on July 4, when the heat was so terrific, did *Lil* wear that long sleeved dress,



and why did *Sandy* have on his coat and necktie to sit on the porch and see the parade go by? As for poor *Sandy, Jr.*, my pity is unlimited!

I haven't had a little loud speaker yet, but when I do, believe you me that on July 4 the blue silk quilted blanket will be in the cedar press. And my *Sandy* will bare his beautiful bronzed biceps and his angular Adam's apple, and as for me—unmentionables, no more!—*B. M. R.*

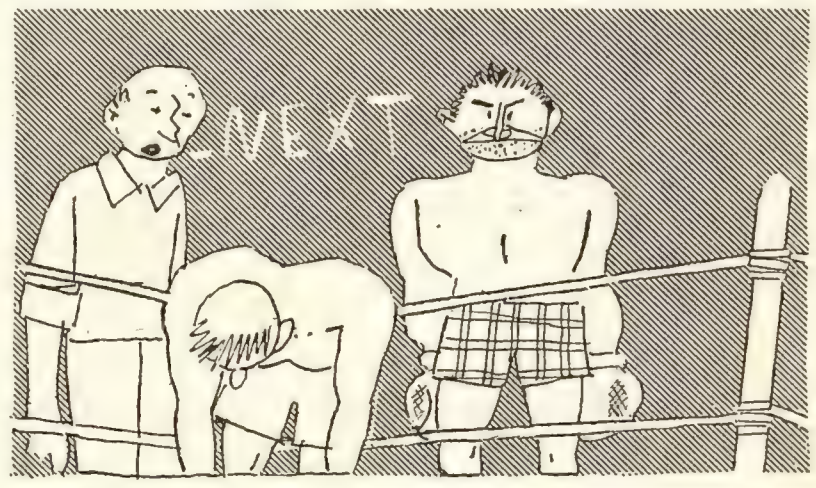
Nobody's Kidding Him

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Don't let 'em kid you, Leslie. When you quit working for LIBERTY, my nickel goes in the candy store register.—*Nan, the Cover Fan.*

Explaining the Wine

NEW YORK, N. Y.—LIBERTY carried an editorial which questioned the right of churches to take sides on the issue of prohibition. It also referred to the fact that Jesus furnished wine for a certain wedding and offered this fact as proof that Jesus was not an ardent prohibitionist.

As to the first proposition: Churches, as a rule, are against drinking. They are also against rape, murder, theft, arson, perjury, or any other thing which injures society. There is no moral law, perhaps, against drinking. But drinking is a harm to society in general and that is reason enough for organized society to fight it.



As to the wine Jesus furnished at the wedding. Even granting, for the sake of argument, that Jesus was divine, we must still admit that He was also a man. Also, to some extent He must have been a man of His time. And in that time men approved of wine. They also approved of slavery, the civil rule of the priest, and many other things which we do not believe in today.

Jesus, when He lived, abode by the laws of the land in which He happened to be. Are the editors of LIBERTY willing to do the same?—*G. R. Spencer.*

But Wolheim Created the Rôle in the Spoken Drama

READING, PA.—What ho? I think Frederick J. Smith has been affected by the heat. In speaking about "Tempest," he said: ". . . Louis Wolheim, the immortal *Captain Flagg* of 'What Price Glory.'"

Hee! If that person they called "Victor McLaglen" was really Louis Wolheim—well, poor Lon Chaney doesn't stand a chance any more as a character actor.—*L. B.*

What Is This Supposed to Answer?

LOUISVILLE, KY.—In answer to your recent attacks on the colored race in Vox Pop, why does it take 5,000 of your people to lynch one of my race?—*John L. Allen—The New Negro.*

As a Non-Reader Sees Us

SALVATION ARMY HOME (No address given)—To *hell* with LIBERTY! It's the rottenest mag on the gloube.

LIBERTY'S sex stories are too dull. They don't speak plain enough about the facts of life. They're too polite, if you get me. LIBERTY is just punk and no well bread personell read it. At least I don't, and I am not afraid to sign my name either.—*Nellie Pugh.*

P. S. Bet you don't print this.

Are We Bitten or Kissed?

AMORY, MISS.—Praise Allah for Vox Pop! It is a far greater sin to be a bore than a liar.—*Ormond P.*

We Stand Corrected

PORTLAND, ORE.—As one of the few remaining witnesses of the Dempsey-La Blanche fight, I wish to thank Sidney Sutherland for the pleasure it has given me to read his account of Jack Dempsey's life.

I saw the Nonpareil in several fights in California. One in particular, in which he licked two men in one night in the same ring in Fresno.

Now, Sid made only one error. The great Dempsey-La Blanche fight did not take place in the Old Mechanics Pavilion in San Francisco. It took place in the California Athletic Club Building on Montgomery Street.

Aside from that, his narrative was great.—*J. V. Burke.*

Well, You Never Can Tell

CUBA, ILL.—I have just finished reading the finest short story LIBERTY has ever published: "Too Late," by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding.

I was surprised that LIBERTY, after giving its readers so much trash, could bring them such a superb effort.—*Richard Inman.*

Maybe It Needs Irritating

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Your "Twenty Questions" and "Answers" only irritate the nation's mind, and should be left out entirely.—*Lee Hamilton.*

The Modern Boy Gets a Little Attention

CHICAGO, ILL.—My dad and me, we had a good laugh at that article called "The Modern Boy." The one written by that bird that needed money but wouldn't sign his name. And no wonder!

He'd have had something real to yell about if he'd been like me. My mother ran away from my dad and me when I was a year old and we had to get along the best we could.

Now this guy wants us to cry over him because all he had was a good

Pop

home and good eats and good clothes and a good education. Gee, how tough! And all he could get out of it was training in how to be a good liar.

Why did you print him and what did you pay him?—*R. H.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—That article, "The Modern Boy," smacked the well known nail right on the head. While reading this "confession" it was brought home to me with a bang that,

where children are concerned, forbidden fruit tastes the sweetest.

The father who says: "My son, I don't mind if you take a drink or two, but don't make a fool of yourself," is much more likely to have a truth telling son than the father who says: "My son, I'd rather see you dead than taking a drink."

Undoubtedly, because of this forbidden fruit lure, our boys and girls are drinking more than they ever drank before. Why, I came on a group of youngsters—just kids—the other day, and what do you think they were playing? Not marbles, or tops. They were playing a game they called "bootlegger." They had a lot of bottles spread out on a long board, and were "serving drinks."

You see, they were simply copying the boys and girls of high school age. —*J. Hardwick.*

(No address given)—May I take the liberty of congratulating "The Modern Boy" for putting into print what thousands of us "going to the devil" generation have been trying to say for years?

I am a modern girl and have often *craved* to delve into this "problem" and discover why we are misunderstood.

But for comfort I refer my fellow sufferers to Emerson, who states: "To be great is to be misunderstood."—*A Modern Girl.*

(No address given)—Whew! That modern boy needs attention. Any boy, or rather young man, that would write an article like that one does need attention.

His parents must be pretty dumb not to know that this is the age of cigarette consuming females and liquor lapping males, and also that they possess one of such.

What are we modern girls going to do? If we give liberties we are talked about, and if we don't we never see the boy friend again.

I'm sixteen (just turned last month) and am quite perplexed as to what course to take. Shall I be a nice little respectable plain Jane and sit on the porch for the remaining part of the summer, or shall I give these modern boys kisses every time that they want them?—*Peg Mulholand.*

SUPERIOR, WIS.—I am writing to thank "The Modern Boy" for giving me so much consolation. I had always thought that I alone was leading the life of fear. Fear of what would be found out next.

I am a minister's daughter, and therefore an "example." But if matters stay as they have been I won't be a very good example before long. I've had the desire, for some months, to run away from home and to lead the life I have always longed for.

To live in constant fear is agony, and it seems as though nothing could ever be done to remedy our parents' attitude toward us.

I am also a professional at lying, and all the way through I sympathized and almost wept with the story.

The only advice I can give to "The Modern Boy" is to wait and wait for the time when he will be separated from his parents—and then have his fling.—"*The Modern Girl.*"

Why, Peggy!

PORTLAND, ORE.—I have just finished reading "I Learn to Fly," by Richard Carroll.

Since reading these articles I have a wild desire to fly, fly, and fly! I could just feel how it would be to be flying through space.

May Richard continue to fly.—*Peggy.*

Sergeant York on the Firing Line

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.—In regard to Sergeant York's diary. First of all, if Sergeant York had been in the war in '14, '15, or '16 he would have had something else to do besides keeping a diary.

The German army was nothing but a shell to what it was in '14, '15, and '16, and on the verge of exhaustion in '17 when Sergeant York stepped in and captured 132 of these worn out German soldiers. When LIBERTY comes out and deliberately says that York was the most picturesque and heroic figure in the war, it is too much for any Canadian to digest.

Where in the name of all that is good and bad were these American heroes, that we hear so much about ten years after the war, when the war was going on? I guess that they were in seclusion writing diaries when the British forces were saving Britain as well as the United States from the powers of the Kaiser.

I suppose that Sergeant York was with the brigade of American soldiers that passed through Calgary in the summer of '17, showing the people in Canada how well they could play baseball. I will admit that they were good ball players—much better than the Canadian soldier at this game—but not quite so good at the game of fighting the Germans.—*E. L. Bulger.*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Ho ho! For a while I was under the impression that General Mitchell won the war, but seems as if that was a false impression. Seems now as if it really was ex-Corporal York and his little diary that won it.

Ho ho!—*Ex-Corporal John T. Kelly—23d Infantry, A. E. F.*

FROM THE SOUTH.—Ho ho, and Sergeant York's diary is a lot of hooey.

Why in 'ell don't you call your magazine Liarberty?—*Paul Vincent —A Mountaineer.*

WILKES BARRE, PA.—As a soldier I think Sergeant York would make a peach of a Red Cross nurse. And how he can sling the "cow's husband"!—*J. Hanis.*

The Magnificent Male

SCRANTON, PA.—What's all this Vox Pop argument about corsets for men?

I happen to know that corsets were originally a men's garment, as

were also high heeled slippers. Going back to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we find that there existed, at that time, the most courageous, bold, and dashing *real men* that the world could possibly hold, yet they wore corsets, high heels, silk stockings, velvets, lace, powder, and rouge, all of which were *copied* by the women.

So, primarily, these articles of clothes are not feminine.

I once took a four day barnstorming trip with a basket ball championship team of real sturdy, hard playing, tough fellows, and got the surprise of my life when I caught (each separately) *all* of them using their powder puffs.—*G. A. B.—All Man.*

"Our Herbert"

DENVER, COLO.—Some time ago you printed an article, "Smith and Hoover," by James C. Young. It had a few good pro-Hoover arguments in it, but not nearly enough.

Think of the grasp of international relations our Herbert has. And it's become more and more important to have, as President, a man who can't be buncoed by foreign powers. Think of the enthusiasm Hoover rouses in those who've worked with him! Think of the organizing jobs he's done—the tremendous size and scope of them! Think of the fact that his travels have shown him the whole world. A big man. Mighty big.

And there's nothing showy about him. No false front. It's significant that Smith, when he was younger, spent a lot of time in amateur theatricals. Fact is, he's still an actor. And a *bad* actor!—*A Hoover Fan.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Mr. Boss of Vox Pop, will you please ask Mr. Editor of LIBERTY to give us a good article? And when I say a good article, I mean an article about Herbert Hoover, the next President of the United States.

The well known Smith may have been all right as a big frog in a small pond, but what a small frog he would be in a pond as big as the Presidency. He is, perhaps, of gubernatorial caliber. But he is not of presidential caliber.—*R. Kearny.*

Hands for Hall

CHICAGO, ILL.—"Just Passing Through," by Norman S. Hall, was the best short story dealing with the war that I have thus far read.

I cannot understand how a reader who was in the advanced battle areas during the war could help but pause and dwell over some of the choice descriptions. They gave me a feeling of "vague nostalgia" for some of those sleepy little towns along the Somme, where I was billeted.

The reading time was supposed to be 15 minutes 20 seconds. I took nearly an hour!—*B. Martin.*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Wait for the storm from the dim wits protesting against Norman S. Hall's "Just Passing Through." But, as for me, when someone proves to me that life portrayed in its true light is harmful to our morals, I will quit LIBERTY. Not until.—*J. W. W.*

Everywhere
. . . the Sun takes his toll
scorches
sickens

THE caress of warm wind on brown arms, strong muscles cleaving crystal water . . . the heart of youth beats strong in summer!

But then, without warning—*sunburn!* Fiery, ugly skin—sleepless nights, wretched days . . . Take no chances!

Be ready with Unguentine.

This is the dressing surgeons use for sunburn as for all burns. It soothes at once, prevents serious inflammation, guards against the sickening toxins that form in the injured tissues—spread it on at the first sign of redness. You are protected against further exposure. The precious outdoor hours are saved.

Apply Unguentine before exposure, too. You are assured of a healthy tan, without painful burning. At your druggist's, 50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York.
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Unguentine

Be ready for sunburn with this famous dressing

The Sleep Burglar

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

THE evening was so hot, Lil felt that even a bean for supper would choke her. And the thought of one asparagus tip would have sent the calmest vegetarian's epiglottis into an attack of gastronomic St. Vitus.

After a three-day heat wave, the jaded spirits of the wilted inhabitants in the Morses' home town were as pitiful as a grain field after a seventeen-year locust banquet.

Mrs. Sumner, the Morses' across the street neighbor, had chosen the menu for her dinner and bridge party a week before—during a cold rainstorm!

"I always tell Howard," she was telling Sandy, who was suffering agony trying to swallow thick split pea soup, "that hot foods in hot weather cool a person off."

"Maybe sometimes, but not always," Sandy mumbled to himself. And, to the embarrassment of the guests' ears, he drank his soup with a street cleaner's brush sound.

This week's cover picture

Lil shot him an accusing stare. He always made that noise at home—but in company! And at soda fountains he always tried sucking up the bottom of the glass. She nervously told the funny (?) story about the tramp knocking for food at his own door. Everybody laughed, although nobody had caught the point, Lil having told it wrong. They all wanted to relax into passive silence; but, as dinner guests, convention kept their weary tongues wagging faster and faster.

"This weather makes our hearts go out in sympathy for our missionary in Liberia," the minister said in a pulpit tone.

"I thought they had snow there all year," Lil *faux pased,* confusing Liberia with Siberia, "and that even the bread lines wore sable."

Everybody had another good laugh at this stupid remark, thinking Lil knew better.

"Which reminds me," contraltoed the minister's pompous better half, who was now dodging bones in a square inch of some kind of fish, "that I have only three articles for our August missionary barrel: two roller skates and a talking machine record!"

"I'll donate some itchy flannels," Mr. Sumner offered.

"I'll send some nice rag rugs," Lil smiled. During the roast beef course, she hoped Sandy wouldn't demand a well done slice, seeing that the meat looked very underdone.

How could she swallow one of those big potatoes? Or the thick slices of eggplant? She longed for a house pet's under the table presence! And the bounteous salad made her gasp: a great mound of something or other balancing a dab of pink tinted whipped cream.

"Put the melted dish of cream at Mr. Sumner's place," the hostess whispered to the hired for the occasion waiter, serving the dessert course. "He won't notice. Give the nicest looking dish to Mrs. Jenkins—one of the shell shapes."

Looking at the green glacier running around the dessert plate, and then at her own neat serving, Lil feigned a cough in order to giggle behind her napkin.

Lil wondered whether the pink plush of the chair back was coming off on her new white silk. Sandy felt that he was sitting on a stove, sinking lower and lower upon the red hot coals.

"Do we all feel like cards?" Mrs. Sumner asked, thinking that the bonbons must have blended into one messy lump. Of course, they didn't. But they took their places with polite remarks.

Three hot hours later Lil and Sandy mopped their brows at home and leaned over the crib. Before retiring, they always looked at the baby and argued whether his full face resembled Lil's, his profile Sandy's, or vice versa.

"Let me rest my head upon the hay," Sandy groaned. "We never should have gone out on such a hot night."

"If everybody had backed out, all the food would've been wasted," Lil told him. "Here, dear, better take several soda mints."

It was 2 A. M. when the Great Mosquito Symphony favored them with their latest song hit—an unprecedented agony of stings. Bzzzzzzz!

"Get up, dear." Lil was shaking Sandy's arm. "The fly swatter is behind the sitting room clock. There must be a hole in the netting. I'm all bitten—chewed up!"

In a jiffy he had the swatter. With rapid swings, he left a gooey carnage trail upon the walls. Then he sank down, suffering an after the battle nervousness.

"Ouch!" Lil suddenly yelled. "Get him—that big fat one! Quick!"

(Next week's cover adventure: Puppy Love!)

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8-18-28

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Baseball's Blackest DAY

The Sad Saga of a Giant Mistake

By HUGH FULLERTON

(Reading time: 5 minutes 40 seconds.)

THERE is a long ago ball game, forgotten by all save the few survivors of the 5,000 who witnessed it, which was one of the most dramatic and sensational in the history of the sport.

That was the opening game of the World's Series of 1889, played October 18 (they played late in those days, often after snow fell) at the old Polo Grounds.

The Giants were led by John M. Ward, one of the famous early figures of the sport, who died recently, full of years and honors. The Brooklyn team, champion of the American Association, was captained by O'Brien, whose fame is as dim as Ruth's will be forty years from now.

It was Ward—a man renowned for his brainy playing and quick thinking—who, by a blunder in generalship that rivaled John Anderson's famous steal of second with the bases full, seemed to throw away New York's advantage, and, as it proved, came near lifting the despised association into the front rank in baseball. That play stunned the confident New Yorkers and came near giving Brooklyn the championship.

Brooklyn had just managed to beat out the St. Louis Browns, who for four years had been the unbeatable champions, and when a World's Series of six out of eleven games was arranged, the New York fans were more amused than interested. They had the Manhattan superiority complex even in those days. They regarded Brooklyn as a joke, in spite of the fact that Brooklyn had "Adonis" Terry, Foutz, O'Brien, Collins, Burns, Pinckney, "Pop" Corkhill, Smith, and "Black Bill" Clark on its team.

The Giants and their supporters imagined no team could compare with the great aggregation consisting of George Gore, Mike Tiernan, "Buck" Ewing, John Ward, Roger Connor, Hardy Richardson, Whitney, and Tim Keefe—the greatest array of stars of that era.

Five thousand spectators came to witness the first game of the series.

Brooklyn showed lack of awe for the great Giants from the start. They attacked the pitching of Tim Keefe fiercely and held the lead, because Terry, using his sweeping overhand curve freely, offset the fielding flaws of Brooklyn by his pitching.

Brooklyn was leading into the seventh inning eight to five, and seemed sure victors. But in their half of the inning the Giants' great hitting power showed. They started bombarding Terry. The Brooklyn infield cracked under the assault. New York scored five runs and led ten to eight.

The day was overcast and raw. Play had been delayed by heavy hitting and by wrangling over the decisions of Gaffney—"the king"—and Ferguson. In those days, when players wrangled they wrangled, and everything from verbal abuse to spiking feet was considered part of the game.

Darkness was coming when Brooklyn went to bat in the last half of the eighth inning. It was doubtful whether the inning could be completed, in which case the score would revert to the end of the seventh, with the Giants victorious.

When Terry was retired on an easy bounder to Keefe, the New York rooters smiled pityingly upon the pretenders from across the bridge (the Brooklyn Bridge was finished a few years earlier) and laughed at the association. But Visner, the weak hitting center fielder, smashed a hard drive to right field. Smith fouled out to Whitney at third base, and the game seemed near an end.

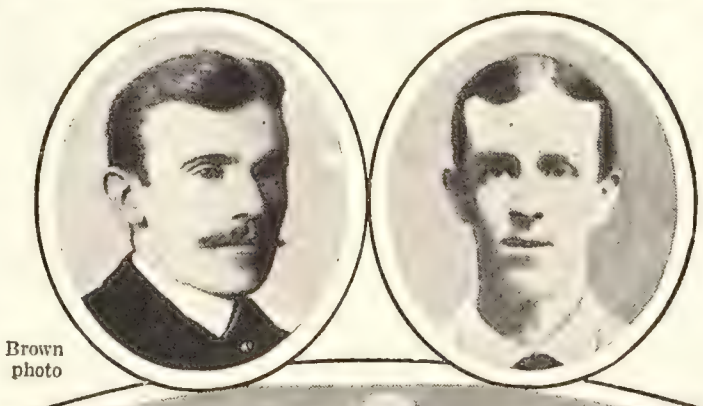
Keefe was pitching hard because Captain

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

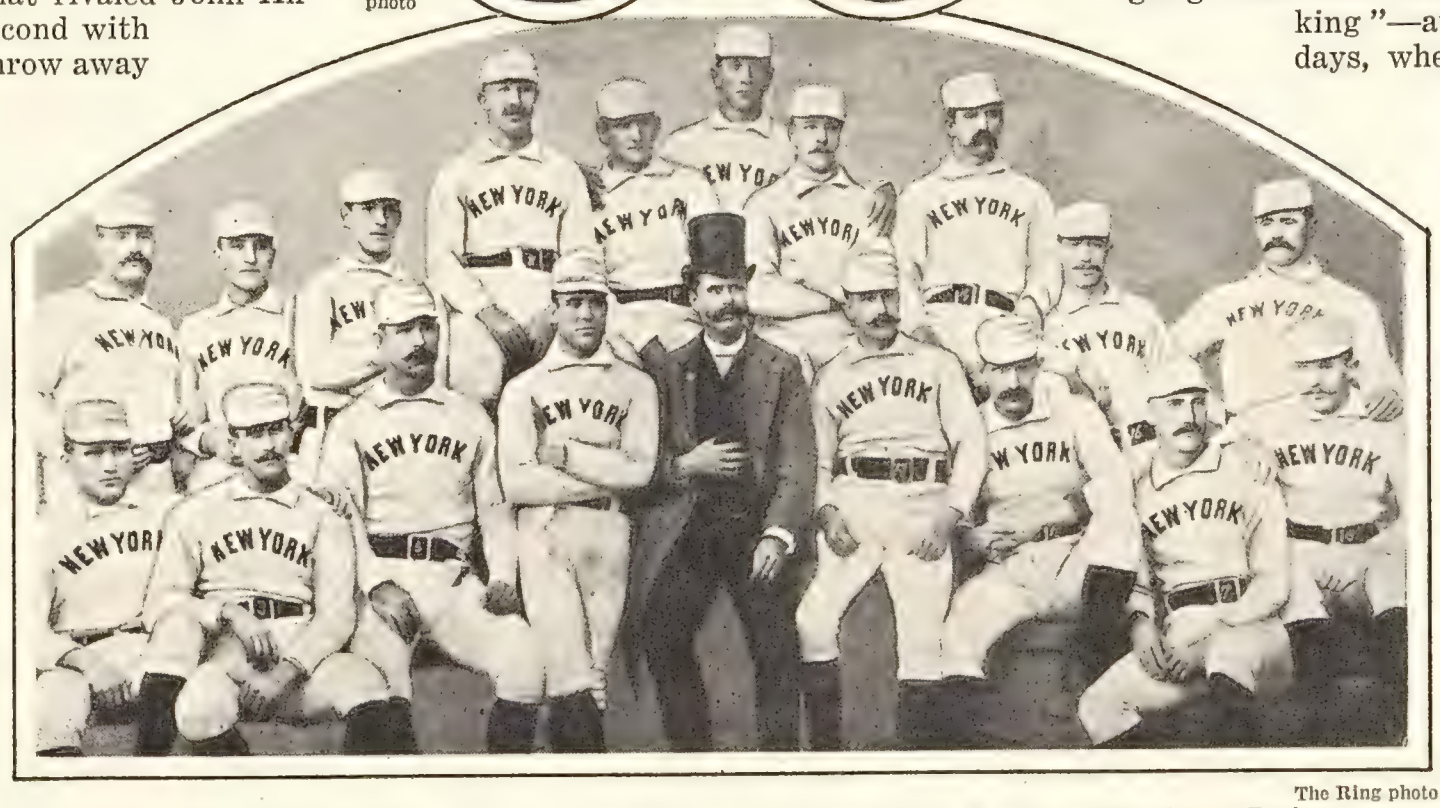
The Ring photo

The Brooklyn team of 1889. Standing (left to right)—Smith, Corkhill, Terry, Foutz, O'Brien, Bushong, and Visner. Seated—Pinckney, Carruthers, Collins, Manager McGunnigle, Burns, Clark, and Lovett. Seated on floor—Hughes.

Foutz walked off second base deliberately. Ward tagged him.



Brown photo



The Ring photo

The Giants of 1889. Back row (left to right)—Gore, Foster, Slattery, Ewing, Brown, Tiernan, Hatfield, O'Rourke, George, and Crane. Front row—Richardson, Titcomb, Connor, Welch, Manager Mutrie, Whitney, Keefe, Murphy, and Ward. Above, in ovals, Ward (left) and Foutz (right), the principals in the deciding putout.

[BASEBALL'S BLACKEST DAY] Continued from page fifty-five

O'Brien was a dangerous batter, and he forced him to hit a slow bounder down to Hardy Richardson at second base. Richardson fumbled, then kicked the ball so far that Visner scored.

The issue was up to Collins. He smashed a long, looping fly out to center field. It looked to be an easy chance, but the shadows were heavy. Gore started toward the falling ball. He lost sight of it in the darkness, stopped, started again, ran under the ball, which fell back of him, and before he could retrieve it O'Brien had crossed the plate, the score was tied, the crowd was in an uproar, and a half riot was in progress as the excited gamblers, who had wagered three to one on New York, yelled for the umpires to call the game on account of darkness.

There was a slight delay—a conference of the umpires, who scanned the sky anxiously. Gaffney ordered play resumed, and an instant later Burns crashed out a two-base hit, put Brooklyn in the lead, and increased the demonstration in the stands.

The Giants immediately commenced delaying and stalling for time. But at that moment the sky seemed to lighten as the clouds drifted away, and the umpires refused to stop play. Foutz hit down to Whitney, who lost, or pretended to lose, sight of the ball in the darkness, allowing it to get past him, and Burns scored, Foutz reaching second base.

It was evident that the majority of the Giants, especially Whitney, thought it too dark to play another inning. As Pinckney came to bat the darkness was so great the spectators began lighting matches and burning pieces of paper in the stands to influence the umpires.

Gaffney, behind the plate, was of the opinion that the darkness was too great to play, while Ferguson, who was out on the field, believed it light enough to see batted balls. Their decision meant a great deal. If they said it was dark, New York won the game. If they decided it was possible to play, Brooklyn had a big advantage.

After a moment of consultation, the umpires decided it was necessary to stop play on account of darkness.

Gaffney was walking back toward the plate, intending to announce the decision, when Foutz, the lanky first baseman, guessed what their decision would be. He walked off second base deliberately. Ward, who had the ball in his hands, leaped over the base and tagged Foutz.

Gaffney was just reaching the plate when the yell of Ward caused him to turn. He said afterward he was just opening his mouth to yell, "Game called on account of darkness," awarding victory to the Giants, when he heard Ferguson yell, "Out!" and saw Ward tagging the grinning Foutz. Ward, by his impulsive act, had solved the problem.

Brooklyn, inspired by its initial victory, fought desperately and won three of the first four games, and seemed to put the association in commanding position. Finally, however, class told. The Giants won five straight games, taking the final victory on October 29, after the ground had frozen and snow had fallen, and were proclaimed world's champions.

THE END

THE BOX SCORE

October 18, 1889

NEW YORK

	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Gore, cf	5	1	1	2	0	0
Tiernan, rf	5	1	2	0	0	0
Ewing, c	4	0	1	3	0	0
Ward, ss	2	1	2	3	2	1
Connor, 1b	3	3	0	10	0	0
Richardson, 2b	4	3	3	3	3	1
O'Rourke, lf	4	0	2	1	1	0
Whitney, 3b	4	0	0	1	2	0
Keefe, p	3	1	1	1	4	0
Total	34	10	12	24	12	2

BROOKLYN

	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
O'Brien, lf	5	2	1	2	0	2
Collins, 2b	5	4	3	2	2	1
Burns, rf	5	3	4	1	0	1
Foutz, 1b	5	0	2	5	1	0
Pinckney, 3b	4	0	0	5	1	0
Clark, c	4	1	1	3	3	0
Terry, p	4	1	1	1	1	0
Visner, cf	2	1	1	1	0	0
Corkhill, cf	2	0	1	2	0	0
Smith, ss	4	0	0	2	3	0
Total	40	12	14	24	11	4

New York	0	2	0	2	1	0	5	0	—	10
Brooklyn	5	1	0	0	0	0	2	4	—	12

Earned runs—New York 1, Brooklyn 6. First base on errors—New York 2, Brooklyn 2. Left on bases—New York 5, Brooklyn 4. Total bases—New York 18, Brooklyn 24. Two-base hits—Ewing, Collins 2, Burns 2, Foutz. Three-base hit—O'Rourke. Home runs—Richardson and Collins. Bases on balls—Off Terry 5. Sacrifice hits—O'Rourke, Foutz, and Pinckney. Struck out—By Terry 3, by Keefe 2. Double plays—Smith, Pinckney, and Foutz. Passed ball, Clark. Time of game—2 hours 14 minutes. Umpires—Gaffney and Ferguson.

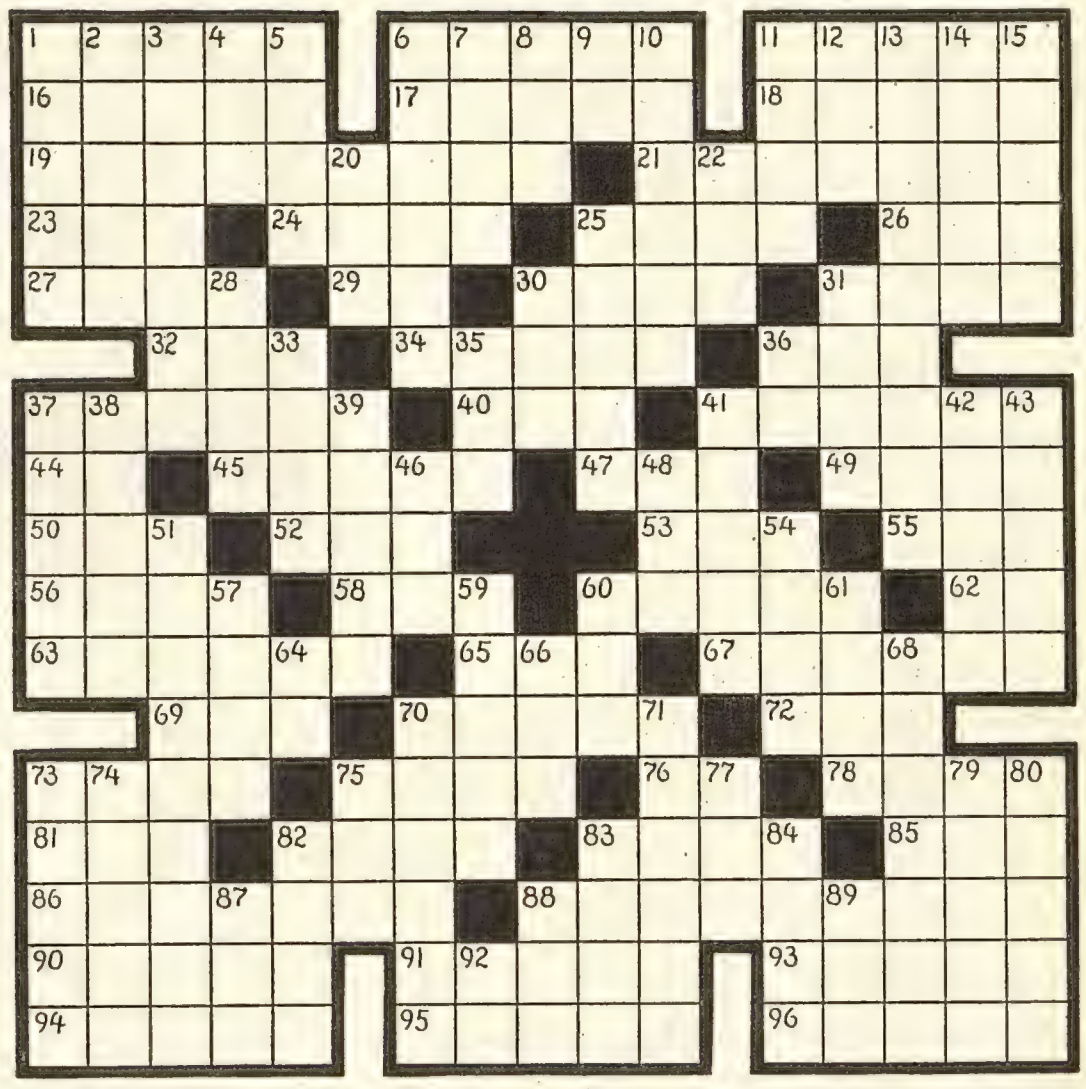
TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page seventy-four)

1—What is a Manxman?
2—Where is the Blarney Stone?
3—What is a bill of indictment?
4—What is called the Gopher State?
5—What is neat's-foot oil?
6—Where is the Mohave Desert?
7—Who was Bacchus?
8—Who is the United States Ambassador to France?
9—What caused the sinking of the Titanic in 1912?
10—What is the capital of Abyssinia?
11—What is jetsam?
12—Is tin an elementary metal or an alloy?
13—Who wrote Robinson Crusoe?
14—Who was the last of the Stuart dynasty to be Queen of England?
15—What is sometimes called the City of Seven Hills?
16—What was the Charter Oak and where was it?
17—What is the value, in United States currency, of a yen?
18—Is New York north or south of Paris?
19—What is a binnacle?
20—Who was Demosthenes?

Whirligig Puzzle

If you know your Macbeth, the crossing of Horizontal 41 and Vertical 13 will not try you unduly; otherwise, a difficult few minutes may be in store for you at that point.

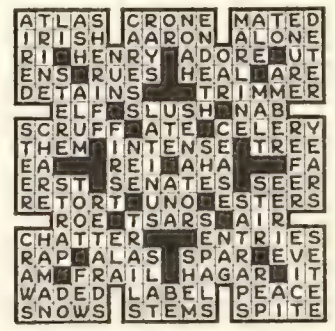


HORIZONTAL

1 Cripples
6 Stores
11 Crude
16 Apparent
17 Strengthening medicine
18 Supposed emanation (plural)
19 Pertaining to Bengal
21 Remainder
23 Silkworm
24 Blood
25 A fish
26 An insect
27 Remain
29 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
30 Part of the neck
31 Withered
32 Degraded
34 Stalks
36 Owns
37 The goal in basketball
40 Sheep
41 Character in Macbeth
44 Month of the Jewish year
45 Relieved of strain
47 Propeller
49 Gullies
50 Evil
52 Beam
53 Pronoun
55 Letter of the Greek alphabet
56 Utilized
58 A color
60 Divinely supplied food
62 For example (initials)
63 Succession of things
65 Note of Guido's scale
67 In abundance
69 Eggs
70 Clips
72 Parity
73 Inlet of the Baltic Sea
75 Native of Latvia
76 Symbol for tantalum
78 Stitched
81 Anglo-Saxon coin
82 Jackdaws
83 Compensation for work
85 Pronoun
86 Cake made of oats
88 Those preferred above others
90 Vapor
91 River in Germany
93 Inactive
94 Trials
95 Painful spots
96 Beasts of burden

VERTICAL

1 Division of the lungs (plural)
2 Avoid
3 Those employed in servile offices
4 Measure of work
5 Deer
6 Cubic meters
7 Pipe
8 Individual
9 Greek letter
10 Fragments
11 Collection of temporary shelters
12 Conduct, as a business
13 Arabian style of ornamentation
14 Mentally sounder
15 Sofa (variant)
20 Cut off
22 Sooner than
25 Gem carved in relief
28 To couple
30 Fresh
31 Intoned
33 Deteriorate by use
35 Spread for drying
36 Exclamation
37 Hindu gentlemen
38 Degrade
39 Monarchs
41 Fetch
42 Speak
43 American Indian
46 Stare
48 Exclamation
51 Detracts from
54 Fastening device
57 Prima donna
59 Small hollows
60 Plan
61 Exclamation of lament
64 Babylonian deity
66 Landed
68 Son of Agamemnon
70 Drainage systems
71 Part of a barrel (plural)
73 Perch
74 Angry
75 One hundred thousand (variant)
77 Past
79 At which place
80 Cozy abodes
82 Obstructs
83 Diminish
84 Silkworm
87 Domestic animal
88 Tree
89 Those in political power
92 Ejaculation



Answer to last week's puzzle

Brown Makes Its Evening Début

By Mary Brush Williams

An evening dress made for summer in blue chiffon, or for autumn in coppery brown moiré. It has the molded hipline and the so-called "peacock" silhouette.

THE large illustration on this page is valuable for incorporating so many of the movements that go to make up the fashions of the hour. Movements new and old these are, of the hair, the waistline, the neckline, the figure, none of which is startlingly novel, but all of which blend into the most approved 1928 silhouette. We thought the débutante slouch was dead, didn't we? Yet here it shows in its old intensity, re-enforcing other movements into something quietly new while relieved of the stigma of sensational novelty.

The costume represents what you might call a synthetic fashion, compiled out of many a style of many a moment into something that stands for our second of time. Chief among the movements emphasized by that débutante slouch is the up in the front and down in the back slide to the outline, which is so popular that we are asking whether it will ever die.

If the peacock was the first to spread his tail into an immortalization of this style movement, the young girl is an able standard bearer to carry it on. The outline is far more popular with her, and more spontaneously adopted by her, without enforcement on the part of style makers, than ever was the typical *robe de style*, of which it is an offshoot.

The chances are that nine dresses out of ten for evening occasions will be cut upon these lines, with the molded hip, which is given a more certain grace by the downward flow of the skirt in the back.

The low décolletage of the costume repeats the oval movement of the cord going in a diagonal lift from back to front around the waist. For the present weeks, if you can arrange to have a sunburned neck when you wear the gown, this will add to your chic.

This model is good at the moment in printed chiffon, but at so late a summer date this is scarcely so practical a material as moiré silk. The original models were shown in the former and are now being made in the second material.

The coloring is lovely, being of a deep blue on a background of lighter blue, and sometimes in tones of coppery brown. The skirt consists of a series of loops of the material, hung on the silken cord.

Varnished or lacquered lace distinguishes this blond dinner dress.

Wool and tweed combine in a sweater and skirt costume of gray and white.

A satin dress is worn with a coat of the same material made with the dull side out.

As the costume was worn recently in Paris, the hair was an important feature of the "style movements" embodied in the appearance as a whole. It was allowed to become a little long and was brushed about the head in a swirling movement that had a carefully wind blown effect.

Designers can always be daring in the matter of concocting evening things. Certainly they have not practiced restraint or been conservative in their rendition of the next model, the second from the left, demure as its outline appears at a glance. The dress really reminds one of modern furniture, and would go well with much of it. The varnished or lacquered lace from which the gown is made contributes to its modernistic tone, and so does the color, which is blond.

This dress is made with a sort of bolero drapery front and back, held in place with a jeweled belt which does not show under the bodice in the picture. The huge diamond shoe buckles of one wearer, together with the diamond bracelets, made the frock quite glitter. The blond tint of this costume and blues of various shades were just about the only colors worn at the Opera Ball in Paris this season.

OUR design at the left is a striking ensemble in onionskin brown satin, run across front and back with diagonal rows of hemstitching. The silhouette is drawn in at the waistline with an unusual belt that interlaces in its fastening, like a certain puzzle in two links that used to intrigue us into spending hours trying to unlock it.

The coat is of the same material and color, made with the dull side out and edged with red brown sealskin—the old fashioned fur in the brand new color for autumn. If you would be smart, wear copper color brown, as the artist comments in a letter from Paris.

The third costume from the left is typical of town fashions now. It consists of a woolen sweater and skirt, and is worn to the smartest luncheons with diamond rings and bracelets. The sweater is in white mixed with milk gray in a lozenge design. The skirt of coarse gray and white tweed has godets that flare to the front. The unpretentious hat is of gray felt trimmed with a lighter gray ribbon. Shoes worn with the costume are of gray lizard.

Lovely are the lines in this dress of beige crêpe satin, worn by Lady Louis Mountbatten.

Lady Diana Cooper chose this princesse frock from Irfé, made of black brocaded satin.

Is the Princesse Coming Back?

By Bettina Bedwell

Paris, July 23.

ARE modern fashions making us lose our natural beauty? Are they filching from us our pride of appearance?

I was talking with a famous painter, a noted American actor, and a woman of great wealth who goes in for philanthropy rather than fashion. This important trio, representing the lay public in the purely disinterested sense, agreed in the astonishing statement that fashions today are driving the women who follow them straight to the perdition of ugliness.

I asked them, "Just how is this terrible ruin of feminine pride and beauty being brought about by fashion?"

They had the answer all ready. They are old friends and this was obviously an old discussion with them. All right—this is how they look at us in the clothes we wear. Our clothes—dresses and coats—are shapeless garments, bagged and puffed and ruffled to conceal completely any natural God-given figure. Our heads are shorn of our crowning glory. And that isn't enough. We slavishly follow a fashion which further suppresses any beauty of hair by covering our heads with skin-tight skullcaps. And, according to these (as it were) experts, we don't dare to look long in mirrors, because what we see there is too devastating; so we take a peek and shuffle along, since our pride of looks is lost by what we wear.

Now, there *is* something in all of this, but I am of an inquiring mind, and I was born near enough to the Missouri line to demand a showdown. So I have gone around this week, which is the *Grande Semaine*, the culmination of the most brilliant social season that Paris has seen for many years, to see if any antidote for shapelessness is being offered by fashion. And, just to prove the point, I took two of this trio of critics along with me.

We discovered a silhouette about which I have already spoken to you, and which even these skeptics agree is conducive to, and not destructive of, beauty and all its pride. The princesse line has come back for the few who have a hand in making the smartest of fashions. Is it coming back for the many?

The princesse silhouette is one that demands a figure beneath, and if we are not, for all of our athletic cult, a set of human clotheshorses, or overly cushioned like the living room davenport, the princesse line is one that will greatly increase our charms. It already has the indorsement of ladies who have all the world to choose from when it comes to clothes. Paris style creators like this line, but they are, up to date, using it particularly for important private clients.

I have had Fromenti sketch a number of princesse frocks, so you may decide for yourselves whether you care to indulge in their revealing curves.

OUR first sketch shows a princesse frock worn by Lady Louis Mountbatten. This dress is an eloquent plea for silhouette lines that follow the naturally graceful lines of the figure. It is made of beige crêpe satin, and a series of bands at the hipline, merging into plaits placed at the left side of the skirt, give a particularly fluid grace to the entire silhouette. The scarf collar of self material, caught under a sapphire and diamond pin at the left side, is a distinctive detail.

The second sketch shows still another princesse dress, worn by a very famous lady—Lady Diana Cooper. Not only is this model worn by a celebrated woman, but it is the creation of a princess—Princess Youssoupouf, who designs clothes under the trade name of Irfé. Black brocaded satin makes this gown, which is an exposition of the pure charm of line unadulterated by trimming, because the only trimming used on this frock is a *diamante* buckle placed at the front of the half belt of satin.

At the left, below, is a very smart princesse frock which is worn by a real princess, Princess Faucigny-Lucinge. This dress is made of black crêpe satin, and it is a real streamline gown, with no break from shoulders to hemline. The frock is curved to follow the lines of the upper body, and for grace alone a circular jabot is placed on the right side of the surplice closing and a circular cascading panel placed at the left side of the wraparound skirt. Bands of white crêpe marocain edge the closings and hem, and double bracelets of white crêpe decorate the lower sleeves.

Our fourth sketch shows that it is possible for a modified princesse line to come even into the realm of sports clothes. This Jane Regny sports frock is worn by Lady Fitz-Herbert. The jumper bodice, which is fitted in princesse lines, is made of a new Rodier jersey that looks almost exactly like the old-time crocheted shawls our mothers made, in varying tints of pastel, each spider web circle being in a tint different from the others. The plaited skirt is made of Veronese green Rodier crepella and so is the belt.

The princesse line worn by a princess—a black satin frock banded with white marocain.

Very new is the crocheted sweater on princesse lines made for Lady Fitz-Herbert.

flavor

Soft, summer sunshine. Deep, cool shadows. Luncheon kit overflowing with Heinz good things. Sweet, mixed pickles, crisp and spicy. Sandwiches of creamy peanut butter. Beans baked in real ovens. Plump stuffed olives. Sandwiches filled with a tempting, pickle-y Heinz spread. So very many wonderful things, what good flavor shall we try first?

There are so many, many delicious Heinz *picnic-y* things to eat that half the task of organizing a picnic is done when you call up your grocer and give him your order.

Heinz Peanut Butter, for sandwiches. Made by a special process with no oil on top. A moist and creamy blend full of the flavor of fine Spanish and Virginia nuts . . . *Heinz Sandwich Relish*, piquant with chopped olives and sweet gherkins . . . Mild, yellow *Heinz Mustard* that gives just the right zest to tongue or cheese sandwiches.

Heinz Olives, we grow in Spain and stuffed with spiced red pimentos. . . Crisp, spicy *Heinz Pickles* and *Sweet Gherkins* . . . *Heinz Apple Butter*, with the tang of the sound, ripe apples of which it's made.

And, of course, Heinz famous *Oven-Baked* Beans, with the real oven-baked flavor, good hot or cold.

For 59 years Heinz has been helping to make picnics a success. And *your* picnic will be all the merrier if you take along some of the good things to eat that Heinz makes.

H. J. HEINZ CO., PITTSBURGH

57 flavor

HEINZ GOOD THINGS FOR PICNICS

PLAIN FRENCH DRESSING

½ cup Mazola
3 tablespoons vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon white pepper

Beat thoroughly and use with any vegetable, meat or fish salad. If a sweeter dressing is desired add 1 teaspoon Karo Red Label.

FRESH vegetables are Summer's Greatest Gifts to the appetite. Serve them in abundance — for health, for freedom from warm weather cooking . . .

Either of these recipes will convince you that Mazola, as America's Finest Oil for salads, makes the most delicious Dressings that ever graced a salad.

PIQUANT FRENCH DRESSING

½ cup Mazola
1 teaspoon Karo, Blue Label
2 tablespoons vinegar
2 tablespoons chow-chow
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika

Beat well and serve with any vegetable, fish or cheese salad.

PORCH PARTIES

By
ETHEL SOMERS

INFORMAL parties are ofttimes the most enjoyable of all parties, especially if they have an air of distinction. Novel porch parties that are easily carried out at this season of the year may be made parties *de luxe*. Certainly they are a happy means of informally entertaining one's guests as the summer draws to a close.

From the standpoint of the hostess, porch parties are an ideal means of summertime entertaining. Being markedly informal parties, they achieve success though the refreshments be simple. A unique service with an iced beverage, as shown in the photographs, will create a social stir because it is different.

Among the more elaborate parties for porch service is the ever adaptable bridge party luncheon. Time saving menus that permit previous preparation will make the hostess appear as clever as a magician. Iced four course or tower sandwiches served with a seasonable beverage provide a complete luncheon menu.

Tower sandwiches may be elaborate or simple. The most intricate, perhaps, is the twelve tier toasted entrée. If served from an effective porch table with a removable serving tray, the hostess may serve the complete luncheon unassisted and without leaving the table.

Because of its popularity and distinction as an unusually effective though extremely simple party, we are passing on herewith our porch party bridge luncheon. We wish the pictures might bring to you an adequate conception of pretty yellows, the delicate orange and greens of the setting and food service. It was truly a delightfully airy party, and we were proud to have brought so much of the country club atmosphere and catering to an ordinary city porch.

Four course sandwiches provide the appetizer, meat, salad, and dessert service all in one. Accompanied by a beverage they make a complete luncheon menu.

Four Course or Tower Sandwiches

THESE may be made early in the day and kept well chilled until ready for service. They will provide the entire luncheon menu excepting the beverage. The etiquette of eating such sandwiches is simpler if individual service plates for the sandwich and empty service plates for the eating are used. Card tables, however, do not permit the extra china.

Holders for glasses may be clamped to the porch swing or table.

The first tier of the sandwich provides the appetizer; the next tier the meat sandwich; the third tier the salad; and the fourth or last tier the dessert course, which, if elaborate china service is used, should be eaten directly from the sandwich service plate after removal of the main course dishes.

The combinations used to build up this type of tower sandwich may be varied at will. The one given here, for four persons, is very attractive and well liked in general.

Preparation — (For Four)

- 1 loaf firm, even textured bread, either white or whole wheat
- 4 servings of sliced or minced cold chicken
- 4 half-inch slices of chilled peeled tomato
- 4 pineapple rings
- 4 cherries
- ⅓ to ½ cup walnut meats, peanuts, or blanched almonds
- Mayonnaise
- Shredded lettuce
- Either maple or pineapple cream dressing
- Olives, pimento, caviar, and parsley to garnish

CUT five circular slices of bread, varying in size from a circle as large as the pineapple ring down to a fifth circle as small as a middle slice of hard cooked egg.

In restaurants this is done with a series of cutters progressive in size. At home it may easily be done by making a series of paper circles or wax paper patterns, then cutting the bread with a pair of scissors—20 circles in all for four persons.

Place the largest circle of bread on a paper doily on a colorful glass or china plate. Mount with the slice of pineapple. Fill the center with a cherry.

If home canned pineapple is to be used, slice thinner for the tower sandwich. Cover the pineapple with the maple or pineapple cream dressing and sprinkle with finely chopped nuts.

Add the next size slice of bread buttered (peanut butter, if peanuts are used in the lower layer, is delicious). Spread the butter with a thin layer of mayonnaise, cover with shredded lettuce, and mount with a tomato slice that has been marinated for 1 hour in French dressing or is garnished with mayonnaise.

Add the next size slice of bread buttered and the white chicken meat. Cover with slice four of buttered bread, putting the buttered side down so as to make a sandwich for the chicken mixture.

Mount with the fifth or last slice of buttered bread. Top this with a ¼ inch slice of hard cooked egg, and garnish with caviar and a shredded pimento laid crisscross.

SUMMER days mean porch parties and lawn teas. And of course the guests expect the light and tasty sandwiches, the long, cooling beverages which, somehow, automatically go with such informal functions. On this page will be found a number of enticing warm weather party recipes. Miss Somers will give you hints on how to add savor to dishes served indoors as well. You will find these in the LIBERTY cookbooks. Each book costs but 10 cents, but you may have all three for 25 cents. Use the coupon, please.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢. ☐ Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, 10¢. ☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢. [Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for only 25¢.] I inclose.....cents in payment.
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Maple Cream Dressing

- ½ cup maple syrup
- 1 tablespoon butter
- Few grains salt
- ¼ cup cream or evaporated milk

PUT the maple syrup, butter, and salt in a saucepan. Boil the mixture gently to 237° F. or until, when tried in ice cold water, the syrup can barely be picked up and formed in a ball. Then remove from the fire and add the cream or evaporated milk.

Spread on the pineapple slice and cover with finely chopped nuts.

Pineapple Cream Dressing

- ⅜ cup sugar
- 1½ tablespoon cornstarch
- ½ tablespoon flour
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup pineapple juice
- 1 egg yolk
- ½ tablespoon butter
- ¼ teaspoon vanilla

BLEND the sugar, flour, cornstarch, and salt, and when well mixed stir in the boiling pineapple juice. Stir and cook over the fire until slightly thickened and then let cook without stirring over boiling water for 10 to 15 minutes. Just before removing from the fire, beat in the unbeaten egg yolk, butter, and flavoring. Mix well. Remove from the hot water and cool. Spread on the pineapple and sprinkle it with chopped nuts or coconut.

The circles of the tower sandwich grow smaller as it mounts.

Raspberry Punch

- ¼ cup sugar
- 1½ cups water plus ½ cup charged water, *or* 2 cups plain water
- ⅛ cup lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- Grated rind ⅛ orange
- ⅓ cup orange juice
- ⅔ cup raspberry juice
- ⅓ cup whole raspberries either fresh or canned

COOK the sugar and water (excepting the charged water) for 3 minutes or to 220° F. Cool and add the other ingredients, excepting the charged water. Chill and ice. Add the charged water just before the beverage is served.

Money for Nothing

(Reading time: 26 minutes 20 seconds.)

A THEFT was committed at Rudge Hall, on the edge of a sleepy English village. Priceless heirlooms disappeared. An amazing element in the burglary was the fact that Mr. Lester Carmody, bachelor squire of the Hall, was secretly a party to it.

Dolly Molloy had thought up the scheme. Dolly and her alleged father, "Soapy" Molloy, Americans boasting of millions, were visitors at the Hall. The lowdown on them was: a pair of crooks, really husband and wife.

The proposal Dolly laid before the miserly Mr. Carmody was that Soapy should buy his antiques. And since, being entailed, they couldn't be sold, she brilliantly suggested: "Fake a burglary."

Dr. Twist, crook friend of Soapy's, promised to lend a hand on a share basis. The doctor, who with his assistant, Sergeant Major Flannery, ran a physical culture establishment not far away, agreed to "lift" the goods, pack them in a bag, and leave it in a closet. What Mr. Carmody didn't realize was that the Molloys intended to make a quiet get-away with the bag.

Twist's first attempt was a chilly failure. Hugo Carmody, nephew of Mr. Carmody, saw him and gave chase. Twist escaped at the high price of plunging into a water tank, and Hugo bumped his own head against a tree.

The next day Mr. Carmody cleared the field for crime. He got Hugo off to London by advancing him £500, the purchase price of a share in a night club. And John Carroll, his other nephew, he sent off to jack up the heirloom insurance, advising him to make a night of it.

But John's nerves were jumpy. He rushed back home and would have been on guard but for Pat Wyvern—the elusive girl he was crazy about. Pat lured him into a punt—in spite of the feud that was on between her father and Mr. Carmody. She booked John up for a picnic lunch the following day—and even kissed him. He forgot burglars existed.

The next morning, Bolt, the chauffeur, handed him a ticket for his uncle, saying it was for a bag Mr. Carmody had sent to the railroad station. John dropped it into his pocket, then forgot it in the news of the burglary. And when Sturgis, the butler, confided to him that, going downstairs in the night after whisky, he had caught a glimpse of Twist, all John wanted was solitude in which to think.

IN the punt sat Mr. Carmody. And in Mr. Carmody's hand was a fishing rod.

Part Ten

LEFT alone, John walked to the window and frowned meditatively out. His brain was now working with a rapidity and clearness which the most professional of detectives might have envied. For the first time since his cousin Hugo had come to him to have his head repaired, he began to realize that there might have been something, after all, in that young man's rambling story. Taken in conjunction with what Sturgis had just told him, Hugo's weird tale of finding Dr. Twist burgling the house became significant.

This Twist, now. After all, what about him? He had come from nowhere to settle down in Worcestershire, ostensibly in order to conduct a health farm. But what if that health farm were a mere blind for more dastardly work? After all, it was surely a commonplace that your scientific criminal invariably adopted some specious cover of respectability for his crimes.

Into the radius of John's visions there came Mr. Thomas G. Molloy, walking placidly beside the moat with his dashing daughter. It seemed to John as if he had been sent at just this moment for a purpose. What he wanted above all things was a keen minded, sensible man of the world with whom to discuss these suspicions of his, and who was better qualified for this rôle than Mr. Molloy?

Long since, he had fallen under the spell of the other's magnetic personality and had admired the breadth of his intellect. Thomas G. Molloy was, it seemed to him, the ideal confidant.

He left the room hurriedly, and ran down the stairs.

MR. MOLLOY was still strolling beside the moat when John arrived. He greeted him with his usual bluff kindliness. Soapy, like John some half hour earlier, was feeling amiably disposed toward all mankind this morning.

"Well, well, well!" said Soapy. "So you're back? Did you have a pleasant time in London?"

"All right, thanks. I wanted to see you—"

"You've heard about this unfortunate business last night?"

"Yes. It was about that—"

"I have never been so upset by anything in my life," said Mr. Molloy. "By pure bad luck Dolly, here, and myself went over to Birmingham after dinner to see a show, and in our absence the outrage must have occurred. I venture to say," went on Mr. Molloy, a stern look creeping into his eyes, "that if only I'd been on the spot the thing could never have happened. My hearing's good, and I'm pretty quick on a trigger, Mr. Carroll—pretty quick, let me tell you. It would have taken a right smart burglar to have gotten past me."

"You bet it would," said Dolly. "Gee! It's a pity. And the man didn't leave a single trace, did he?"

"A fingerprint—or it may have been a thumbprint—on the sill of the window, honey. That was all. And I don't see what good that's going to do us. You can't round up the population of England and ask to see their thumbs."

"And outside of that not so much as a single trace. Isn't it too bad! From start to finish not a soul set eyes on the fellow."

"Yes, they did," said John. "That's what I came to talk to you about. One of the servants heard a noise and came out and saw him going down the staircase."

If he had failed up to this point to secure the undivided attention of his audience, he had got it now. Miss Molloy seemed suddenly to become all eyes, and so tremendous was the joy and relief of Mr. Molloy that he actually staggered.

"Saw him?" exclaimed Miss Molloy.

"Sus-saw him?" echoed her father, scarcely able to speak in his delight.

"Yes. Do you by any chance know a man named Twist?"

"Twist?" said Mr. Molloy, still speaking with difficulty. He wrinkled his forehead. "Twist? Do I know a man named Twist, honey?"

"The name seems kind of familiar," admitted Miss Molloy.

"He runs a place called Healthward Ho about twenty miles from here. My uncle stayed there

In Which Beauty, in Distress, Descends to a Bit of Villainy

A Serial by

P. G. WODEHOUSE

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

"A kuk-kuk-kuk . . .?" said Mr. Molloy.

for a couple of weeks. It's a place where people go to get into condition—a sort of health farm, I suppose you would call it."

"Of course, yes. I have heard Mr. Carmody speak of his friend Twist. But—"

"Apparently he called here the other day—to see my uncle, I suppose—and this servant I'm speaking about saw him, and is convinced that he was the burglar."

"Improbable, surely?" Mr. Molloy seemed still to be having a little trouble with his breath. "Surely not very probable? This man Twist, from what you tell me, is a personal friend of your uncle. Why, therefore— Besides, if he owns a prosperous business—"

John was not to be put off the trail by mere superficial argument. *Doctor Watson* may be slow at starting, but, once started, he is a bloodhound for tenacity.

"I've thought of all that. I admit it did seem curious at first. But, if you come to look into it, you can see that the very thing a burglar who wanted to operate in these parts would do is to start some business that would make people unsuspicious of him."

Mr. Molloy shook his head.

"It sounds far-fetched to me."

JOHN'S opinion of his sturdy good sense began to diminish.

"Well, anyhow," he said in his solid way, "this servant is sure he recognized Twist, and one can't do any harm by going over there and having a look at the man. I've got quite a good excuse for seeing him. My uncle's having a dispute about his bill, and I can say I came over to discuss it."

"Yes," said Mr. Molloy in a strained voice. "But—"

"Sure you can," said Miss Molloy, with sudden animation. "Smart of you to think of that. You need an excuse, if you don't want to make this Twist fellow suspicious."

"Exactly," said John.

He looked at the girl with something resembling approval.

"And there's another thing," proceeded Miss Molloy, warming to her subject. "Don't forget that this bird, if he's the man that did the burgling last night, has a cut finger or thumb. If you find this Twist is going around with sticking plaster on him, why, then that'll be evidence."

John's approval deepened.

"That's a great idea," he agreed. "What I was thinking was that I wanted to find out if Twist has a cold in the head."

"A kuk-kuk-kuk . . .?" said Mr. Molloy.

"Yes. You see, the burglar had. He was sneezing all the time, my informant tells me."

"Well, say, this begins to look like the goods," cried Miss Molloy gleefully. "If this fellow has a cut thumb *and* a cold in the head, there's nothing to it. It's all over except tearing off the false whiskers and saying 'I am Hawkshaw, the detective!'

"Say, listen. You get that little car of yours out, and you and I will go right over to Healthward Ho now. You see, if I come along, that'll make him all the more unsuspicious. We'll tell him I'm a girl with a brother that's been whooping it up a little too hearty for some time past, and I want to make inquiries with the idea of putting him where he can't get the stuff for a while.

"I'm sure you're on the right track. This bird Twist is the villain of the piece, I'll bet a million dollars. As you say, a fellow that wanted to burgle houses in these parts just naturally would settle down and pretend to be something respectable. You go and get that car out, Mr. Carroll, and we'll be off right away."

John reflected. Filled though he was with the enthusiasm of the chase, he could not forget that his time today was earmarked for other and higher things than the investigation of the mysterious Dr. Twist of Healthward Ho.

"I must be back here by a quarter to one," he said.

"Why?"

"I must."

"Well, that's all right. We're not going to spend the week-end with this guy. We're simply going to take a look at him. As soon as we've done that, we'll come right home and turn the thing over to the police. It's only twenty miles. You'll be back here again before twelve."

"Of course," said John. "You're perfectly right. I'll have the car out in a couple of minutes."

He hurried off. His views concerning Miss Molloy now were definitely favorable. She might not be the sort of girl he could ever like; she might not be the sort of girl he wanted staying at the Hall; but it was idle to deny that she had her redeeming qualities. About her intelligence, for instance, there was, he felt, no doubt whatsoever.

AND yet, it was with regard to this intelligence that Soapy Molloy was at this very moment entertaining doubts of the gravest kind. His eyes were protruding a little, and he uttered an odd, strangled sound.

"It's all right, you poor sap," said Dolly, meeting his shocked gaze with a confident unconcern.

Soapy found speech.

"All right? You say it's all right? How's it all right? If you hadn't pulled all that stuff—"

"Say, listen!" said Dolly urgently. "Where's your sense? He would have gone over to see Chimp anyway, wouldn't he? Nothing we could have done would have headed him off from that, would it? And he'd have noticed Chimp had a cut finger without my telling him, wouldn't he? All I've done is to make him think I'm on the level and working in cahoots with him."

"What's the use of that?"

"I'll tell you what use it is. I know what I'm doing. Listen, Soapy. You just race into the house and get those knockout drops and give them to me. And make it snappy," said Dolly.

AS when on a day of rain and storm there appears among the clouds a tiny gleam of blue, so now, at those magic words "knockout drops" did there flicker into Mr. Molloy's somber face a faint suggestion of hope.

"Don't you worry, Soapy. I've got this thing well in hand. When we've gone, you jump to the phone and get Chimp on the wire and tell him this guy and I are on our way over. Tell him I'm bringing the kayo drops and I'll slip them to him as soon as I arrive. Tell him to be sure to have something to drink handy and to see that this bird gets a taste of it."

"I get you, pettie!"

Mr. Molloy's manner was full of a sort of awe-struck reverence, like that of some humble adherent of Napoleon listening to his great leader outlining plans for a forthcoming campaign; nevertheless it was tinged with doubt. He had always admired his wife's broad, spacious outlook, but she was apt sometimes, he considered, in her fresh young enthusiasm, to overlook details.

"But, pettie," he said, "is this wise? Don't forget you're not in Chicago now. I mean, supposing you do put this fellow to sleep, he's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Recipe for the best Picnic Dessert in the world:—

Stop at your ice cream dealer's on your way to the picnic and ask for one, two or more Ice Cream DIXIES (depending upon individual appetities) for each one in the party.

You don't have to stint, because DIXIES are only a nickel per. You can carry DIXIES safely because they are tightly sealed against leaking, against dust and contamination. With each DIXIE you get a little wooden spoon, which makes the eating of the ice cream easy and pleasant. There's no dripping and muss, no sticky fingers or soiled clothes.

And the taste—! The best ice cream tastes better in DIXIES because it is frozen right in the DIXIES—all the original flavor and smooth texture is fully preserved. And—only manufacturers of good, pure ice cream are granted the DIXIE Franchise; so you can always be sure of quality, purity and "safety" when you get your ice cream in DIXIES!

INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUP CO., Inc.
Original Makers of the Paper Cup
Easton, Pa.

ICE CREAM
DIXIES

[MONEY FOR NOTHING
Continued from page sixty-three]

going to wake up pretty soon, isn't he? And when he does, won't he raise an awful holler?"

"I've got that all fixed. I don't know what sort of staff Chimp keeps over at that joint of his, but he's probably got assistants and all like that. Well, you tell him to tell them that there's a young lady coming over with a brother that wants looking after, and this brother has got to be given a sleeping draft and locked away somewheres to keep him from getting violent and doing somebody an injury. That'll get him out of the way long enough for us to collect the stuff and clear out.

"It's rapid action now, Soapy. Now that Chimp has gummed the game by letting himself be seen, we've got to move quick. We've got to make our get-away today. So don't you go off wandering about the fields picking daisies after I've gone. You stick around that phone, because I'll be calling you before long. See?"

"Honey," said Mr. Molloy devoutly, "I always said you were the brains of the firm, and I always will say it. I'd never have thought of a thing like this myself in a million years."

II

IT was about an hour later that Sergeant Major Flannery, seated at his ease beneath a shady elm in the garden of Healthward Ho, looked up from the novelette over which he had been relaxing his conscientious mind, and became aware that he was in the presence of Youth and Beauty.

Toward him, across the lawn, was walking a girl who, his experienced eye assured him at a single glance, fell into that limited division of the sex which is embraced by the word Pippin. Her willowy figure was clothed in some clinging material of a beige color, and her bright hazel eyes, when she came close enough for them to be seen, touched in the sergeant major's susceptible bosom a ready chord.

He rose from his seat with easy grace; and his hand, falling from the salute, came to rest on the western section of his waxed mustache.

"Nice morning, miss," he bellowed.

It seemed to Sergeant Major Flannery that this girl was gazing upon him as on some wonderful dream of hers that had unexpectedly come true; and he was thrilled. It was unlikely, he felt, that she was about to ask him to perform some great knightly service for her; but, if she did, he would spring smartly to attention and do it in a soldierly manner while she waited. Sergeant Major Flannery was pro-Dolly from the first moment of their meeting.

"Are you one of Dr. Twist's assistants?" asked Dolly.

"I am his only assistant, miss. Sergeant Major Flannery is the name."

"Oh? Then you look after the patients here?"

"That's right, miss."

"Then it is you who will be in charge of my poor brother?" She uttered a little sigh, and there came into her hazel eyes a look of pain.

"Your brother, miss? Are you the lady—"

"Did Dr. Twist tell you about my brother?"

"Yes, miss. The fellow who's been—"

He paused, appalled. Only by a hair's breadth had he stopped himself from using in the presence of this divine creature the hideous expression "mopping it up a bit."

"Yes," said Dolly. "I see you know about it."

"All I know about it, miss," said Sergeant Major Flannery, "is that the doctor had me into the orderly room just now and said he was expecting a young lady to arrive with her brother, who needed attention. He said I wasn't to be surprised if I found myself called for to lend a hand in a rough-house, because this bloke—because this patient was apt to get verlent."

"My brother does get very violent," sighed Dolly. "I only hope he won't do you an injury."

Sergeant Major Flannery twitched his bananalike fingers and inflated his powerful chest. He smiled a complacent smile.

"Trouble's what I'm here for, miss," said Mr. Flannery bravely.

"He won't do *me* an injury, miss. I've had experience with"—again he stopped just in time, on the very verge of shocking his companion's ears with the ghastly noun "souses"—"with these sort of nervous cases," he amended. "Besides, the doctor says he's going to give the gentleman a little sleeping draft, which'll keep him as you might say 'armless till he wakes up and finds himself under lock and key."

"I see. Yes, that's a very good idea."

"No sense in troubling trouble till trouble troubles you, as the saying is, miss," agreed the sergeant major. "If you can do a thing in a nice, easy, tactful manner without verlence, then why use verlence? Has the gentleman been this way long, miss?"

"For years."

"You ought to have had him in a home sooner."

"I have put him into dozens of homes. But he always gets out. That's why I'm so worried."

"He won't get out of Healthward Ho, miss."

"He's very clever."

IT was on the tip of Sergeant Major Flannery's tongue to point out that other people were clever too, but he refrained—not so much from modesty as because at this moment he swallowed some sort of insect. When he had finished coughing, he found that his companion had passed on to another aspect of the matter.

"I left him alone with Dr. Twist. I wonder if that was safe."

"Quite safe, miss," the sergeant major assured her. "You can see the window's open and the room's on the ground floor. If there's trouble and the gentleman starts any verlence, all the doctor's got to do is to shout for 'elp, and I'll get to the spot at the double and climb in and lend a hand."

His visitor regarded him with a shy admiration.

"It's such a relief to feel that there's someone like you here, Mr. Flannery. I'm sure you are wonderful in any kind of an emergency."

"People have said so, miss," replied the sergeant major, stroking his mustache and smiling another quiet smile.

"But what's worrying me is what's going to happen when my brother comes to after the sleeping draft and finds that he is locked up. That's what I meant just now when I said he was so clever. The last place he was in, they promised to see that he stayed there, but he talked them into letting him out. He said he belonged to some big family in the neighborhood and had been shut up by mistake."

"He won't get round *me* that way, miss."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure, miss. If there's one thing you get used to in a place like this, it's artfulness. You wouldn't believe how artful some of these gentlemen can be. Only yesterday that Admiral Sir Rigby-Rudd toppled over in my presence after doing his bending and stretching exercises, and said he felt faint, and he was afraid it was his heart, and would I go and get him a drop of brandy. Anything like the way he carried on when I

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-SIX]

It *wasn't* my NECKLACE

Or at least so Dot said when we got home.

"Betty," she told me, "you'd have been popular necklace or not. People just love the sparkle and vivacity you had this evening. You were the life of the party. Where'd you ever get the pep?"

Pep! Every woman wants it. And every woman knows how her physical condition can make her draggy and dull. Yet so often she hesitates over the remedy for her heaviness of spirit—her restless, weary irritability with life!

AND so often intelligent people come to distrust all ordinary laxatives, from those so slow they take weeks to act to those that leave the system tired and shaken. Finally, the remedy comes to seem almost worse than the disease . . .

Feen-a-mint is Different

In the first place, you don't gulp it hastily or wash it down with water—you chew it, exactly as you would a delicious bit of chewing gum!

This is important; because you chew it, the tasteless yet almost magically effective laxative principle it contains mixes with the digestive fluids and is released slowly, *the way science meant it to be released.*

In this way Feen-a-mint works *with* the body, not *against* it, and instead of striking a blow without warning, as it were, gently helps the system to help itself. Laxative action is so gentle there's not a trace of griping or cramping, yet at the same time so wonderfully thorough that you feel like a different person. By cleansing the body of the poisons accumulated in the intestines Feen-a-mint goes to the very root of chronic bad-temper, weariness, irritability, "nerves" . . . it is science's answer to the well-nigh universal problem of constipation!

There results a new vitality and a new sense of fitness—a fresh, clear-eyed, up-in-the-morning-early feeling, as men and women everywhere now know.

Stop in at your druggist's today. Get a box of cool, white, mint-flavored Feen-a-mint tablets to carry home with you. You can take one of them at any time, confident of feeling a new person in six to eight hours.

FREE! If you have never tried Feen-a-mint we will gladly send you free samples—together with a free copy of "The Mysterious 35 Feet," an authoritative booklet on constipation, its causes and treatment.

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Send me free samples of Feen-a-mint; also a free copy of "The Mysterious 35 Feet, or 85% of America."

Name_____

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[MONEY FOR NOTHING
Continued from page sixty-four]

just poured half a bucketful of cold water down his back instead, you never heard in your life.

"I'm on the watch all the time, I can tell you, miss. I wouldn't trust my own mother if she was in here taking the cure. They just spend their whole time thinking up ways of being artful."

"Do they ever try to bribe you?"

"No, miss," said Mr. Flannery, a little wistfully. "I suppose they take a look at me and think—and see that I'm not the sort of fellow that would take bribes."

"My brother is sure to offer you money to let him go."

"How much—how much good," said Sergeant Major Flannery carefully, "does he think that's going to do him?"

"You wouldn't take it, would you?"

"Who, me, miss? Take money to betray my trust, if you understand the expression?"

"Whatever he offers you I will double. You see, it's so very important that he is kept here, where he will be safe from temptation, Mr. Flannery," said Dolly timidly. "I wish you would accept this."

THE sergeant major felt a quickening of the spirit as he gazed upon the rustling piece of paper in her hand.

"No, no, miss," he said, taking it. "It really isn't necessary."

"I know. But I would rather you had it. You see, I'm afraid my brother may give you a lot of trouble."

"Trouble's what I'm here for, miss," said Mr. Flannery bravely. "Trouble's what I draw my salary for. Don't you worry, miss. We're going to make this brother of yours a different man. We—"

"Oh!" cried Dolly.

A head and shoulders had shot suddenly out of the study window—the head and shoulders of Dr. Twist. The voice of Dr. Twist sounded sharply above the droning of bees and insects:

"Flannery!"

"On the spot, sir."

"Come here, Flannery. I want you."

"You stay here, miss," counseled Sergeant Major Flannery paternally. "There may be verlence."

There were, however, when Dolly made her way to the study some five minutes later, no signs of anything of an exciting and boisterous nature having occurred recently in the room. The table was unbroken, the carpet unruffled. The chairs stood in their places, and not even a picture glass had been cracked.

It was evident that the operations had proceeded according to plan.

"Everything jake?" inquired Dolly.

"Uh-hum," said Chimp—speaking, however in a voice that quavered a little.

Mr. Twist was the only object in the room that looked in any way disturbed. He had turned an odd greenish color, and from time to time he swallowed uneasily. Although he had spent a lifetime outside the law, Chimp Twist was essentially a man of peace and accustomed to look askance at any by-product of his profession that seemed to him to come under the heading of rough stuff. This doping of respectable visitors, he considered, was distinctly so to be classified; and only Mr. Molloy's urgency over the telephone wire had persuaded him to the task. He was nervous and apprehensive, in a condition to start at sudden noises.

"What happened?"

"Well, I did what Soapy said. After you left us, the guy and I talk back and forth for a while, and then I agree to knock a bit off the old man's bill, and then I said, 'How about a little drink?' and then we have a little drink, and then I slip the stuff you gave me in while he wasn't looking. It didn't seem like it was going to act at first."

"It don't. It takes a little time. You don't feel nothing till you jerk your head or move yourself, and then it's like as if somebody had beaned you one with an iron girder or something. So they tell me," said Dolly.

"I guess he must have jerked his head, then. Because all of a sudden he went down and out," Chimp gulped. "You—you don't think he's—I mean, you're sure this stuff—?"

Dolly had nothing but contempt for these masculine tremors.

"Of course. Do you suppose I go about the place croaking people? He's all right."

"Well, he didn't look it. If I'd been a life insurance company I'd have paid up on him without a yip."

"He'll wake up with a headache in a little while, but outside of that he'll be as well as he ever was. Where have you been all your life, that you don't know how kayo drops act?"

THE best you could have said of Alexander Twist at this moment was that he looked peaceful.

"I've never had occasion to be connected with none of this raw work before," said Chimp virtuously. "If you'd of seen him when he slumped down on the table, you wouldn't be feeling so good yourself, maybe. If ever I saw a guy that looked like he was qualified to step straight into a coffin, he was him."

"Aw, be yourself, Chimp!"

"I'm being myself all right, all right."

"Well, then, for Pete's sake, be somebody else. Pull yourself together, why can't you? Have a drink."

"Ah!" said Mr. Twist, struck with the idea.

His hand was still shaking, but he accomplished the delicate task of mixing a whisky and soda without disaster.

"What did you do with the remains?" asked Dolly, interested.

MR. TWIST, who had been raising the glass to his lips, lowered it again. He disapproved of levity of speech at such a moment.

"Would you kindly not call him 'the remains'?" he begged. "It's all very well for you to be so easy about it all, and to pull this stuff about him doing nothing but wake up with a headache, but what I'm asking myself is, will he wake up at all?"

"Oh, cut it out! Sure he'll wake up."

"But will it be in this world?"

"You drink that up, you poor dumbbell, and then fix yourself another," advised Dolly. "And make it a bit stronger next time. You seem to need it."

Mr. Twist did as directed, and found the treatment beneficial.

"You've nothing to grumble at," Dolly proceeded, still looking on the bright side. "What with all this excitement and all, you seem to have lost that cold of yours."

"That's right," said Chimp, impressed. "It does seem to have got a whole lot better."

"Pity you couldn't have got rid of it a little earlier. Then we wouldn't have had all this trouble. From what I can make of it, you seem to have roused the house by sneezing your head off, and a bunch of the help come and stood looking over the banisters at you."

Chimp tottered. "You don't mean somebody saw me last night?"

"Sure they saw you. Didn't Soapy tell you that over the wire?"

"I couldn't hardly make out all Soapy was saying over the wire. Say! What are we going to do?"

"Don't you worry. We've done it. The only difficult part is over. Now that we've fixed the remains—"

"Will you please—"

"Well, call him what you like. Now that we've fixed that guy, the thing's simple. By the way, what did you do with him?"

"Flannery took him upstairs."

"Where to?"

"There's a room on the top floor. Must have been a nursery or something, I guess. Anyway, there's bars to the window."

"How's the door?"

"Good, solid oak. You've got to hand it to the guys who built these old English houses. They knew their groceries. When they spit on their hands and set to work to make a door, they made one. You couldn't push that door down, not if you was an elephant."

"Well, that's all right, then. Now, listen, Chimp. Here's the lowdown. We—" She broke off. "What's that?"

"What's what?" asked Mr. Twist, starting violently.

"I thought I heard someone outside in the corridor. Go and look."

WITH an infinite caution born of alarm, Mr. Twist crept across the floor, reached the door, and flung it open. The passage was empty. He looked up and down it, and Dolly, whose fingers had hovered for an instant over the glass which he had left on the table, sat back with an air of content.

"My mistake," she said. "I thought I heard something."

Chimp returned to the table. He was still much perturbed.

"I wish I'd never gone into this thing," he said, with a sudden gush of self-pity. "I felt all along, what with seeing that magpie and the new moon through glass—"

"Now, listen!" said Dolly vigorously. "Considering you've stood Soapy and me up for practically all there is in this thing except a little small change, I'll ask you kindly, if you don't mind, not to stand there beefing and expecting me to hold your hand and pat you on the head and be a second mother to you. You came into this business because you wanted to. You're getting sixty-five per cent of the gross. So what's biting you? You're all right so far."

It was in Mr. Twist's mind to inquire of his companion precisely what she meant by this expression, but more urgent matters claimed his attention. More even than the exact interpretation of the phrase "so far," he wished to know what the next move was.

"What happens now?" he asked.

"We go back to Rudge."

"And collect the stuff?"

"Yes. And then make our get-away."

No program could have outlined more admirably Mr. Twist's own desires. The mere contemplation of it heartened him. He snatched his glass from the table and drained it with a gesture almost swashbuckling.

"Soapy will have doped the old man by this time, eh?"

"That's right."

"But suppose he hasn't been able to?" said Mr. Twist, with a return of his old nervousness. "Suppose he hasn't had an opportunity?"

"You can always find an opportunity of doping people. You ought to know that."

The implied compliment pleased Chimp.

"That's right," he chuckled.

He nodded his head complacently. And immediately something—which may have been an iron girder or possibly the ceiling and the upper parts of the house—seemed to strike him on the base of the skull. He had been standing by the table; and now, crumpling at the knees, he slid gently down to the floor.

Dolly, regarding him, recognized instantly what he had meant just now when he had spoken of John's appearing like a total loss to his life insurance company. The best you could have said of Alexander Twist at this moment was that he looked peaceful. She drew in her breath a little sharply; and then, being a woman at heart, took a cushion from the armchair and placed it beneath his head.

ONLY then did she go to the telephone and in a gentle voice ask the operator to connect her with Rudge Hall.

"Soapy?"

"Hello!"

The promptitude with which the summons of the bell had been answered brought a smile of approval to her lips. Soapy, she felt, must have been sitting with his hand on the receiver.

"Listen, sweetie."

"I'm listening, pettie!"

"Everything's set."

"Have you fixed that guy?"

"Sure, precious. And Chimp, too."

"How's that? Chimp?"

"Sure. We don't want Chimp around, do we, with that sixty-five thirty-five stuff of his? I just slipped a couple of drops into his highball and he's gone off as peaceful as a lamb. Say, wait a minute," she added, as the wire hummed with Mr. Molloy's low voiced congratulations. "Hello!" she said, returning.

"What were you doing, honey? Did you hear somebody?"

"No. I caught sight of a bunch of lilies in a vase, and I just slipped across and put one of them in Chimp's hand. Made it seem more sort of natural. Now, listen, Soapy. Everything's clear for you at your end now, so go right ahead and clean up. I'm going to beat it in that guy Carroll's runabout, and I haven't much time, so don't start talking about the weather or nothing. I'm going to London, to the Belvidere. You collect the stuff and meet me there. Is that all straight?"

"But, pettie!"

"Now what?"

"How am I to get the stuff away?"

"For goodness' sake! You can drive a car, can't you? Old Carmody's car was outside the stable yard when I left. I guess it's there still. Get the stuff, and then go and tell the chauffeur that old Carmody wants to see him. Then, when he's gone, climb in and drive to Birmingham. Leave the car outside the station and take a train. That's simple enough, isn't it?"

There was a long pause. Admiration seemed to have deprived Mr. Molloy of speech.

"Honey," he said at length, in a hushed voice, "when it comes to the real smooth stuff you're there every time. Let me just tell you—"

"All right, baby," said Dolly. "Save it till later. I'm in a hurry."

III

SOAPY MOLLOY replaced the receiver and came out of the telephone cupboard glowing with the resolve to go right ahead and clean up as his helpmeet had di-

rected. Like all good husbands, he felt that his wife was an example and an inspiration to him. Mopping his fine forehead—for it had been warm in the cupboard with the door shut—he stood for a while and mused, sketching out in his mind a plan of campaign.

The prudent man, before embarking on any enterprise which may at a moment's notice necessitate his skipping away from a given spot like a scalded cat, will always begin by preparing his lines of retreat. Mr. Molloy's first act was to go to the stable yard in order to ascertain with his own eyes that the Dex-Mayo was still there.

It was. It stood out on the gravel, simply waiting for someone to spring to its wheel and be off.

So far, so good. But how far actually was it? The really difficult part of the operations, Mr. Molloy could not but recognize, still lay before him. The knockout drops nestled in his waistcoat pocket all ready for use; but in order to bring about the happy ending it was necessary for him, like some conjuror doing a trick, to transfer them thence to the interior of Mr. Lester Carmody.

And little by little, chilling his enthusiasm, there crept upon Soapy the realization that he had not a notion how the deuce this was to be done.

The whole question of administering knockout drops to a fellow creature is a very delicate and complex one. So much depends on the co-operation of the party of the second part.

Before you can get anything in the nature of action, your victim must first be induced to start drinking something.

At Healthward Ho, Soapy had gathered from the recent telephone conversation, no obstacles had arisen. The thing had been, apparently, from the start, a sort of jolly carousal.

But at Rudge Hall, it was plain, matters were not going to be nearly so simple.

When you are a guest in a man's house, you cannot very well go about thrusting drinks on your host at half past 11 in the morning.

Probably Mr. Carmody would not think of taking liquid refreshment till lunchtime; and then there would be a butler in and out of the room all the while.

Besides, lunch would not be for another two hours or more, and the whole essence of this enterprise was that it should be put through swiftly and at once.

Mr. Molloy groaned in spirit. He wandered forth into the garden, turning the problem over in his mind with growing desperation, and had just come to the conclusion that he was mentally unequal to it, when, reaching the low wall that bordered the moat, he saw a sight which sent the blood coursing joyously through his veins once more—a sight which made the world a place of sunshine and bird song again.

Out in the middle of the moat lay the punt. In the punt sat Mr. Carmody. And in Mr. Carmody's hand was a fishing rod.

Aesthetically considered, wearing as he did a pink shirt and a slouch hat which should long ago have been given to the deserving poor, Mr. Carmody was not much of a spectacle; but Soapy, eying him, felt that he had never beheld anything lovelier.

HE was not a fisherman himself, but he knew all about fishermen. They became, he was aware, when engaged in their favorite pursuit, virtually monomaniacs.

Earthquakes might occur in their immediate neighborhood, dynasties fall, and pestilences ravage the land, but they would just go on fishing.

As long as the bait held out, Lester Carmody, sitting in that punt, was for all essential purposes as good as if he had been crammed to the brim with the finest knockout drops.

It was as though he were in another world.

Exhilaration filled Soapy like a tonic.

"Any luck?" he shouted.

"Wah, wah, wah," replied Mr. Carmody inaudibly.

"Stick to it," cried Soapy. "At-a-boy!"

With an encouraging wave of the hand, he hurried back to the house. The problem which a moment before had seemed to defy solution had now become so simple and easy that a child could have negotiated it—any child, that is to say, capable of holding a hatchet and endowed with sufficient strength to break a cupboard door with it.

A surprise is in store for Soapy. A sudden, overwhelming surprise. Be on hand when he meets it in next week's installment.

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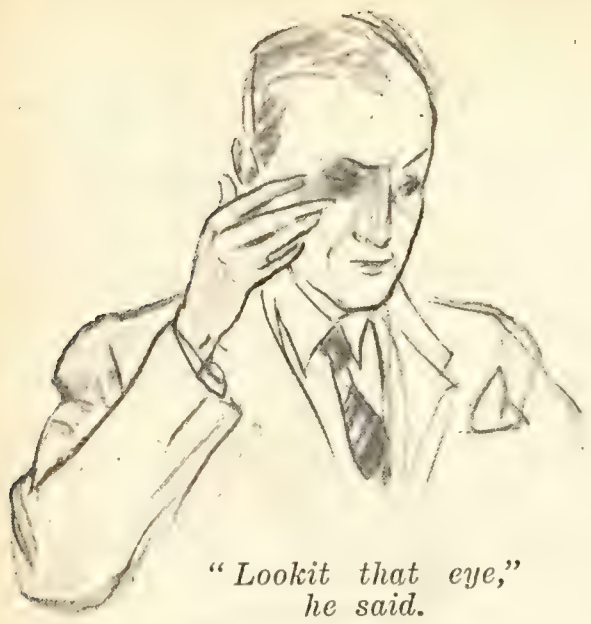

"Lookit that eye," he said.

No More Parades!

As Dictated by TONI, JR., *to*

ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

(Reading time: 4 minutes 21 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

No More Parades for me either!

No M-O-R-E Parades!

No more parades for my daddy also—if I'm in them.

I guess after what happened Saturday it won't matter if I'm in the parade or not. My Daddy won't be there.

His eyes aren't mates since the parade last Saturday. One eye is bigger'n the other. It has a ring around it. The ring is black. It's mixed with purple. I don't know what color the eye is. It's asleep. It's been asleep since Saturday.

I feel awful bad when I look at my Daddy. But I guess he feels worse when he looks at me.

"Ye gods!" he said the last time I caught his eye (his good eye I mean), "but you are the holey limit."

I didn't know what was that I is, so I asked him what's the holey limit. He said it's what you've reached with me.

"Lookit that eye," he said.

I lookit'd.

Then he said it's getting so a fellow can't take you out for a nice, quiet walk but you start a riot.

I didn't ask what is a riot. The last time I asked what's something Daddy made me look at his eye. So I don't know what is a riot. But I didn't start one whatever it is. Because I didn't start anything. And the parade was started before we got there.

It was Saturday. Mom was house cleaning. So when Daddy came home for lunch he said well, thank goodness, I'm through for the day. And Mom said hurry up and eat your lunch so you can help me move things around here.

Daddy said what's the matter with them the way they are? And Mom said I get sick of seeing things in the same old place. I'd like a little change.

Daddy didn't eat in a hurry up. But he moved some of the things. He moved the big, heavy sofa down to the other end of the room where Mom pointed. And then she said no, I guess it looked better where it was. Then she said let's try the bookcase over against that other wall there. And Daddy said you're sure, Mom, that's where you want it? And she said well, if I don't want it there, we can try it some place else.

So Daddy said you haven't a gran' piano, Mrs. S., you'd like to try standing on its hind leg—just for a little change, he said, laughing.

This was when he started moving the bookcase and just before all the books fell out on the floor where the floor wasn't all dry yet. He wasn't laughing much when Mom told him that anybody with any sense would take the books out first before trying to move the bookcase.

Well, anyway, he said, "Come on, Toni, get your hat. This isn't any place for you and me. Let's get out before she asks us to turn the kitchen stove upside down—just for a little change."

So we went.

"Let's go down and sit beside the calm, peaceful river," said Daddy kinda talking to himself, "where a fellow can sit and enjoy his self on his half holiday without fear of being asked to move the bridges around—just for a little change.

"Women," he said, "are the GAW—"

Just then I slipped my hand in his. And he said oh, you're here. I forgot. So we walked on.

"What are women, Daddy?" I said.

And he said he didn't know. He was thrown with a number of them, myself in-clud-ed, but he didn't know what they were.

Well, we walked until we came to a street by the river. Then we heard a band playing. It was playing hale, hale, the gang's all here. There were many people behind the band walking in the middle of the street. There were auto-mo-biles with streamers and ladies and men hanging to them.

Another band came along. It was playing the sidewalkers of New York. And a man was dancing behind this band. He was dressed in his own boots and a lady's skirt. He bowed with his brown derby to me and the other people on the side.

Then a big wagon came along. It was covered with red, white, and blue bunting. It was full of little girls dressed up in red, white, and blue dresses.

I wanted to get in the wagon. But my Daddy said there wasn't any room. So I said I wanted to get in the parade. Daddy said I didn't belong there. I wasn't invited.

Then another band came along. It played a tune that started my feet dancing.

The band man with the big stick said Good. Come on and get in the parade, Red.

So when I was invited like that I thought it was all right. I went. I had to hurry though to catch up with the band man.

It was hard going because there weren't any heads down where I was. Only feet was all I could see. Long men's feet. They got in my way. I had to run under them and around them and over some of them.

It was when I was going over the last pair that all the trouble happened.

Before I could get off them we were all rolling in the street—the legs and me and the man they belonged to.

It was hard going because there weren't any heads down where I was.

THE man was saying ter-RIB-le words when my Daddy came running up.

"That kid," he said, "ought to be strung up for tripping people—"

"Why don't you watch where you're going, you Big Stiff?" my Daddy told him. "Whadyemean by knocking down a poor little kid like that?"

Then there were a lot of words.

They were loud and some of them weren't any too good, either.

Then the fellow hit my Daddy on the eye and he hit the fellow back.

Some people rushed up and sep-rated them.

The next thing I knew we were in a taxi cab going home. The taxi man said to my Daddy you must have bumped into something, sir. My Daddy said he did, and the taxi man said I thought so and what did the other fellow look like?

The only thing my Daddy said to me on the way home was:

No more parades.

N-O M-O-R-E parades.

So I guess there'll be no more parades for me either!

And as for picnics! If you've ever been on one—well, read about it next week.

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Set complete $5.00

FOR BUSINESS WEAR — "Live" Leather Belt of full grain cowhide, Java lizard grain. Buckle and Beltogram of Hickok Silver Plate. Belt and Buckle..... $3.00
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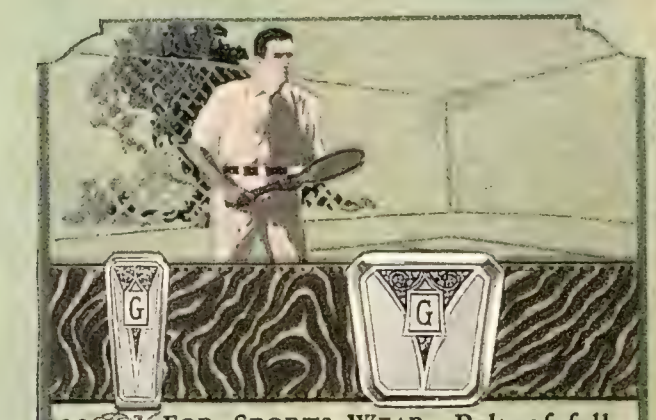
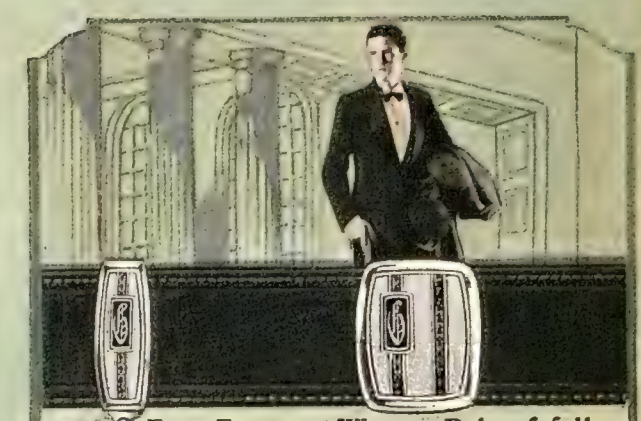


FOR SPORTS WEAR—Belt of full grain black and white calf, zebra grain, with cowhide lining. Buckle and Beltogram of Master Silver Plate. Belt and Buckle..... $3.50
Set complete $5.00



FOR FORMAL WEAR—Belt of full grain hand boarded cowhide with full grain cowhide lining. Buckle and Beltogram of Hickok Silver Plate. Belt and Buckle..... $2.50
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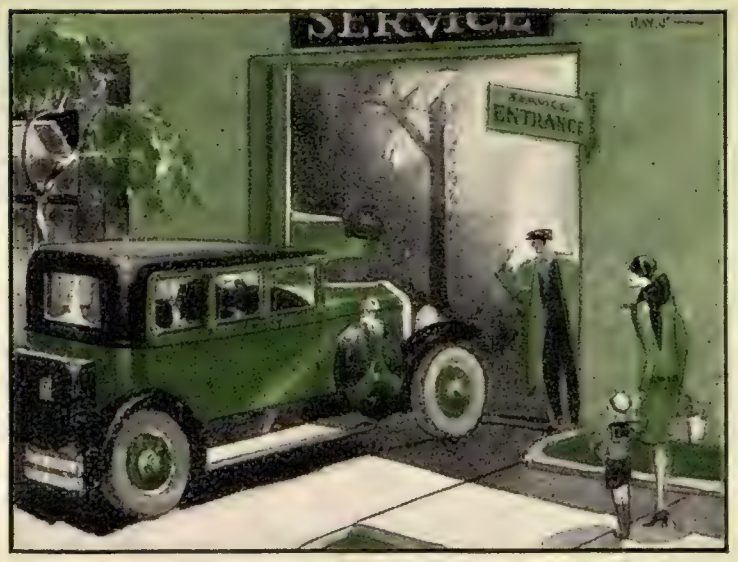
Some of Your Motor Ills that the Decro-Oiler can cure



LOGY motors need the Decro-oiler to eliminate sticking valves and to loosen carbon. Hard-to-start motors need the Decro-oiler to put them into action at the first step on the starter. Lagging motors need the Decro-oiler to take lubrication to the upper cylinder walls, upper piston rings, and valves—right where you have never had adequate lubrication before, and right where lubrication is needed most to seal compression for quick pick-up, greater flexibility, and rhythmic smoothness. Try this. It brings out the best in any car.

The Decro-oiler puts a fine spray of special penetrating Decro-oil into the combustion chambers of motors through the intake manifold. There Decro-oil penetrates around the valves and rings, sealing them tightly for maximum compression and smoother operation and at the same time eliminating stickiness in valves and rendering carbon inactive. That is why the Decro-oiler will get performance out of your car such as you have never experienced; why it will make you money by saving you money on repair bills, maintenance costs, and operating expense.

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No longer need you tie up your car every six or seven thousand miles to have the carbon cleaned out—for the Decro-oiler renders carbon inactive, eliminating practically all expense, delays, work and worry of frequent carbon jobs.

* * *

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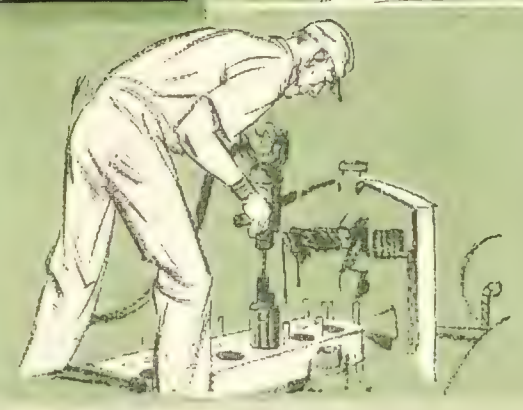

NO MORE HONING CYLINDERS

No longer need you worry about scoring cylinders and frequent honing jobs—for the Decro-oiler thoroughly lubricates the upper cylinder walls to prevent piston scuff and to give a perfect bond of lubrication for pistons and rings.

* * *

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DECRO-OILER

Radio Politics

Wide World photo

Senator George H. Moses of New Hampshire, permanent chairman of the Republican Convention, addressing the delegates before a battery of microphones.

A Survey of What Has Happened to the Grand Old Campaign Orator

By Earl Reeves

(Reading time: 8 minutes 36 seconds.)

HE is gone, mates. Gone with the good old days; gone with the foam of beer, the brave mustache, the varicolored waistcoat, the flowing tie, the dominating personality. The grand old campaign orator is dead. Radio slew him.

No more will sweating throng in ill-lighted hall sway to the rhetoric of The Boss. Never again, with emotion routing reason, will he of the silver voice and unsound theory drown in a blather of words the timidly piped common sense of the enemy. See if you can find him in this campaign. You will not, for he is dead.

And sometimes I mourn him, for he was friend of my youth. He came to me with torchlight procession, with bands playing, with buttons and banners and badges, to speak at my street corner, at my lodge, at rallies everywhere, and carry me on to glory and, mayhap, to error.

I was a boy when William Jennings Bryan came to town. Every man who could walk or be carried jammed into the race track. Bryan came in Clayt Sells' best rig. In my excitement I let go my hold on the wire fence and fell on Herb Cory's new straw hat. But Herb, who was under it, didn't mind, for he was as excited as I and took the shattered brim and threw it high over the crowd. Oratory? You should have heard it.

Then Teddy Roosevelt arrived. Clayt Sells brought him from the station in his rig. He—that is, Clayt—used the black horses, and they trotted him over to the open field behind the planing mill. Boy, I couldn't live long enough to forget it. They were our two best campaigners. We'll never have their like again. For even those two, the greatest of the bunch, would never survive under the dominance of radio.

P. & A. photo

Miss Melvina Passmore of Texas, singing The Star Spangled Banner to the Democratic Convention and a mammoth radio audience.

You couldn't guess what it cost Bryan and Roosevelt to have their names known from one end of the land to the other. For thirty years the Great Commoner commanded the ruling group in the Democratic Party. Between campaigns he lectured in Chautauqua tents and elsewhere. Millions heard his voice, knew him, felt personal contact with him, called him friend. That was the foundation of his political strength. Roosevelt did the same in less degree.

Yet, in actual figures, how many heard Bryan

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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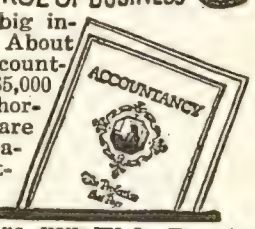

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McCORMICK & Co., Baltimore, Md.

[RADIO POLITICS
Continued from page seventy-one]

speak? It will never be known. But there is a yardstick to measure with. Colonel Charles Lindbergh almost without question was—and is—the most sought after personality this country ever has known. No candidate, Presidential or otherwise, comes near him in popular appeal, in drawing power. Lindbergh has traveled thousands of miles by airplane since his ocean flight, visited eighty-two of our largest cities and each of our forty-eight States, made 147 speeches, and has spoken to 2,000,000 people.

Can any candidate today, or yesterday, better that? I do not think so. It seems to me that the maximum number of people a man can meet in a swing around the circuit during a political campaign would be well under that figure.

And right here enters radio.

John Jones, or Herbert Smith, or Alfred Hoover, running for office in this year of our Lord 1928, on some fine October evening quietly finishes dinner, smokes a reflective cigar, then strolls leisurely to his library, selects his most comfortable chair—*and calmly, companionably talks to more persons than Bryan and Roosevelt together ever addressed from the platform in all their long and arduous careers.*

So great, so vast, is this power that I do not think the ordinary run of politician has yet grasped its full significance.

TAKE a little "high authority" on the subject. And it is high.

President Calvin Coolidge deliberately says that the most important feature of his last campaign was his final word spoken into the microphone to unnumbered millions on the eve of Election Day.

The text of the President's proposed speech was a closely guarded secret. No set copy had been sent in advance to the press. His place was the last on the program. John W. Davis and Senator La Follette were ahead of him. The President was thus afforded a chance to listen to his opponents, answer them, and clinch the argument in the final word.

The first two candidates spoke on political issues and platforms. Coolidge, from the White House, called the voters to do their duty at the polls, made no mention of his candidacy, and closed with a message of greeting to his father listening in in Vermont. It was a wow of a speech. The President himself calls it the outstanding feature of the 1924 campaign.

Here, then, is a startling measure of the importance of radio in a political campaign, a revelation of the new methods that have come to stay in political conduct.

Writing to John W. Davis later, I put to him three questions that had come to me after much research into radio cause and effect:

International photo

The Democrats in session at Houston, listening to the keynote speech.

P. & A. photo

Franklin D. Roosevelt placing the name of Governor Smith before his party and the nation.

International photo

John L. McNab nominating Herbert Hoover at Kansas City.

Did the fact that for the first time in history a nation had *heard* a party split, as the Democratic Party split at Madison Square Garden, have a bad effect on your candidacy, and is not that effect generally overlooked?

Second: Will radio, to an extent not yet realized, lift the inarticulate candidate into position for an appeal to the nation equal to that of the colorful stump orator?

Third: With many listeners objecting to the use of slurring phrases and violent denunciation by a voice heard in their living rooms and by their families, will new rules of procedure be enforced?

Davis answered yes to all these, adding that "the political effect of radio has not yet been appreciated."

The great change, however, in political speech making will be made by the radio fan himself. It is one thing to sit in the glare of lights amid the noise of bands, in the emotional atmosphere of the meeting hall and be carried away by the trumpeting of the loudest voice. It is quite another to recline in the familiar, calm security of your living room and hear with detached mind the arguments of men you cannot see.

Let the interest flag, let one boring paragraph slip over, and a turn of the little dial sends the offender back into oblivion.

The greatest political argument possible cannot move that dial back again, save the voter wills it. And, once tuned out, the orator has none left to convince but himself and his companions around the microphone. It is terrible punishment.

And, inasmuch as it *is* terrible punishment, a word or two of caution from "gentlemen of the mike" may not be out of place.

Don't orate, they say, because, as soon as you do, your audience will turn the dial on you. Don't leave leaky spots in your reasoning, for your auditors have nothing to distract their minds from your logic, or lack of it. Don't try to make 'em weep—there's only one man who has ever been able to emote on the radio. Don't throw radio brickbats; they seem to bounce back.

Then, all by itself is this: Don't extemporize. Write it. One miss over the radio and you're wrecked.

In speaking offhand a man gets so he watches his audience and builds his speech according to their reactions. Many a prominent speaker who has not written his speech in years has tried to extemporize over the ether and crashed badly.

The radio, killing the era of emotion, is bringing in an era of reason. The most convincing man, the most logical, and not the loudest, man, will rule the nation in the future.

IT took some time before that fact simmered into the thinking pans of the politicians. Even now it is doubtful if they know what it is all about. It is a generally accepted belief that politicians are the last to hear the murmur of the crowd. The waves of reform, of indignation, of appeal for change lap at many a door before wetting the porch rail of The Boss.

Even in 1924 the use of the radio was restricted. But its value was established.

In the Congressional campaigns of 1926 the campaign managers learned that radio, struggling to make broadcasting self-supporting—and incidentally the broadcast bill is about $50,000 a night—had developed chain broadcasting and a "magazine theory." That is, the biggest stations said: "A speech by the President on some great occasion is news, and belongs in the free pages of the Magazine of the Air. But campaign speeches are propaganda, advertising, and we will be glad to accept that sort of broadcast material at advertising rates."

The Democratic and Republican Congressional committees were sorry to hear it. Congressional campaigns do not appeal to the pocketbook so strongly as do Presidential campaigns. Neither party had the money for radio splashes in 1926.

Again, the wider use apparently was by the Republicans. A few big hook-ups were used, notably one over which Herbert Hoover spoke, chiefly in aid of Senator Wadsworth and Senator Butler.

In many quarters, digging for facts for this article, I was told to do my own guessing about radio and the present campaign. I think the politicians generally are a little disturbed by this new gadget, because it tips over the apple cart; it kills off some long-standing campaigning rules, and is making some new ones.

According to J. Harry Zemansky, registrar of voters in San Francisco, the popular theory that radio fans will not listen to political speeches was proved wrong in the last mayoralty contest there. Men and women hurried home from office and factory to tune in on the fun.

The fight was hot. Listening to the parry and thrust of a bitter and intense political fight became a great indoor sport. Every candidate with five dollars for a minute's talk got on the air. Men and women of high standing, who never in their lives had attended a political mass meeting, spoke to the voters over the radio.

The mass meetings continued, and the candidates raced from meeting to meeting frantically; but the attendance at the meetings was that of the "regulars," turned out to give a good showing.

Perspiring candidates paused between rallies to speak into the microphone, and it was *then* that they spoke to San Francisco. The candidates dressed their talks with musical trimmings, but by all accounts the musical frame was amateurish and sometimes awful. It was politics of an intense sort that held the radio fans.

Zemansky, who may be credited as an expert observer, declared that the radio battle snared women as no other political attempt in his recollection ever had been able to do.

SINCE the last campaign, radio, trying to find a way to pay a part of the $50,000 a night cost of broadcasting, has solved the technical problems of chain broadcasting and has commercialized the ether wave. The air which was free four years ago is very expensive today. A candidate who wishes to promote his interests over the three chief radio networks during the next few months will pay nearly $300 a minute for the privilege. A whirlwind radio campaign could very easily rise to Senatorial primary financial proportions.

But a candidate has this much to compensate him. If he has something worth while to say, and can say it plainly, he will be heard by millions of persons who vote and who can make up their minds for or against him within the space of one hour. That is the magic of radio. Only cold reason remains.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Beginning in a Small Way

A neighbor's little girl was busily engaged one afternoon with her pencil and paper. I noticed that she had only drawn a little circle and becoming interested I asked her what she was trying to draw.

She wrinkled her nose, nibbled the end of her pencil, and very seriously said:

"I'm trying to draw a wabbit to fit dis tail."—Vernon Freeman, 1913 College St., Columbus, Miss.

Undue Familiarity

A boy of about five stood next to me waiting for traffic.

When the green signal flashed we started, and he looked so very tiny I put my hand on his back to guide him safely across.

He looked at me rather dubiously, and when we reached the sidewalk said very disgustedly:

"Say, I ain't your brother!"—Clara Butenshoen, 494 S. Seventeenth St., Columbus, Ohio.

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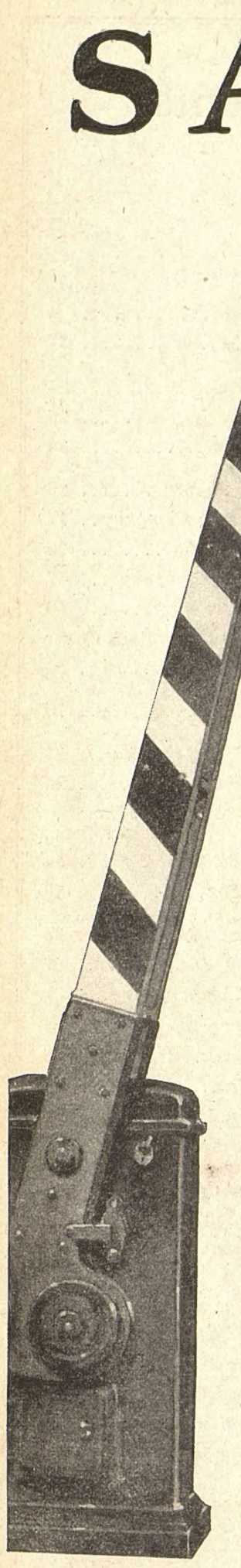
SAFE!



BLACK and white barriers are lifted clear of the crossing. "Come ahead," they say, "Clear road. No danger." . . . A cautious world has learned to trust these signs of security.

In much the same way, executives look for certain safety signals in the men they employ. They know that the most trustworthy index of all is Training. They have learned that the trained man is usually the *safe* man.

The trained man meets the demands of any position quickly and confidently by virtue of his training. There are none of the fumbling mistakes that mark his untrained rival's expensive "education by experience." Training has given him an adequate background and the ability to handle new problems.

Probably, too, the initial impulse to training will persist. Study becomes a habit. The trained man, having mastered one position, continues to fit himself for a better position. As his capabilities develop, his value to his organization and his consequent earning power increase in like manner.

Meanwhile, the untrained man must depend on the haphazard instruction that comes slowly with experience. His promotions are infrequent and uncertain. He cannot even be confident of retaining the job that he has.

In which class are you?

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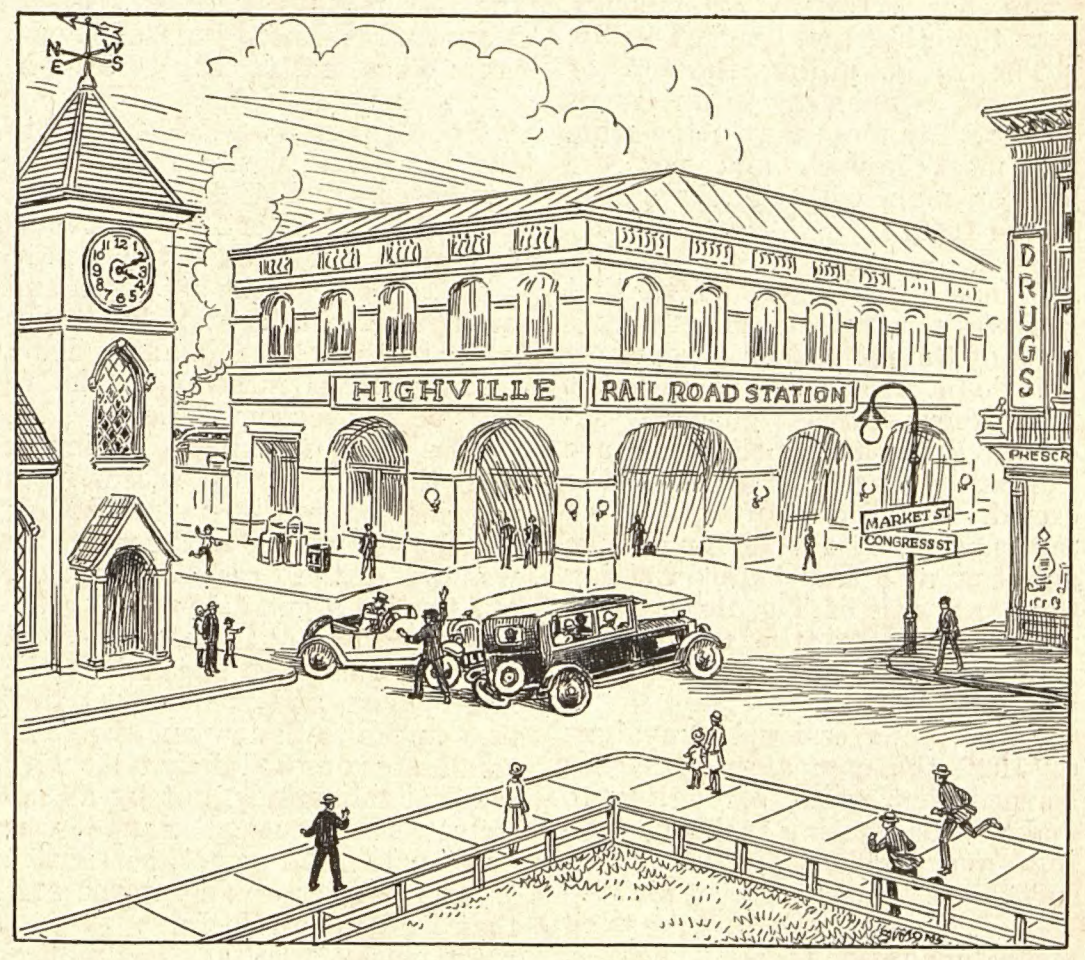
Mind Tests



FOR the sake of variety we are omitting Word Golf this week. The following Mind Tests, designed to gauge your ability along certain lines, are offered in its place.

The first is a test of your ability to observe and to remember details. Take one minute to examine the above picture of an automobile accident. Then lay it aside and, without referring to it again, see how many of the following questions you can answer.

1 In what town did the accident occur?
2 At what time?
3 At the intersection of what streets?
4 What types of cars were involved?
5 Which car was at fault?
6 What State's license plate did the offending car carry?
7 How many people were in the car that was hit?
8 Was the offending car driven by a man or a woman?
9 Which way was the traffic officer facing?
10 On which one of the corners of the street intersection was there no building?

Here is a test of your ability to follow instructions. The text explains what is required. The average person should be able to do this correctly in two and one-half minutes.

Make a dot over any one of these letters, FGHK, and put a comma after the longest of these three words: BROTHER GIRL SISTER If Christmas comes in March make a cross here and then tell where the sun rises . If you believe that the world is not flat cross out the word you just wrote, and if you believe that it is substantially round put an odd number here . Write yes in the next blank space, no matter whether China is in Africa or not , and then give an incorrect answer to this question: How many days were in March of the present year? Write any letter but *e* here and then write no if twice five are more than ten . If Saturday comes between Friday and Sunday, make some kind of mark here ; but if it does not, make a triangle here or a square here . Note these two numbers: 7 10. If an elephant is smaller than a horse, write the larger number here , and the smaller here ; otherwise put the larger number here . Do nothing here , but if every year includes not more than 365 days, put a circle here . If 11 and 12 are 23 don't fail to omit to put a cross here .

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 56

1—A native of the Isle of Man.
2—In Blarney Castle, County Cork, Ireland.
3—A formal charge brought by a prosecutor and approved or dismissed by a grand jury.
4—Minnesota.
5—A pale yellow oil made by boiling the feet and shin bones of neat cattle (cattle of the ox kind).
6—In southern California.
7—The god of wine, in classic mythology.
8—Myron T. Herrick of Ohio.
9—Its collision with an iceberg.
10—Adis Abeba.
11—Goods cast overboard to lighten a vessel in distress.
12—An elementary metal.
13—Daniel Defoe.
14—Queen Anne (1702-1714).
15—Rome, Italy.
16—It was a large oak tree in Hartford, in which the charter of the colony of Connecticut was hidden in 1687.
17—Approximately fifty cents.
18—South.
19—A case, box, or stand containing a ship's compass.
20—A famous Athenian orator of the fourth century B. C.

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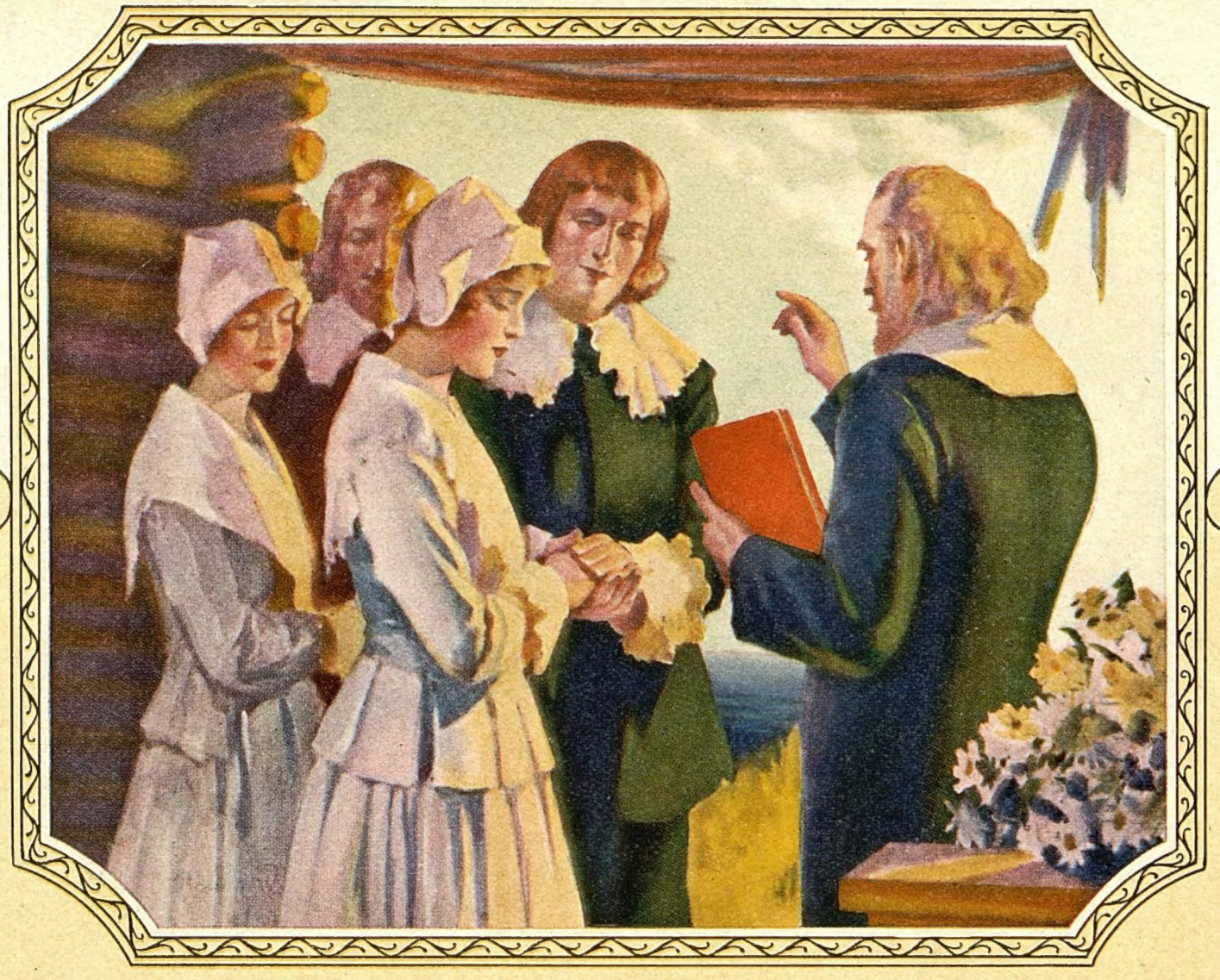
I-54

THE WEDDING

"Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal, taking each other for husband and wife in the magistrate's presence, after the Puritan way." Thus Longfellow describes the wedding of Priscilla Mullens, "the loveliest maiden of Plymouth," and the Puritan, John Alden.



This wedding was one of the first to take place in the Puritan colony. The ceremony was performed by William Brewster, to whom Longfellow has given the title, "the excellent Elder of Plymouth."

(A copy of this picture will be sent free upon request to Dept. F, The Cudahy Packing Co., Chicago.)

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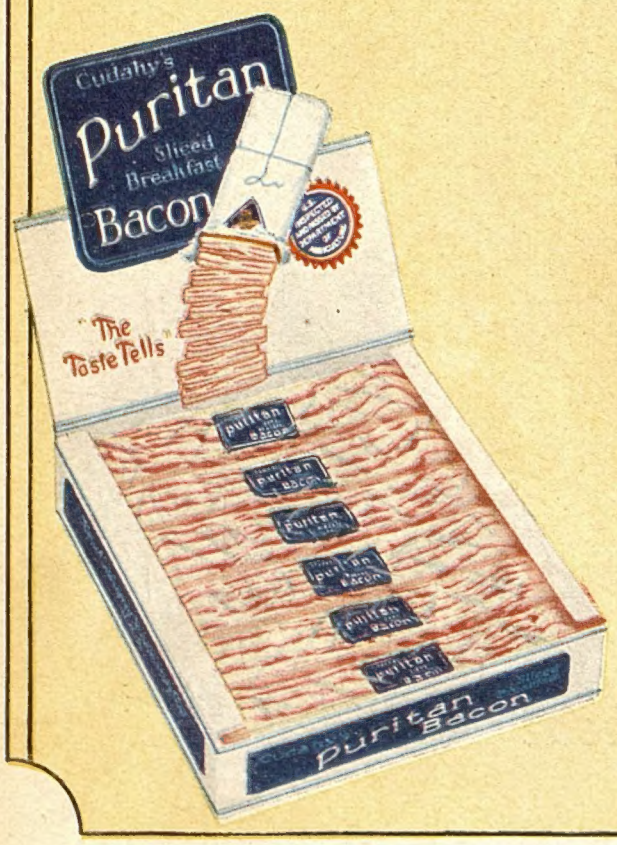

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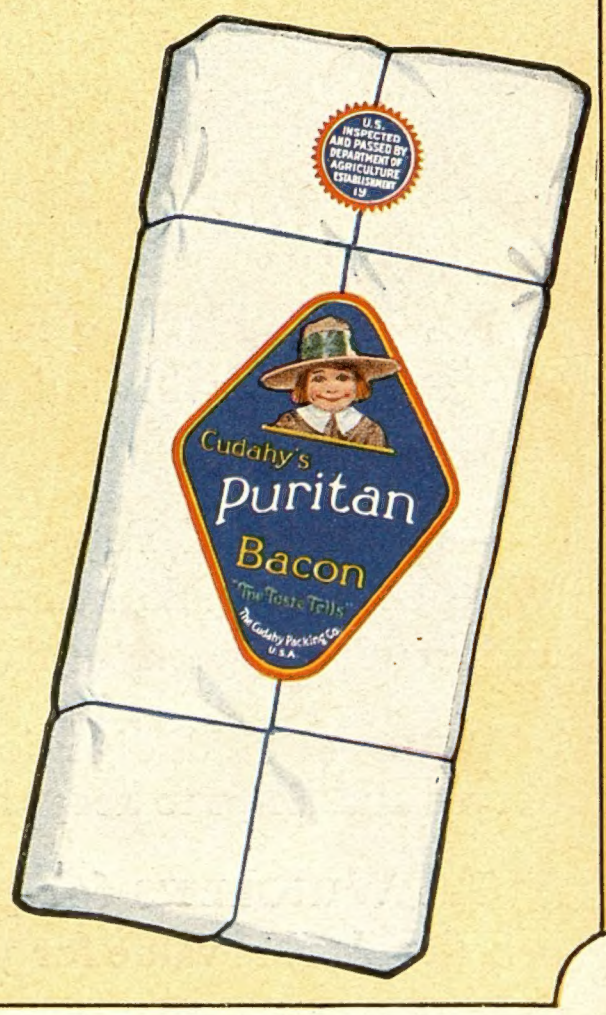
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